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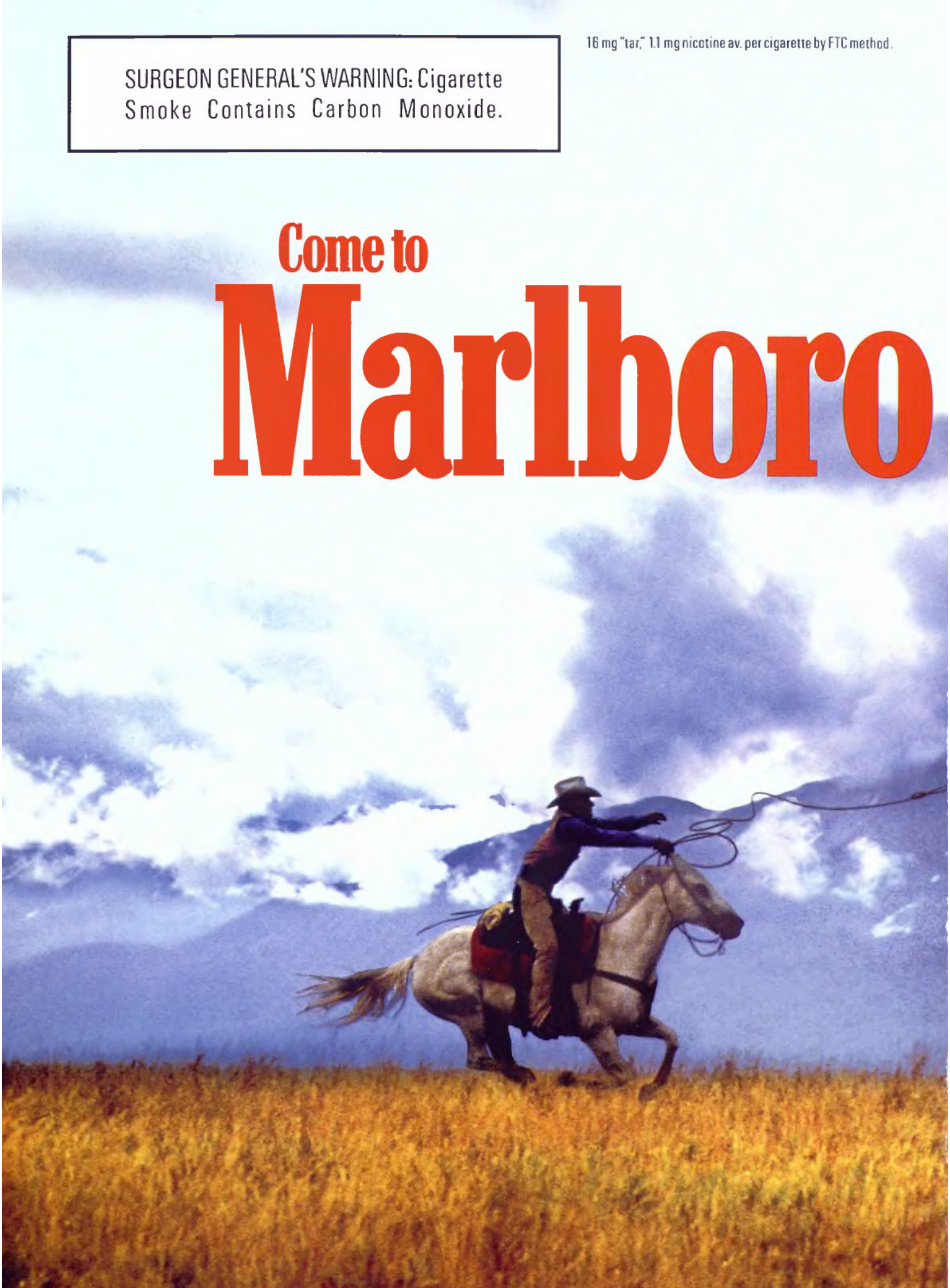

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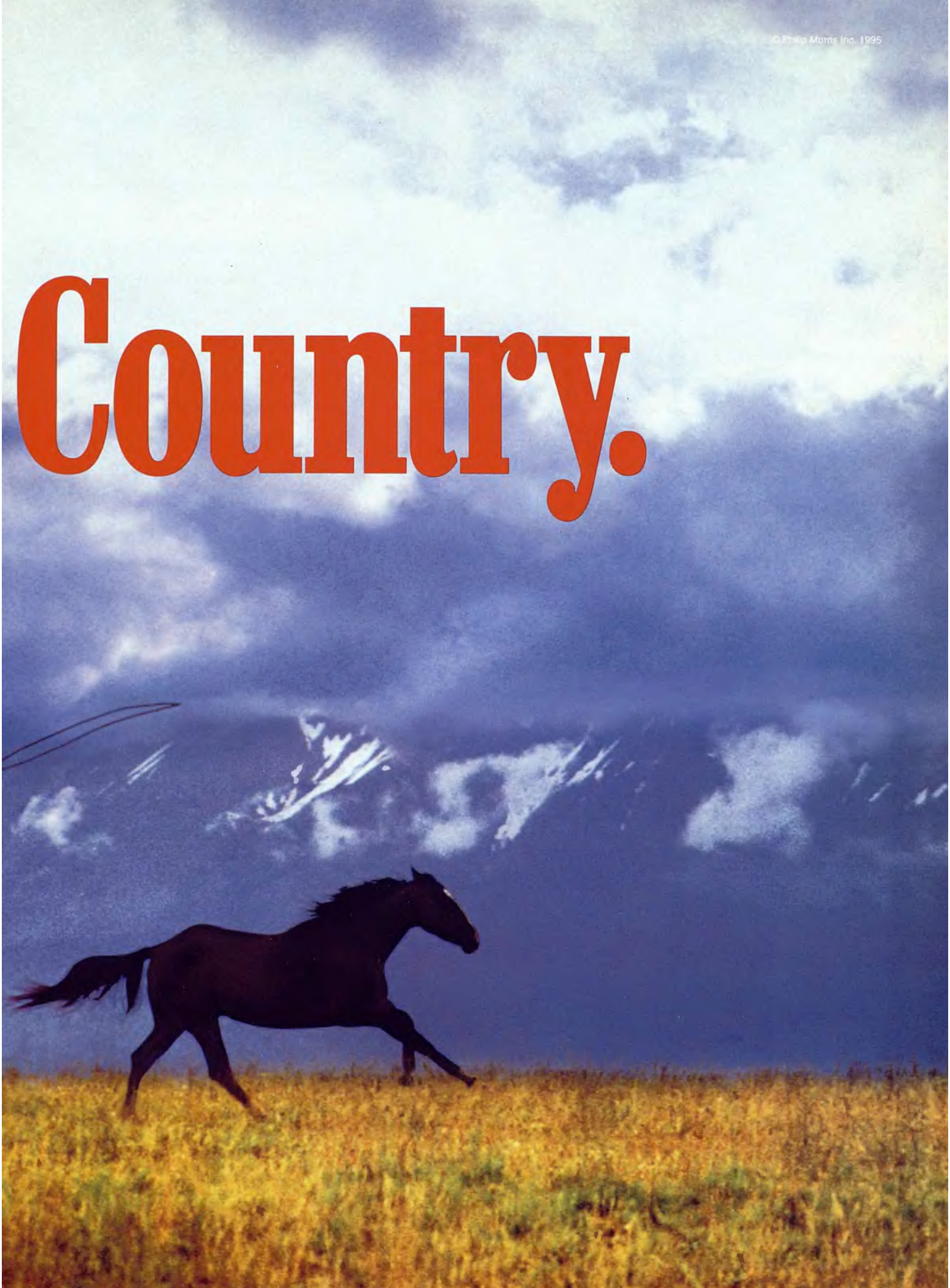

TALES FROM THE

OUTBACK

THE WORLD'S FIRST SPORT UTILITY WAGON.

Chapter One

THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS.

We were three days out of Perth in our new Subaru Outback when two nasty blokes of ill-repute and evil intent set upon us like dingos on a wallaby. "Don't worry, luv," I said to my traveling companion, "this here Outback's the world's first sport-utility wagon. It's part sport-utility, part car. All they've got is a Chevy Blazer." I pressed the accelerator and we shot down the dusty desert road with the scalawags in hot pursuit. The chase was on. "Take that left just up ahead," my companion navigated after perusing her map, and soon we were on an old cart path unfit for a mule team. Our Outback, with its Subaru All-Wheel Driving System, easily handled this unforgiving terrain, like any good sport-utility. But thanks to its optimally tuned suspension, our rocky passage felt more like a Sunday drive in a fine sedan. Nevertheless, the pesky vermin proved difficult to shake. "What could they be after," I wondered. And suddenly realized that it must be the Outback*

*Cargo space measured with seats upright. †All comparisons and figures represent 1995 model year vehicles, except for the 1996 Subaru Legacy Outback. Ground clearance based on manufacturer's published specs.

itself. After all, how many vehicles have more cargo space than an Isuzu Rodeo, more headroom than a Jeep Cherokee, ground clearance like a Ford Explorer,† plus the riding comfort and fuel economy of a passenger car? Indeed, the world's first sport-utility wagon would make quite a prize. But our immediate concern was escape. We found our way onto a winding mountain road, our pursuers still just a stone's throw behind. We soon met with a particularly tight turn, which tested the limits of our stability. But thanks to our Outback's lower center of gravity, we handled the nuisance with nary a problem. Our rivals, following in their Chevy Blazer, fared less well with that tricky roadway, and their exact fate on that day remains a mystery. So we drove on, feeling safe for the moment, but keenly aware that other adventures might await us down the road. If you'd like to join in our exploits, just visit your Subaru dealer for a test-drive, or call 1-800-WANT-AWD.*

COMPARE THE SUBARU OUTBACK.†

	Subaru Outback	Jeep Grand Cherokee	Ford Explorer	Chevrolet Blazer	Isuzu Rodeo
Fuel Economy (mpg)	**20/26**	15/20	15/20	16/21	15/18
Front Headroom	**40.2"**	38.9"	39.9"	39.6"	38.2"
Front Legroom	**43.3"**	40.9"	42.4"	42.5"	42.5"

*1996 EPA estimate. Subaru Outback 4EAT. City **20** Hwy 26. Use for comparison only. Your actual mileage may vary.*

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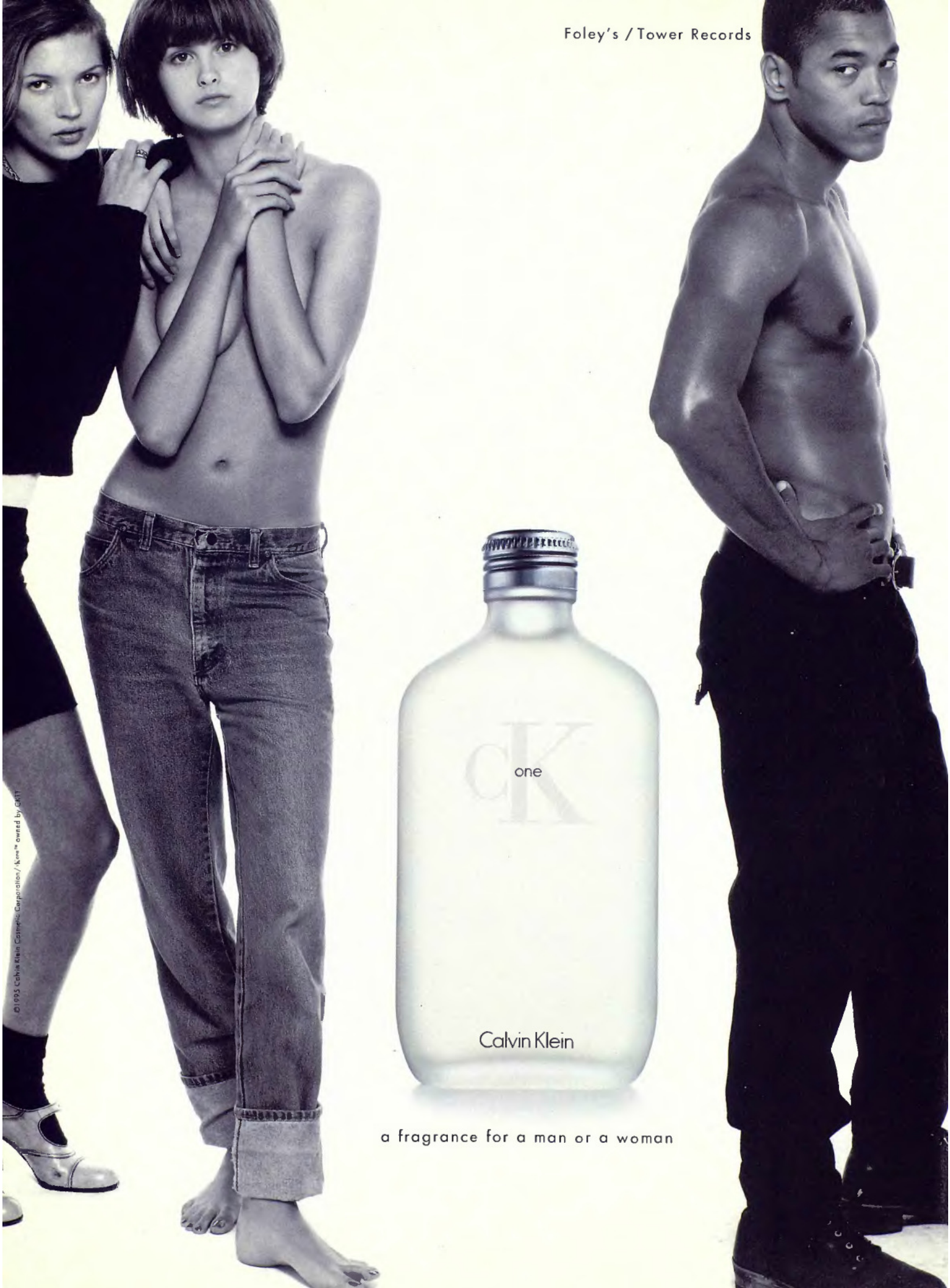

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PLAYBILL

EX-MARINE **Harvey Keitel** can be one of the most quietly expressive character actors today—and one of the most explosive. Just ask his pal Martin Scorsese or his protégé Quentin Tarantino. In *The Piano*, we got to know Keitel's ass. In this issue, we get to know something equally sobering and almost as vulnerable: his head. Contributing Editor **Lawrence Grobel** braves Keitel's demons in an intense *Interview* that covers everything from the Method to his madness to his new movie, *Clockers*. From *Bad Lieutenant* to good detective: A prized member of the New York Police Department, officer **Mike Palladino** knows about the dark side of the street—he travels it at night, looking for solutions to old murders. Writer **Bob Drury** rode shotgun with the golden Palladino for the NYPD-true article *Stone-Cold Cases*. Their hunt for suspected killers in the Bronx led them from bodegas to whorehouses. The artwork is by **Wilson McLean**. The third tough guy in this month's fierce foursome is **G. Gordon Liddy,** the resurgent Nixon henchman currently burning up the airwaves as the latest fiend-of-Bill radio jock. He's the subject of a *20 Questions* conducted by **Brian Karem,** correspondent, aptly enough, for *America's Most Wanted*. Liddy talks about brawling in the joint, explains where he stands on group sex and describes why female Israeli soldiers put a rock in his Glock. Then master mysterian **Lawrence Block** returns with a short story starring our favorite articulate assassin. *Keller in Shining Armor*—part of a forthcoming collection of Keller's greatest hits—finds the iceman tracking down the stalker of an author of kiddie books. Painter **Kent Williams** did the artwork.

Now allow us to show off our soft, feminine side. We've had a thing for **Tahnee Welch** (yes, her mom is Raquel) since she appeared in *Cocoon*. But then it was off to Italy. Now she's back—and nothing comes between Tahnee and her genes in her sexy pictorial, *Totally Tahnee* (shot by star photographer **Sante D'Orazio**). More screen savors: As name directors challenge the MPAA's ratings but downplay the sex act, can we be satisfied with voyeuristic flicks about strippers? It's an issue that demands serious review—and we have it in *Sex in Cinema 1995*, by our enlightened man in the dark, critic **Bruce Williamson.**

Actually, we all know the hottest movies are the videos you keep hidden next to your *Saturday Night Fever* album (yeah, we know—it's a collectible). In *Sex, Home & Videotape*, the daring **Dean Kuipers** narrates his quest to make the best amateur sex tape he can, considering the male lead—himself. It's all part of the least-talked-about popular revolution since the advent of onanism. Artist **Istvan Banyai** drew his own conclusions. (Incidentally, Judge Lance Ito is bananas for Banyai. He asked him for a portrait that ran in *Time*.) Another guilty pleasure that has reached cult proportions is that nutty television hit *The X-Files*. In an era of conspiracy theories and paranoia about technology, even the most skeptical viewers can identify with some of the dilemmas faced by the show's star, **David Duchovny.** In *X-Factor Actor*, writer **Jack Hitt** finds an eminent apologist for the show in the Yale-educated Duchovny, a reluctant sex star who quotes Yeats and postulates theories on art and reality.

It may be November, but it's not too early for some winter Holly—**Holly Witt,** that is, our Playmate of the Month. She's a rock-climbing, motorcycle-riding romantic with humility and great looks that will snow you under. Then you'll need to read about today's best ski gear, rated by slopester **Charles Plueddeman** in *Chill Thrills*. It's the only way to plow out from under Holly's aura.

GROBEL

DRURY

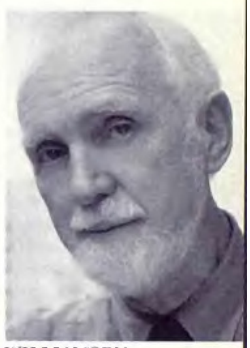
MCLEAN

BLOCK

WILLIAMS

KAREM

D'ORAZIO


WILLIAMSON

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BANYAI

HITT

PLUEDDEMAN

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A MAN'S GUIDE *to buying* DIAMONDS

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Ask and ye shall find a good jeweler. Ask questions. Ask friends who've gone through it. Ask the jeweler you choose why two diamonds that look the same are priced differently. You want someone you can trust. Avoid Joe's Mattress & Diamond Discounters.

Learn more. For the booklet *"How to buy diamonds you'll be proud to give,"* call the **American Gem Society,** representing fine jewelers upholding gemological standards across the U.S., at **800-340-3028.**

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PLAYBOY®

vol. 42, no. 11—november 1995

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL		5
DEAR PLAYBOY		11
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS		15
WIRED		18
MOVIES	BRUCE WILLIAMSON	22
VIDEO		25
STYLE		26
MUSIC		28
TRAVEL		30
BOOKS	DIGBY DIEHL	32
FITNESS	JON KRAKAUER	33
MEN	ASA BABER	34
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR		37
THE PLAYBOY FORUM		41
REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK—opinion	ROBERT SCHEER	49
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: HARVEY KEITEL—candid conversation		51
STONE-COLD CASES—article	BOB DRURY	70
TOTALLY TAHNEE—pictorial		74
KELLER IN SHINING ARMOR—fiction	LAWRENCE BLOCK	82
COLD SNAP—fashion	HOLLIS WAYNE	86
X-FACTOR ACTOR—profile	JACK HITT	92
PLAYBOY GALLERY: HELMUT NEWTON		95
HELLO, HOLLY—playboy's playmate of the month		98
PARTY JOKES—humor		110
CITY SLICK—fashion	HOLLIS WAYNE	112
SEX, HOME & VIDEOTAPE—article	DEAN KUIPERS	114
CHILL THRILLS—recreation	CHARLES PLUEDDEMAN	118
WINTER SPORTS: WHERE THE ACTION IS	DAVE IRONS	148
20 QUESTIONS: G. GORDON LIDDY		120
HIS NIBS—pens		124
SEX IN CINEMA 1995—pictorial	text by BRUCE WILLIAMSON	128
WHERE & HOW TO BUY		151
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE		161

Totolly Tahnee P. 74

X-Man P. 92

Hello, Holly P. 98

Sexy Videos P. 114

COVER STORY

Almost 26 years ago, Tahnee's famous mother, Raquel, adorned our cover. Now it's Tahnee's turn. By the way, Tahnee means "desirable" in the language of the Sioux, a legacy she clearly lives up to in this month's pictorial. Our cover was styled by Inge Fonteyne and photographed by Sante D'Orazio. Special thanks go to Oribe at Elizabeth Arden for styling Tahnee's hair and to Mary Greenwell for styling Tahnee's makeup. As always, our Rabbit waists no time.

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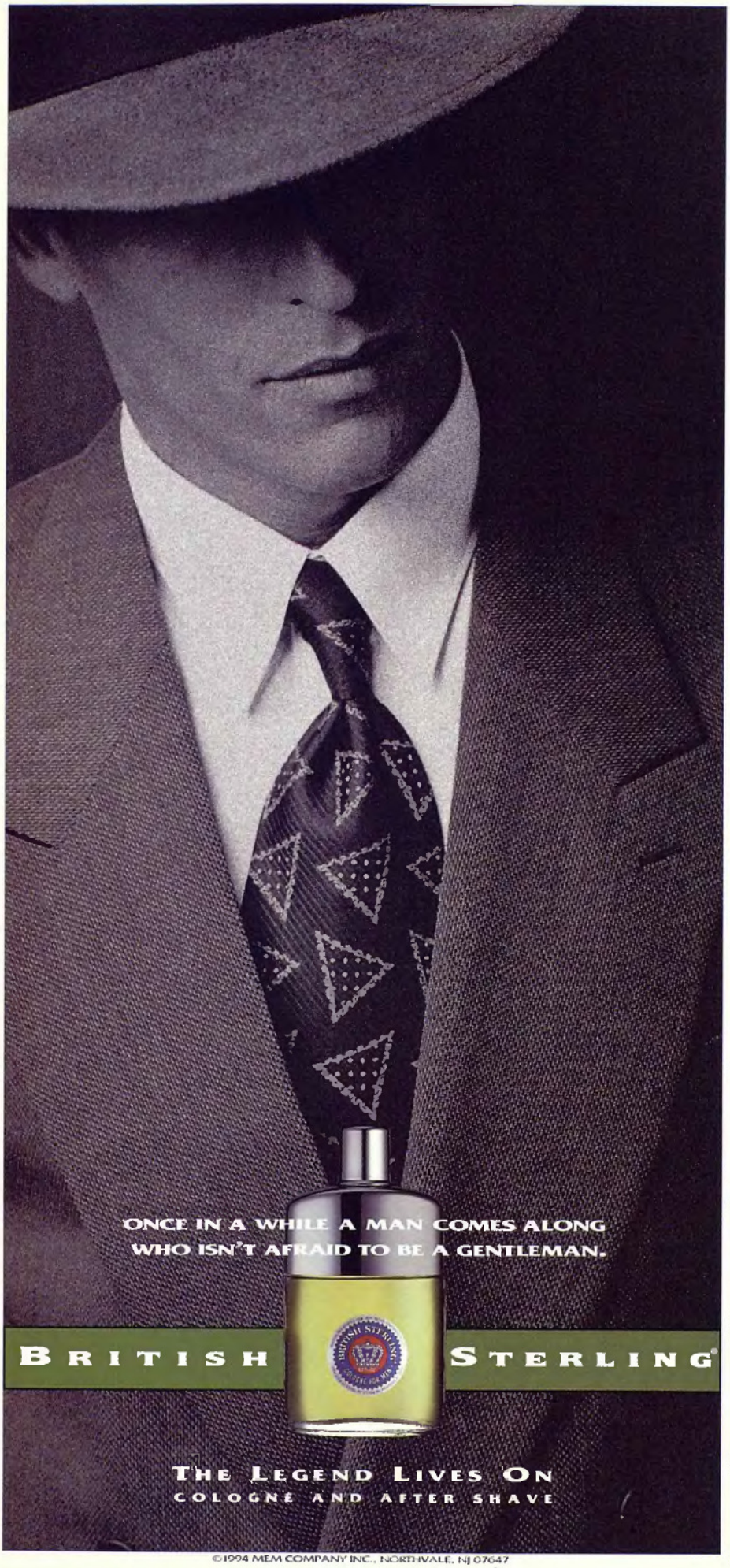
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WHO ISN'T AFRAID TO BE A GENTLEMAN.
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THE LEGEND LIVES ON
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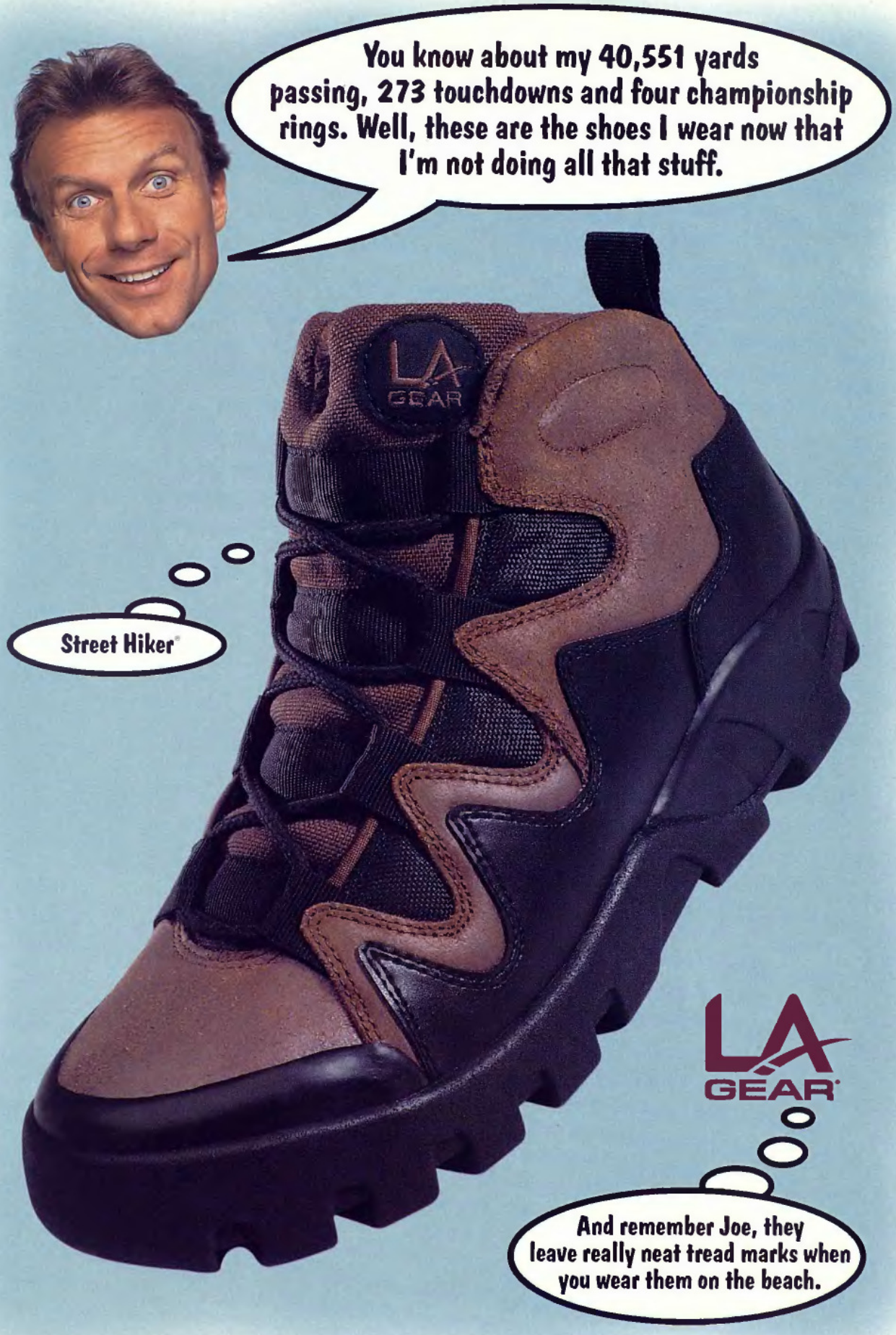
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BERRY GORDY

I enjoyed David Sheff's August *Interview* with Berry Gordy, but I want to take issue with one point. Along with several of my friends, I attended the Motortown Revue in the early Sixties. We drove into Detroit from Ann Arbor, stopped and genuflected in front of Hitsville, U.S.A. and then went to the Fox Theater for a fabulous show. Of course, we looked like several grains of salt in a pepper shaker, but it was not an all-black audience.

John Baird
Clearwater, Florida

This was my favorite *Interview* since John Lennon and Yoko Ono. However, I disagree with Gordy that what broke Motown's back was the company's move to Los Angeles. When the Holland-Dozier-Holland writing team left to form Invictus Records, the Supremes and the Four Tops had fewer hit records. I do agree with Gordy that Motown will live forever.

Olin Jenkins
Columbia, South Carolina

DAY OF THE ZEALOTS

After reading the article by Michael Reynolds (*Day of the Zealots*, August), I was shocked, sickened and saddened that a group of people who call themselves Christians could kill innocent people. I have spent 69 years on a pilgrimage searching for God's will in my life and striving to respect the dignity of every person. The fact that this group calls itself Christian is blasphemy.

James Milburn
Chattanooga, Tennessee

Day of the Zealots is the most one-sided article I have ever read in your magazine. Reynolds is an idealistic liberal for whom the government can do no wrong. He's against free speech that is not politically correct and confuses white separatists with white supremacists. He sheds tears for the children killed in Oklahoma City, but not for those incinerated by the FBI in Waco.

Richard Reul
Pahrump, Nevada

WHEN O.J. PHONED TRACI

I was delighted to find a pictorial of Traci Adell in the August issue. As for the problems Traci encountered, I guess things like that happen. How we deal with life's circumstances determines the effect they have on our lives. Kato Kaelin reserves the use of his head for a hat rack. I think Traci deserves a better fate than him.

Robert Whidby
Woodstock, Georgia

It was nice to see my favorite Playmate from last year, Traci Adell, in the August issue. What an interesting look into her life after her brush with O.J.

Tripp Rogers
Toms River, New Jersey

I am once again captivated by Traci's striking grace and beauty. It's unfortunate that she has been dragged into O.J. mania, but I wish her great success in her career as an actress and author.

Darryl Yon
75227.1570@compuserve.com
Brooklyn, New York

COVER GIRL

The August cover is simply sensational. Shelly Jones has a fabulous smile and a spectacular body. Many thanks to the folks behind the scenes who produced the cover. She deserves a pictorial. Please indulge us soon.

Timothy Hyatt
Rochester, New York

I am writing to congratulate you on your August cover. The issue arrived just before the Fourth of July and I found myself thinking that Shelly Jones' picture could easily have found its place of honor on bulkheads that traveled across the South Pacific during World War Two.

Bill Byrnes
Carbondale, Illinois

STAR TREK

Just as Bogart never said "Play it again, Sam," Shatner never said "Beam me up, Scotty" in the course of the original series (*Keep on Trekkin'*, August). While I am not a fanatic Trekkie, I do enjoy the show and I'm quite knowledgeable about the details.

James Ditchik
Encino, California

I am stunned that PLAYBOY would foolishly devote more than five pages of precious space to the childish phenomenon known as *Star Trek*. Please don't turn PLAYBOY into a comic book for mentally deficient adults.

Marshall Mustain
Painted Post, New York

RACHEL JEÁN MARTEEN

Rachel Jeán (*On Camera*, August) is fabulous. Thank you for presenting such a fine example of human artistry.

Matt Stanton
mstanton@tcf.com
Atascadero, California

Miss August, Rachel Jeán Marteen, takes my breath away and jumps my pulse into overdrive.

James Berger
La Mesa, California

PAGE PROOFS

I can stand a yearlong baseball strike, a national debt, even the firing of Joycelyn Elders. But please, don't shorten the centerfold pictorials.

Neal Nellans
ncnimage@aol.com
Sarasota, Florida

With this issue, our Playmate pictorial is back to a full ten pages. Too bad we can't bring back Dr. Elders as well.

SCREW THE YOUNG

I hope Mark Jannot's article, *Screw the Young* (August), doesn't mean you are ready to give up on 70-year-old farts like me in favor of Generation Xers. We old folks have been with PLAYBOY for more than 40 years, and if you do not need us anymore, keep printing garbage like *Screw the Young*.

Stan Broselow
Las Vegas, Nevada

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Mark Jannot is certainly one ticked-off young man, but he offers no solution.

Wesley Wey
Mission Hills, California

Over the 40 years I have read your magazine, I have found myself generally in agreement with your editorial slant, but Jannot's piece of trash is one of the most divisive and inflammatory I have ever seen in print. I suggest he take the outrageous fee he got for writing that crap and buy himself an annuity. Maybe that way he will have some resources when he grows up.

Charles Muller
Denver, Colorado

I'm a well-educated, 30-year-old single man who makes a living giving investment advice. I have long been aware of the fiscal peril my generation faces. We can't allow ourselves to be sucked dry by the ever-growing population of retirees. My inclination is to fight. We may not have enough votes to sway politicians, but we may be able to make enough sense to enough people to keep ourselves from being condemned to a life of financial servitude.

Andrew Ellis
Indianapolis, Indiana

Mark Jannot is just another uninformed writer who has jumped on the anti–Social Security bandwagon. He should go after the politicians who have milked the trust fund for their own programs. That fund should be separate and follow the same rules as private pension funds.

Michael Amenta
Merrick, New York

For many people born after 1960, just making ends meet has become a herculean task. College graduates consider themselves lucky to find part-time jobs at coffee bars. They flip burgers or brave the urban jungle as bike messengers or the dust-cloth jungle as maids. Not only do they suffer low wages but such jobs rarely provide health insurance and offer little chance for advancement. No one would deny the little old lady in the third-floor walk-up her monthly check, but it's hard to stomach subsidizing elderly yacht owners. It would be nice if Social Security checks were delivered on a need basis.

Amy Alkon
New York, New York

BEACH BLANKET POLITICS

If Robert Scheer (*Reporter's Notebook*, August) would remove his head from his butt long enough to look at what is really happening in the world, he might realize that it's not ultrarightist Republican conservatives who are a threat to the artistic freedom of Hollywood. It's the liberals. Bob Dole and Bill Bennett call for good taste and self-control, not censorship. But in Senate hearings in 1993, Democrats Paul Simon, Janet Reno and other liberals threatened federal regulatory control over the entertainment industry. It's Tipper Gore, not Dan Quayle, who forced warning labels on CDs. Don't we prefer the voluntary approach of the right to the compulsory we-know-best laws of the left?

Paul Lonsdorf
Medford Lakes, New Jersey

GIRLS OF RADIO

I tuned in to your *Girls of Radio* pictorial (August) and I saw them loud and clear. They're a gorgeous group and should branch out into television. In fact, they deserve a television channel all their own.

Nate Kedd
Gunnison Beach, New Jersey

Please promise that we will be able to tune in for more of Shelly Jones and Tracey Ray. Both are frequency modulations of the most beautiful kind.

Stan Thaxton
Vidalia, Georgia

I'm a college-bound student heading for a career in radio. I found *Girls of Radio* to be great encouragement. We need less Rush Limbaugh and more women in radio to heat up the airwaves.

Dan Goff
Blooming Prairie, Minnesota

TOMMY LEE

The co-writers of the malevolent article *The Charmed Life of Tommy Lee* (August) never bothered to acquaint themselves with their subject. Presumably Pamela and Heather saw past the tattoos and the hair and discovered a sweet, caring and loving person in Tommy Lee. Hone your craft, fellows, and perhaps you'll stand a chance of being known as more than just the Heckle and Jeckle of journalism.

R.D. Vasquez
peamarie@aol.com
El Paso, Texas

The Charmed Life of Tommy Lee lowers PLAYBOY to the level of a supermarket tabloid. Christopher Napolitano and Stephen Randall never interviewed Tommy Lee for their article. Tommy and I became friends in cyberspace. He is an ordinary, fun-loving guy who happens to be in one of the world's most famous rock bands. And as for his talent, I know more than a few drummers who would like to play the way he does.

Gary Whiting
gary whitin@aol.com
Denver, Colorado

Writers Napolitano and Randall can only fantasize about walking onstage in front of 30,000 screaming fans or swapping spit with Heather Locklear, Bobbie Brown or Pamela Anderson.

Jason Aubrey
Burlington, Connecticut

How does Tommy Lee do it? I'm running out today and perforating my lobes with earrings and getting tattoos. I'll probably have to take out a loan to buy the tattoos, but for Heather and Pam, it would be worth it. Tommy, write a how-to book.

John Batista
john.batista@tigerteam.org
Newark, California

I've been a Crue fan since I was a teenager and I have a soft spot for the band, especially for Tommy Lee. When it comes down to it, though, Napolitano and Randall are just jealous that they aren't in Tommy Lee's shoes (no matter how tacky they look).

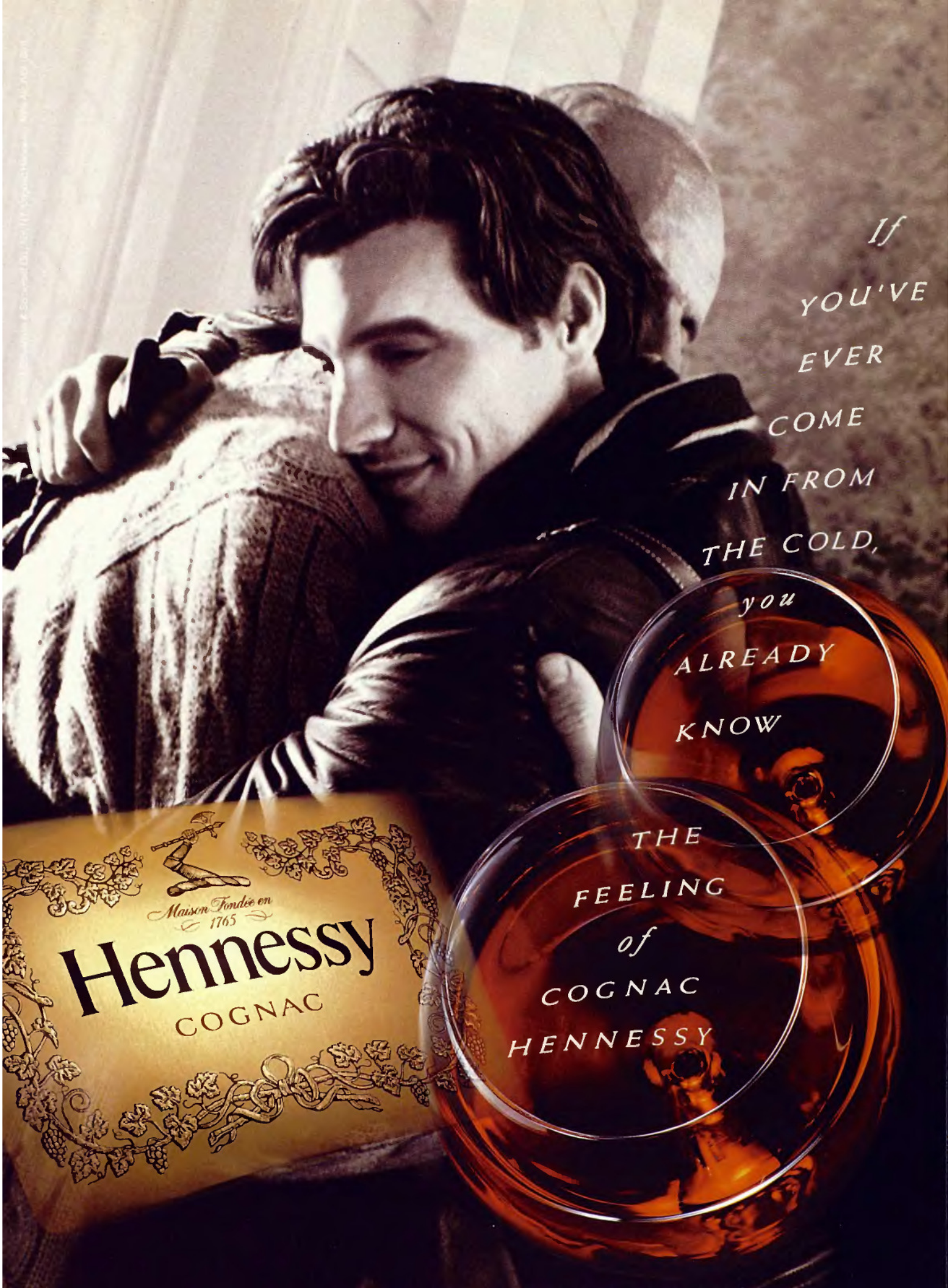
Darrin Robb
Sacramento, California

Napolitano and Randall respond: "Of course we're jealous. Tommy Lee gets Pam Anderson and we get hate mail. And you're feeling sorry for him?"

MEN

Thank you for Asa Baber's article about Persian Gulf veterans ("A Very Dirty War," August). Government officials, both civilian and military, still deny that we encountered any chemical attacks, despite overwhelming proof. It's a shame that our greatest battle is ahead of us rather than behind us, because we thought we had paid our dues before we came home from the Gulf. I commend Baber for caring about the veterans of the Gulf war and thank him for the timeliness of his article.

Bernard Welch
Concord, California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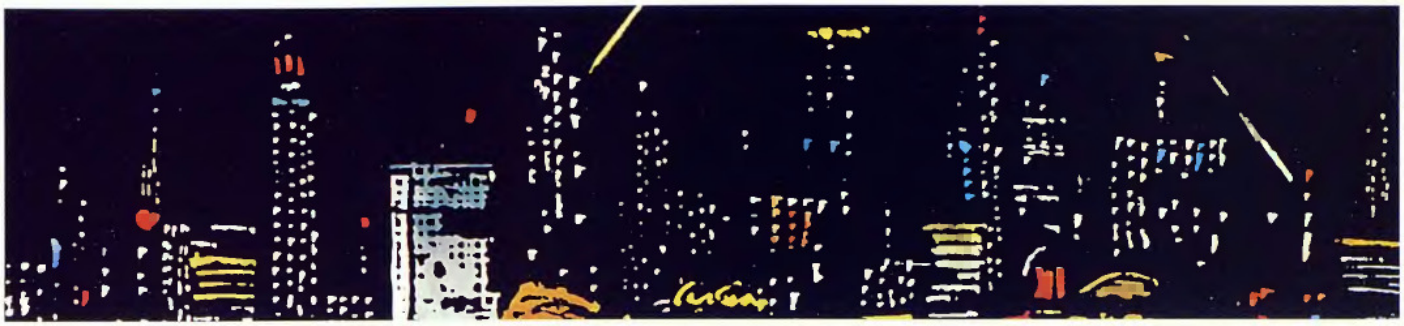

VOICE MAIL TAIL

Forget bearish, Wall Street was feeling a bit beaverish recently because of a piece of electronic voice mail known as the Message. It's purportedly the account of an anonymous woman's date, which she left on the answering machine of her friend Steven—and it's raunchy enough to make a stockbroker blush. After some heavy inside trading, the Message, which *The Wall Street Journal* described as "a kind of chain letter meets gossip mill meets urban myth," traveled to lawyers, TV producers, entertainment executives and politicians nationwide. Just as entertaining as the sex kitten's report is the variety of precursors on the tape—a snapshot of the collective unconscious. The tale begins at the movies, where our heroine says her date suddenly "grabs my crotch." The scene then moves to the theater's bathroom, where, she says, "he fucks the shit out of me." From there, the horny couple goes to a "cheesy motel, mirrors on the ceiling, red light, everything. He ate me out for, like, three hours. . . . Pretty fucked-up thing to see my ass in a mirror with somebody's cock in me . . . and, oh my God, what he did to my asshole with his tongue. . . . I'm still dripping." She ends the Message by telling Steven to call her back for all the details, which led an astonished *Journal* to ask, "Like, what details could be left?" Well, like, is he a good listener?

TOAST POINTS

Over the lips, past the gums. For the past two years during the peak marriage months of June and July, the makers of Korbel champagne have sponsored a wedding-toast hotline for those people obliged to offer an appropriate salutation at the auspicious occasion. In its first year, the 800 number received more than 9000 calls.

HELEN, GIRLY, BROWN

A Cosmo girl never lets her guard down—even in the bathroom. *The New York Observer* caught a whiff of an embarrassing—but apparently necessary—etiquette lesson at the offices of *Cosmopolitan*. Seems that the following memo was placed in all the women's bathrooms:

(1) The obvious.

(2) Flush the toilet.

(3) Look down. This requires you to actually move your head and neck in a downward motion. When the water makes a gurgling sound and a pretty swirly pattern, you're on the right track.

(4) This is the tough part. Did everything disappear? If funny plastic objects and wispy bits of white are still visible, push the metal handle again.

(5) Repeat step four if necessary.

(6) Step out of the stall. Look back. Are you pleased with the picture?

EMISSIONS TEST

The South Dakota Supreme Court upheld a lower court ruling that laid blame with the husband for a dissolution of marriage. Among the husband's egregious actions were frequent outbursts of flatulence and a habit of reacting "testily" when his wife complained about them. She also testified that her husband could regulate his borborygmus and would cause gas to erupt as a "retaliation thing." Two of the supreme court justices dissented, and noting the size of the alimony award to the wife, one commented, "The price of gas is going up in Sioux Falls."

ILLUSTRATION BY LEROY NEIMAN

JAWS!

Using a jaws-of-life tool, firefighters near Portland, Oregon were trying to extricate a woman and her two children from an overturned vehicle. She told them to halt the procedure, however, so she could take a call on her car phone—and argue with her husband about where she was.

CRACK THE CODE

Well, it's better than having it speak its mind all the time. The New York *Daily News* chose the following unfortunate headline for one of its recent health articles: THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINCTER.

IN DISTILL OF THE WRITE

A bouquet of gonzo has been creeping into wine journalism. The terms hamster cage, pencil shavings and horse manure have recently been used to describe, respectively, a 1989 Hermitage, a Saint Julien and an Australian Shiraz. And the Old Guard of the wine business is starting to get a little hungover from it all. As more people write about wine, younger writers feel they need to distinguish themselves by using incongruous language to describe quality vintages. Hugh Johnson, one of the deans of the British wine reviewers, employs a more subdued vocabulary, which includes such words as harmony, vigor and vitality. Perhaps the new extravagant language is an attempt to be more specific. But Anthony Barton, an English vintner in Bordeaux, jokes that the terms aren't specific enough. For example, a quality in certain white wines is sometimes described as "wet dog," to which Barton responds, "What breed of wet dog? There's a world of difference between a wet Chihuahua and a wet Labrador." And neither goes all that well with fish.

The All-O.J. RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

FACT OF THE MONTH

At the first anniversary of the deaths of Nicole Brown Simpson and Ronald Goldman, sales of goods and services related to O.J. Simpson's trial reached $200 million, more than the gross domestic product of Grenada.

QUOTE

"One thing's for sure: O.J. Simpson is a murderer. He killed daytime TV."—GREY ADVERTISING EXECUTIVE JON MANDEL

BUCKING BRONCOS

During the first year of the Simpson trial, percentage jump in sales of Ford Broncos: 14. Price A.C. Cowlings expects to collect for his white Ford Bronco: $200,000 (the deal is on hold while a judge resolves an ownership dispute).

SUITE JUICE

Price paid by a Chicago man for the furniture from the hotel room in which Simpson stayed the night of the murders: $41,000. Amount of offer to resell the furniture: $300,000 (he turned it down).

GROUND CONTROL TO O.J.

Number of phone lines running through the courthouse parking lot and press rooms: 800. Miles of broadcast cable: 50.

CNN NATION

Number of lawyers hired as consultants by CNN: 500. Percentage increase in daily average of CNN's daytime ratings during spring 1995 (the trial began in February): 600. Percentage of network evening news audiences that have defected to CNN: 10. Total percentage of network news audiences lost this spring: 15.

COSTLY REMARKS

Number of copies of MPI Home Video's two volumes containing the prosecution and defense counsels' opening statements that were sold within the first week of release: 5000.

WHAT A HASSLE

Number of people who watched the pay-per-view cable show of David

DAVID COWLES

Hasselhoff's American singing debut on June 17, 1994: 20,000 to 30,000. Number of people who watched Simpson's low-speed chase on that date: 95 million.

DEAR O.J.

Number of letters sent to Simpson in jail: 400,000.

O.J.: THE THEME PARK

Number of Simpson-related sites on the Grave Line Hollywood tour: 5. Number of tourists who traveled to the murder scene at 875 South Bundy Drive during the 1995 Memorial Day weekend: 4000.

O.J.: THE CRUISE

According to Liberty Travel, cost of deluxe cabin on the O.J. Trial of the Century Cruise, a one-time-only weekend trip from Los Angeles to Baja, Mexico: $409 per person (plus $74.50 in port fees).

OJTV

Percentage decrease in size of audience for *The Oprah Winfrey Show* from February 1994 to February 1995: 21. Percentage of *Oprah* viewers who say they watch some trial coverage almost every day: 43. Number of total viewers lost by the top three soap operas—*The Young and the Restless*, *All My Children* and *As the World Turns*: 1 million. Percentage of daytime audience lost by big three networks to live trial coverage on CNN, the Entertainment Channel and Court TV: 20.

LAW REVIEW

Percentage decline in law school applications for 1995: 8.

THE RETAIL TALE

Number of pairs of brown, extra large Aris Leather Lites gloves made exclusively for Bloomingdale's: 300. Number that have been sold: 200.

PIZZA TOPPER

Number of pizzas delivered by Domino's during O.J.'s low-speed chase, dubbed by the pie maker "the single greatest hour for pizza delivery in national pizza history": 800,000, or 13,333 pizzas per mile of the 60-mile chase. Increase in percentage of pizza orders on days when Kato Kaelin testified: 15.

THE DOW'S JONES

Size of decrease in volume of trading at the New York Stock Exchange during the first half hour of the trial: 4.2 million shares.

CYBERJUICE

Number of messages about O.J. posted on Compuserve's CNN bulletin board, per day: 1600.

THROWING THE BOOK AT O.J.

Number of print or audio copies of *Nicole Brown Simpson* by Faye Resnick sold: 1 million; number of copies of the quickie book *Fallen Hero* sold: 250,000; number of copies of the quickie book *American Hero, American Tragedy* sold: 500,000; copies of *O.J.'s Legal Pad*, a spoof on his supposed trial doodlings, sold in the first three weeks of distribution: 250,000. Number of copies of *Kato Kaelin: The Whole Truth* in print: 900,000; number of copies of *Marcia Clark* by Clifford Linedecker in print: 380,000; number of copies of *I Want to Tell You* by O.J. Simpson in print: 650,000. Amount of O.J.'s advance: $1 million.

AND COUNTING. . . .

According to Cambridge Human Resources in Chicago, cost to American employers in productivity lost from on-the-job conversations about the case from June 1994 to June 1995: $27.5 billion.

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WIRED

DECK THE WALLS

Move over, Picasso. Large-screen TVs that hang on the wall like paintings are expected to debut as early as next year. Mitsubishi will lead the way with a 40-inch model that weighs about 30 pounds and is barely thicker than two panes of glass. This TV, like other versions in the works, is made with a plasma technology that is currently used to create portable computer monitors. According to manufacturers, the plasma provides an exceptional picture from any angle (unlike LCD TVs, which you have to view head-on in order to see the action). What's more, plasma televisions are cheaper to produce than LCD models, and because

STEVE DIMINNO

the display is digital, designers can easily marry wall TVs with digital satellite system receivers or the digital video disc players expected to arrive next year. Other companies that have promised large-screen plasma TVs within the next few years include Sony, Toshiba, Fujitsu and NEC. While none of these companies have commented on prices, first-generation models should cost less than a Picasso—but probably not much less.

VCR TECH UPDATE

Here's a roundup of innovative VCR features that may coax you into upgrading. *Commercial-advance playback*: RCA's hi-fi VR678HF ($500) and monaural VR542 ($400) VCRs scan through a program after it has been recorded, electronically notching segments sensed as commercial clumps. When you view the tape, the VCR zips past those segments with 90 percent accuracy. *On-screen menus*: We've already sung the praises of Starsight, an electronic program guide that lists broadcast and cable choices and lets you program your VCR to record with a single button command. Starsight can now be accessed for $4 per month through VCRs from Goldstar, Magnavox, Samsung, RCA, Zenith and Sony ($450 to $600) and through Sharp's new 35-inch 35VXG2000 TV-VCR ($2380). *Index plus*: Hitachi's VTF-594A ($500) is the first VCR to offer this electronic system for cataloging recorded programs. *Spatializer 3-D Audio*: This special processor built into Panasonic's PV-4564 ($430) and PV-4570 ($900) VCRs creates a surround-sound effect in standard stereo televisions without extra speakers. *Auto clock set*: A technology offered in VCRs by Panasonic, RCA and Sony that takes time cues from PBS stations so you'll never face a blinking 12:00 again.

TALK IS CHEAP

Net surfers bored with keyboard conversations will be psyched to know that the telephone has come to cyberspace—but without painful long-distance bills from AT&T, Sprint or MCI. To give your PC online phone capabilities, all you need is the right computer setup and special software. One such program, Vocaltec's Internet Phone ($60), requires a 486/33Mhz or better PC, 14.4 modem, sound card and microphone. Once loaded, you can dial into an Internet relay chat and play walkie-talkie (you talk, you listen, you talk) with another IPhone user anywhere in the world. Because the connection is made through your Internet server, you get to talk long distance for the price of a local call. The software is intuitive: After choosing a name from a directory of IPhone users who happen to be online when you connect, you watch a tiny fist rap on a door, asking to be let in. If the person is talking with someone else, you

JERRY MCDONALD

hear that familiar busy tone. If not, his voice comes over your computer speaker. At best, the sound quality rivals a speakerphone. At worst, you feel like you are drifting out of range on a botched space mission. A recent IPhone upgrade, which requires a more advanced sound card, lets two parties talk simultaneously. The software also comes with Motorola's new Power Class modem ($375) and a Mac IPhone is in the works.

WILD THINGS

If there were ever a gadget worth celebrating, it's the Sony Walkman, the original personal stereo that has kept millions of commuters and exercisers entertained since it was introduced in 1979. Now Sony is offering the limited-edition WM-EX1 stereo cassette player pictured here. Although it's packed with top-of-the-line features that include feather-touch control, auto reverse playback and Dolby B noise reduction, the WM-EX1 is small enough to fit in a shirt pocket. The price: about $250. • Mobile computer users who are tired of toting cables can now print documents from their laptops via an infrared accessory that connects to Hewlett-Packard's new HP DeskJet 340. Priced around $30, the accessory connects to the parallel port of the $300 printer (which is about the size of a shoe box), providing wireless printing capabilities up to three feet from the computer. • At last, an easy way to get through to Ticketmaster. The Power Dialer, a $250 gadget by Technology Arts that connects to any phone or modem, redials busy numbers—as many as 25 times per minute—until a connection is made. When the call goes through, an alarm sounds, signaling you to pick up the phone. We'll take two tickets to the Soul Asylum concert, please.

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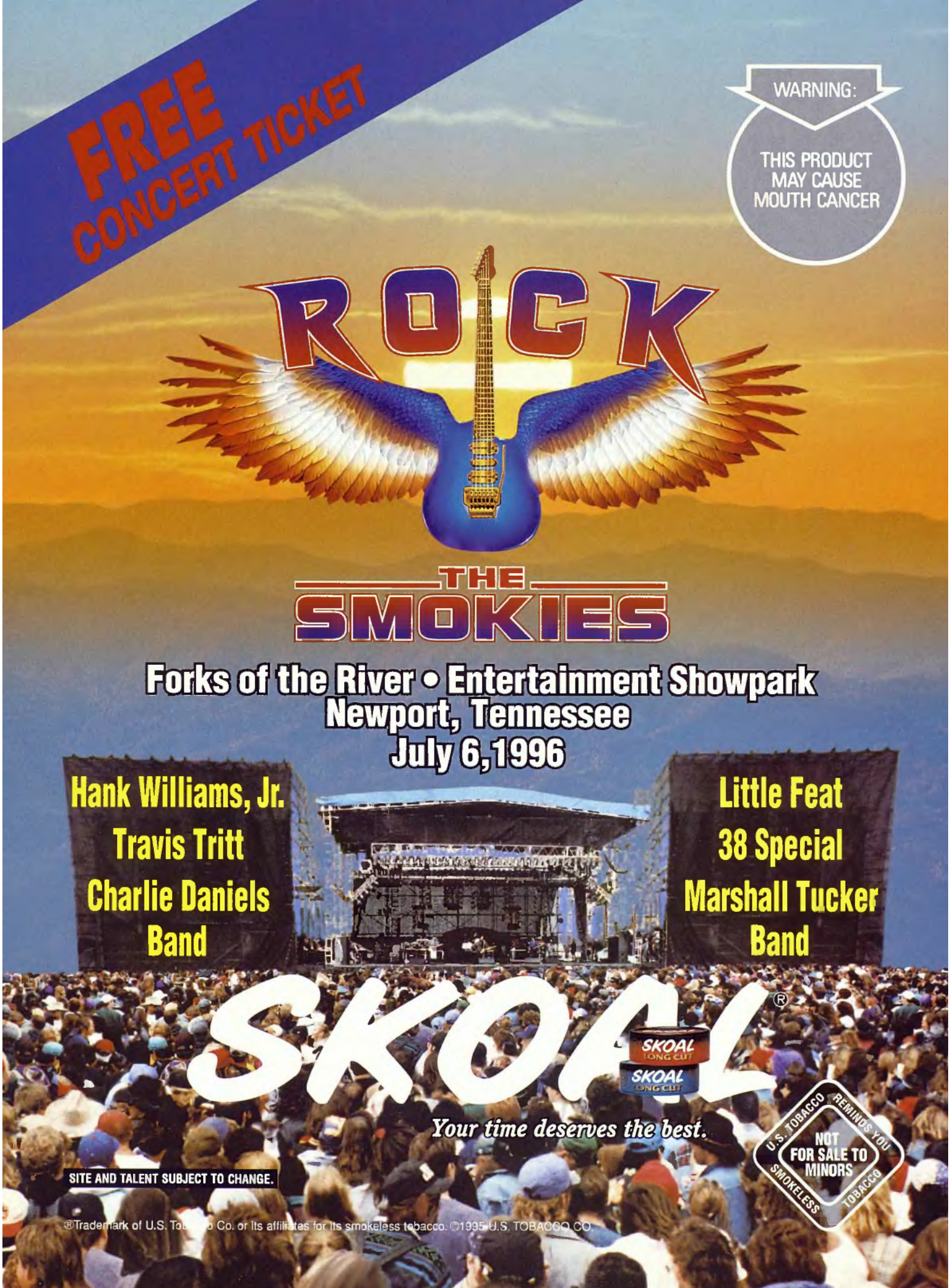
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MULTIMEDIA REVIEWS & NEWS

ON CD-ROM

Following the success of X-Wing and TIE Fighter, LucasArts brings us ***Dark Forces,*** its premiere move into the first-person gaming genre. As Kyle Katarn, Imperial soldier turned rebel, you leave the X-Wing behind and find yourself immersed in the Star Wars universe at ground level, raiding Imperial bases, stealing plans and wasting storm troopers. The plot is cinematic: Throughout the game, Katarn must interact with various partners and adversaries while battling his lingering distrust of the Alliance. Thanks to richly detailed game play, each mission gets progressively more complex, requiring a quick trigger finger and brainpower. There are a couple of drawbacks—namely, the absence of a game-save intermission and a limited enemy vocabulary (you can only hear "Stop, rebel scum!" so many times before it loses its punch). But if you're a *Star Wars* fan, Dark Forces is a must-play. For more information or a playable demo, check out http:www.lucasarts.com on the Web. (For Mac and Windows, about $50.)

CYBER SCOOP

Need a Doom partner? Dial up Dwanga, a new online service devoted exclusively to multiple-player networked games. To sign on, you pay an admission fee of $20 and then $20 to $35 for ten- and 20-hour blocks of time.

It's official: Broderbund tells us that Myst II will be released late next year. Maybe by then we'll have finished the first edition.

The AIDS quilt, a 13-acre-and-growing memorial to people who have died of the disease, is being photographed and preserved on CD-ROM. The project should take about three years.

A hog-wild ride

Full Throttle, another hot CD-ROM from LucasArts, will have your desktop roaring like a Harley hog. This title brings you down to earth, to a dusty Southwest wasteland ruled by motorcycle gangs, ruthless corporate moguls and junkyard dogs. You play Ben, an antihero who's been framed for the murder of the owner of Corley Motors. Your goal is to avoid cops, clear your name and expose the real villain—a bigwig at Corley who intends to convert the company's motorcycle manufacturing line to minivan production. The action opens slowly, then proceeds at breakneck speed, with PG-rated gore, plenty of machines to tinker with and miscreants to outwit. The most dangerous aspect of Full Throttle is the music, which adds a dose of no-man's-land evil to the game and gets stuck as an endless loop in your head. (For Mac and Windows, $50.)

ON DISK

You don't have to be a desktop publishing expert to appreciate the facelift your documents will receive from P22 type foundry's ***Artist Computer Fonts.*** Based on preeminent individuals, events and movements within the art world, the fonts conform to both Truetype and Postscript standards (meaning they can be output on any ink-jet or laser printer) and are sold in museum stores nationwide. One of our favorites is ***Miró,*** a decorative font based on the lively paintings of the Spanish artist. In addition to a funky interpretation of the alphabet, the font includes Miró Extras, a series of dingbats that we used to construct the colorful creature above right. Other fonts available in the P22 library include ***Duchamp,*** a typeface styled after the handwriting of Marcel Duchamp; ***Constructivist,*** a set of five fonts based on the posters and graphic designs of Revolution-era Russian artists; and ***Albers,*** typography designed by Bauhaus painter Josef Albers for an opening of his work at the Guggenheim Museum in New York. And if you don't mind bugs in your system, P22 also offers a low-brow font called ***Insectile,*** featuring a series of creepy-crawler dingbats and the alphabet made of insect parts. (For Mac and Windows, about $22 each.)

ONLINE

Cybersurfers seeking the epitome of hip should dial up ***Sonic Net,*** a Manhattan-based bulletin board that caters to the independent music scene and its fringe-culture followers. Self-billed as "loser friendly," Sonic Net lets you share your thoughts on message boards, scan record reviews, receive tour information and gain insight into the music industry. It features downloadable sound files and band biographies, plus a spot where aspiring musicians can plug their bands and offer sound clips from their recordings. Internet access is provided along with real-time conferencing with alternative-rock heavyweights such as Bob Mould (founder of Hüsker Dü and Sugar) and producer Steve Albini. There's a "store" where you can order merchandise and a software archive with dozens of files, including maps to indie scene hot spots. There's even a classified section where you can score a decent used guitar or meet up with a new bass player.

The arty type

But the most talked-about aspect of Sonic Net has nothing at all to do with music. Mystery Melrose Theater is a conference that airs simultaneously with *Melrose Place,* allowing participants to share witticisms while watching the melodrama unfold: "Billy's a sap," wrote one user recently. "I want to dominate him," added another. You can connect at 212-431-1627 for $9.95 per month or dial up Sonic Net's Web page at http: www.sonicnet.com.

Speaking of *Melrose Place,* fans of the Fox feature may want to check out the ***Spot,*** a soap opera–style home page launched on the Web this past summer. A cross between *Melrose* and MTV's *The Real World,* the Spot chronicles the lives of five Gen-Xers who share a beachfront home in California. True to soap form, the roomies are drop-dead beautiful and have personalities you'll either love or hate. Sharing snippets of their lives in a journal—complete with photos and video clips—they dish dirt on their coworkers, ex-lovers and one another. If you're new to the Spot, you'll have plenty of catching up to do. But it's a cool place to visit with plenty of hot plot developments planned for the fall. (The URL: http://www.thespot.com.) .

DIGITAL DUDS

Infopedia: This Encarta wannabe offers reams of reference material, including the 29-volume *Funk & Wagnall's New Encyclopedia.* But without search muscle, it takes forever to get the information you need.

Let's Go: The Budget Guide to Europe: Don't bother with this CD-ROM. Buy the book instead.

See what's happening on Playboy's Home Page at http://www.playboy.com.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 151.

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

LIFE IN a Brooklyn housing project catches up with two brothers—Victor, a hard-working family man, and Strike, who peddles drugs to support his love of model trains. Cast as the Dunham boys, Isaiah Washington and movie newcomer Mekhi Phifer score big in writer-director Spike Lee's disturbing ***Clockers*** (Universal), based on the novel by Richard (*The Color of Money*) Price. Lee adds some cinematic poetry to this tale of inner-city angst, all about a senseless murder ordered by a local drug kingpin (Delroy Lindo). John Turturro and Harvey Keitel portray two homicide detectives on the case who believe Victor's confession is a cover-up for his brother, a known "clocker" (street lingo for someone who hustles drugs any hour of the day). Keitel (see this month's *Interview*) can probably do this kind of tough-cop stint in his sleep. But *Clockers*—which starts with a jolt when the opening credits roll over stills of gory drug-related deaths—keeps the audience very much awake. ¥¥½

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Diane Keaton can take a bow for her sensitive touch as a director in ***Unstrung Heroes*** (Buena Vista). From a book by Franz Lidz, adapted for the screen by Richard LaGravenese (his credits include *The Ref* and *The Bridges of Madison County*), Keaton's class act is a tearjerker but never a cheap shot. Nathan Watt, as a 12-year-old whose mother is terminally ill, is a boy wonder making his feature-film debut in a top company—headed by Andie MacDowell as his brave, ailing mom and John Turturro (again) as his dad, an eccentric inventor who can't quite get the hang of parenthood. The boy spends time with two lovable crackpot uncles played by Michael Richards (*Seinfeld*'s Kramer) and Maury Chaykin. They eventually persuade the kid to change his name, address and outlook on life. The movie is delicately balanced between compelling human comedy and sentimental overkill. ¥¥¥

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Heartwarming is the word for ***Jack and Sarah*** (Gramercy), a finespun if sugary comedy about a newly widowed single dad (Richard E. Grant) and his baby daughter (played by several winning tots). A flip young woman (Samantha Mathis), fired from her job as a waitress, moves in as the dad's unschooled but charming nanny—and if you think these two don't eventually fall in love, you haven't seen many movies. Even so, Grant and Mathis are an agreeably cheeky team that keeps the schmaltz under control with the help of writer-director Tim Sullivan. Some heavyweight British talent with a penchant for playing the classics—Judi Dench, Eileen Atkins and Ian McKellen—deign to appear in minor roles. Even a cuddlesome toddler can't steal scenes from these seasoned troupers. ¥¥½

Turturro, Keitel: Tracking *Clockers*.

Crooks learn the ropes, students face the future and lovers take their lumps.

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A natural for college-age moviegoers, writer-director Noah Baumbach's ***Kicking and Screaming*** (Trimark) is by a guy who knows the turf. Here, Baumbach follows four wiseass college guys who kick and scream toward adulthood. Josh Hamilton, Chris Eigeman, Carlos Jacott and Jason Wiles play the main males, with Eric Stoltz doing his usual thing as a perennial student who tends bar in his eighth school year. Olivia d'Abo, Cara Buono and Parker Posey all stand out as three sharp young women with their own agendas. Filmmaker Baumbach has trouble keeping time sequences in order, but the dialogue has lots of compensating wit, insight and spontaneity. ¥¥¥

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Probably the biggest news about ***Moonlight and Valentino*** (Gramercy) is that it marks the acting debut of rock star Jon Bon Jovi. As a cool, sexy housepainter whose presence jars a grieving young widow (Elizabeth Perkins) out of her emotional doldrums, Bon Jovi does just fine. The movie was written by Ellen Simon (playwright Neil's daughter) as a fictionalized account of her first husband's death in a jogging accident. How the widow's friends and family see her through her mourning makes for poignant moments. Gwyneth Paltrow as her neurotic kid sister, Kathleen Turner as her pushy former stepmother and Whoopi Goldberg as a close chum with marital problems round out her support group. The actresses are first-rate and put some starch into often flimsy material. As its fanciful title suggests, the film gets mushy around the edges—awash in the kind of bathos that will have sob sisters reaching for their hankies. ¥¥

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Forget garlic and wooden stakes through the heart. Director Abel Ferrara's ***The Addiction*** (October Films) offers something new in vampire movies. Lili Taylor is an NYU philosophy student whose insatiable thirst for plasma is finally cured by prayer—which brings this overwrought shocker to a trivial anticlimax. Written by Nicholas St. John and filmed in black and white, the movie goes for broke with a group bloodbath organized by Taylor to celebrate her doctorate. Ferrara calls his gory guignol "a moral tragedy" which he framed with rap music, frequent references to Nietzsche and Heidegger and over-the-top acting by Taylor, Christopher Walken and Annabella Sciorra. Except for die-hard Ferrara fans, it's a no-no. ¥½

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Amanda Root, a young British stage actress in her first major movie role, waltzes off with top honors as the plucky heroine of ***Persuasion*** (Sony Classics), based on the novel by Jane Austen. Root plays Anne Elliot, who seems likely to die a well-bred spinster, having rejected the naval officer (Ciaran Hinds) she was engaged to marry eight years earlier when a family friend persuaded her that he lacked prospects. Director Roger Michell's careful handling of an intelligent screen adaptation by Nick Dear makes *Persuasion* a graceful romance. Set in 1814, it has the usual complement of ace British actors in Austen's austere tale of lost love regained. ¥¥¥

•

Let's hope the usually reliable Anthony Hopkins looks better in the title role of Oliver Stone's forthcoming *Nixon* than he looks in ***The Innocent*** (Miramax). Hopkins' unconvincing performance as a brash American master spy is definitely the downside of this dark espionage drama, directed by John (*Midnight*

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Grand Marnier, *slightly* less mysterious than love.

Smith: Enjoying some Jersey bounce.

OFF CAMERA

According to **Kevin Smith,** his controversial first movie, *Clerks*, cost exactly $27,575. He raised the money mostly on credit cards. "I would get them by claiming I was manager of a video store and earning $50,000 a year." In fact, he was at work in the New Jersey convenience store where the R-rated *Clerks* takes place. "We ate food from the store and slept on the floor. Nobody got paid." Just 25, Smith is now polishing up his second feature, *Mallrats*, with a budget of $6 million and a cast headed by Shannen Doherty. "You never really see that money," he notes. "But the cast and crew got put up at a Minneapolis hotel, and everyone got paid." Smith describes *Mallrats* as mainstream, "more romantic than *Clerks*, almost a date movie. Shannen is great, and so is Jason Lee, a skateboard champion who has a brand of sneakers named after him. Wait until you see Jason—he just leaps off the screen."

Until he was 21, says Kevin, he had no idea what to do with his life. "My worst-case scenario was that I'd buy a deli and stay in Highlands, New Jersey." Instead, he recently bought a condo in Red Bank, N.J., where he lives with his friend and producer, Scott Mosier, and a couple of other friends. "None of us are married. I'm in Hollywood a lot now, which isn't my kind of town—the only advantage to living here is that you can buy *Variety* the day it comes out. Also I'm dating an actress who's in *Mallrats*, though I always said I wouldn't mix up my work and my love life." His head "churning with ideas," Smith calls his next work, *Dogma*, "very far-out—about Christianity and faith, with human characters, angelic characters, demonic characters. To be absolutely independent, sometimes you have to make a movie with almost no commercial value."

Cowboy) Schlesinger from Ian McEwan's adaptation of his own novel. American actor Campbell Scott does a creditable job in the romantic lead as a vulnerable young Brit working with U.S. agents to tap into underground Soviet phone lines in East Berlin. McEwan's fiction is based on an actual caper but feels a bit dated now. The better part of *The Innocent* is Scott's intimate relationship with a married German woman (Isabella Rossellini). These two collide, connect, quarrel, kill, dismember a dead body together and are destined for a big romantic adieu at the airport—in a scene reminiscent of *Casablanca*. In no other way comparable to that golden classic, *The Innocent* at least plants Rossellini in her famous mom's footsteps, a pretty good place to be. ¥¥

•

A highly promising new talent is Wally Wolodarsky, a television writer for *The Tracey Ullman Show* and *The Simpsons* before he wrote and directed ***Coldblooded*** (I.R.S. Releasing). This droll saga stars Jason Priestley, doing a fine turn of deadpan comedy as Cosmo, a dimwitted number cruncher who gives up working for a bookie to become an apprentice hit man. Peter Riegert is equally droll as the senior assassin who gives Cosmo on-the-job training at a firing range, and reminds him: "Guns don't kill people, we do." To handle his initial angst about contracts, Cosmo takes up yoga classes and falls in love with his teacher (Kimberly Williams), which enables him to give up his favorite neighborhood hooker (Janeane Garofalo). "Be glad they're not making you do my job," she remarks. Michael J. Fox, one of the film's producers, also appears in a cameo role as a mild-mannered accountant whose number is up. *Coldblooded* revels in amorality until true love makes the trigger-happy hero repent. By that time, the obvious Quentin Tarantino influence on Wolodarsky will have prepped his audience to relish the unexpected. ¥¥¥

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French director Claude Lelouch's subtitled ***Les Misérables*** (Warner Brothers) is a misnomer and should not be confused with the durable long-run musical. Lelouch simply uses the Victor Hugo novel as a reference point, with French superstar Jean-Paul Belmondo playing a good-hearted charlatan who may be a kindred soul to Hugo's Jean Valjean—though in fact he's a prizefighter named Fortin who helps a Jewish family through World War Two. A slew of excellent French actors—including Annie Girardot and Philippe Leotard, as a couple of greedy peasants—offer some tantalizing fringe benefits to a convoluted three-hour epic that's seldom worth the time it takes. ¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

The Addiction (See review) Vampires again, sucking up to no avail. ¥½
Apollo 13 (Reviewed 9/95) Maximum thrills with Hanks in space. ¥¥¥¥
The Bridges of Madison County (9/95) Meryl and Clint light it up. ¥¥¥½
The Brothers McMullen (8/95) Three Catholic siblings grow up. ¥¥¥½
Clockers (See review) Spike Lee accelerates inner-city angst. ¥¥½
Coldblooded (See review) Comedy about a hit man's training. ¥¥¥
Country Life (9/95) Chekhov down under in an Aussie *Uncle Vanya*. ¥¥¥
Devil in a Blue Dress (10/95) It's Denzel tracking a dangerous dame. ¥¥¥
The Innocent (See review) East Berlin espionage before the Wall came down. ¥¥
Jack and Sarah (See review) Single dad meets an irresistible nanny. ¥¥½
Jeffrey (9/95) Gay love conquers all, it seems—even the AIDS crisis. ¥¥
Kicking and Screaming (See review) Life among some college seniors. ¥¥¥
Kids (10/95) A chilling look at city teenagers' sexual rampaging. ¥¥¥¥
Les Misérables (See review) French—but not the book or the musical. ¥¥
Moonlight and Valentino (See review) Bon Jovi comforts a young widow. ¥¥
1-900 (10/95) Telephone sex brings a Dutch couple together on the hot line. ¥¥½
Persuasion (See review) British romance in the Jane Austen manner. ¥¥¥
A Reason to Believe (10/95) PC slant on extracurricular Ivy League sex. ¥¥
The Run of the Country (10/95) Finney stars as a stern Irishman. ¥¥½
Tie-Died (Listed only) On the road with talky Deadheads. ¥
To Die For (10/95) Nicole Kidman shines as a small-town girl who'd do almost anything to be on TV. ¥¥¥½
To Wong Foo, Thanks for Everything, Julie Newmar (10/95) More drag queens in transit, going nowhere fast. ¥¥
Unstrung Heroes (See review) An A-l tearjerker from director Diane Keaton, who knows which buttons to push. ¥¥¥
Unzipped (10/95) Designer Isaac Mizrahi puts on quite a show. ¥¥¥½
The Usual Suspects (9/95) Cunning and circuitous, this caper film bristles with nasty surprises. ¥¥¥¥
White Man's Burden (10/95) Travolta meets Belafonte in a world where blacks are the ruling class. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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GUEST SHOT

Do the Love Satellite crew members of Comedy Central's *Mystery Science Theater 3000*—**Mike Nelson** and his sarcastic robot pals—know a truly rotten vid when they see one? You bet. They've endured "cheesy movies du jour" by the thousands during their past four seasons as the heavens' leading flick critics. For **Crow**, the top stinker is *Billy Madison* ("that one's not even smart enough to be a dumb movie"). **Gypsy's** worst nightmare is that TV's forgettable *T.J. Hooker* will come out on tape "and we'll all be forced to watch as Captain Kirk tries to run down criminals." **Servo**, meanwhile, refuses to bad-mouth the space gang's bread-and-butter B-flick fare, opting instead to fantasize about one day screening good films ("like *2001: A Space Odyssey*, where Kubrick's genius lurks at every turn"). But for humanoid Mike, picking a good bad movie is a breeze. "*Mannequin* is clearly the worst," he says. "It's a classic: Boy meets girl, girl turns out to be a clothing rack. Who says they aren't writing good roles for women?" —DAVID STINE

SUITABLE FOR FREEZING

Everybody has favorite shots from favorite films, and with VCRs and laser players, we can stop the action and savor the moment. Here are a few freeze-frames to get your pause on.

Nobody's Fool (1994): Melanie Griffith lifts blouse, flashes a dumbfounded Paul Newman—and what a lovely flash it is.

The Exorcist (1973): Linda Blair barfs up pea soup. Freeze it in midspew.

Black Rain (1989): Check out Andy Garcia's grotesquely sliding neckline as he loses his head to a samurai sword.

Taxi Driver (1976): Fingers fly when Robert De Niro blasts a baddie's digits in the film's final bloodbath.

Scanners (1981): Cranial explosions. Talk about your pounding headaches.

Duel (1971): Dennis Weaver makes a call from a phone booth while stalked by a deadly semi. But wait: Is that director Spielberg's reflection in the glass?

Jaws (1975): Best on laser: Step-frame through the shark's crunch-by-crunch swallow of Robert Shaw. Bon appétit.

American Gigolo (1980): Yep, that's Richard Gere's gearshift—just after sex with Lauren Hutton. Also see ***The Piano*** (1993) for Harvey Keitel's free willy.

Alien (1979): Freeze it the moment John Hurt's stomach begins growing a head. Also funny played backward.

Mad Max (1979): As Nightrider flies through the windshield, keep an eye out for a one-frame peek at his exploding eyeball. Don't blink.

Who Framed Roger Rabbit (1988): In the laser disc version, bunny honey Jessica Rabbit is thrown from a car, revealing no under garments—cartoon or otherwise. Speaking of which. . . .

Basic Instinct (1992): Panties or no panties? You make the call as you cross and uncross Sharon Stone's legs with the REW button. The mother of all freeze-frames. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

VIDBITS

Murder anyone? Nineteenth century serial killer Jack the Ripper was never one to slay and tell. For more than 100 years, sleuths and researchers have meticulously detailed every aspect of the Ripper's elusive identity. At long last—success. The mystery is unraveled and the killer (or killers?) unmasked in White Star's ***Jack the Ripper: The Final Solution***. Gruesome photos, graveyard visits and more. . . . America's oldest law enforcement body backs off its usual hush-hush policy to play an unprecedented game of peekaboo with the video camera. ***Inside the Secret Service*** (White Star) provides a semirevealing glimpse of life behind the agency's stone wall of secrecy. It features segments on the Beltsville Training Center, rare archival footage and a statement from Clint Hill—the agent who blames himself for the death of President Kennedy—after 20 years of silence.

LASER FARE

MGM/UA's latest disc ventures make short long and long longer. The ***Cavalcade of MGM Shorts*** ($99.98) is a four-platter paean to the studio's memorable lineup of short subjects—from John Nesbitt's *Passing Parade* to early *Three Stooges*. ***The Complete Showboat*** ($124.98) features footage from three different versions of the Jerome Kern–Oscar Hammerstein musical. And the new ***National Velvet: 50th Anniversary Edition*** ($69.96) boasts the original theatrical trailer for the Taylor–Rooney racehorse tale, along with a Technicolor restoration that improves on Liz's already lovely eyes. . . . Doug Pratt's 1995 edition of the ***Laser Video Disc Companion*** (Baseline Books) has a new fan: Roger Ebert calls the 972-page directory the best of its kind. With more than 8000 entries, a dictionary of terms and a special 100 Greatest Discs list, the $40 tome is worth every cent. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
STAR TURN	***Pulp Fiction*** (Travalta twists, Jackson warks and Uma's gams don't quit; the instant classic, finally on tape), ***Don Juan DeMarco*** (shrink Brando is charmed by Depp's lotharia delusian, then gets horny for wife Dunaway; OK date flick).
ACTION	***Kiss of Death*** (D.A. forces good crook Carusa to help bag bad croak Cage; fair noir, oddly jinxed as Carusa's post–NYPD *Blue* debut), ***Bad Boys*** (cops Will Smith and Martin Lawrence blaw stuff to bits—a fun if exhausting ride).
BRITISH	***Priest*** (padre from Liverpaol grapples with the "sin" af gay life; decent, faithful pic wrangly pilloried), ***Lipstick on Your Collar*** (Fifties clerks daydream of rack-and-rall lush life; Brit TV titan Dennis Patter's finale).
DRAMA	***Rob Roy*** (Liam Neesan on a kilt trip: saga of 18th century Scot warriar wha daes it all for Jessica Lange), ***Losing Isaiah*** (Lange again: she adopts titular tyke, mam Halle Berry sues ta get him back; tap acting blows away the suds).
COMEDY	***Friday*** (often charming hemp-hop slice af slacker urban life with rapper Ice Cube), ***Marx Brothers Collection*** (MCA's knee-slapping raundup includes *Animal Crackers*, *Duck Saup*, *Horse Feathers* and athers—repriced under 15 bucks).

STYLE

DOUBLE TAKE

Think of the reversible jacket as two distinct looks that require a single spot in your closet. Available in fabric combinations ranging from wool and shearling to corduroy and rubber, it's a versatile form of outerwear that can go dressy or casual, depending on which side is showing. Thomas McLellon makes one of this season's best-looking models, a hooded duffle coat that reverses from gray mohair to black leather ($1175). Nautica sticks to its solids-and-stripes tradition with a reversible down cotton-poplin bomber jacket ($200) that's navy on one side and striped in burgundy, yellow and green on the other. Richard Tyler's reversible car coat ($1800) allows you to switch from black corduroy on dry days to black rubber when the weather is wet, and Parisian designer Seraphin uses shearling and wool to create his reversible jacket ($2400) in black, brown or cognac. Finally, Searle's soft yet rugged-looking jacket ($495), pictured here, lets you alternate between brown merino wool with loden mélange wool sleeves and brown shearling with wool sleeves for a bomber-style effect.

HOT SHOPPING: JACKSON HOLE

The avalanche of skiers won't hit until December, but big snows can fall on this Wyoming outpost as early as Thanksgiving. Over the pass in Grand Targhee, the season is already in gear, so travel light and load up on these goodies: Skinny Skis (65 W. Deloney): The area's best stock of technical outerwear and skis. • Wyoming Woolens Factory Store (20 W. Broadway): A local line of Polartec Fleece jackets, pants and vests. • The Wooden Nickel (28 E. Broadway): Hip threads by Mossimo, Stüssy and Rusty. • Pepi Stiegler Sports (Pepi Stiegler Sports Plaza): The Austrian Olympian covers all your snowboard needs, including mountainwear.

CLOTHES LINE

Former Bond-film bad guy **Robert Davi** (*Licence to Kill*) liked the snazzy leopard-skin vest he wore in United Artists' *Showgirls* so much that he kept it. This fan of funky clothing also has "an original 1948 police jacket and an old Cavanaugh detective hat." For dressier affairs, Davi selects Armani suits right off the rack ("I'm a perfect 46 long") and pairs them with Arrow dress shirts. But Harley-Davidson–style duds—and the motorcycle itself—suit him best. "I have a 1990 FXRS lowrider," says the bike enthusiast, who confesses to wearing a polo helmet instead of "clunky" standard headgear. "It's illegal," Davi admits, "but it fools the police." Lotsa luck.

BOOTING UP

It makes sense that ski-boot manufacturers also make great boots for trekking through winter crud. Salomon's waterproof suede Adventure 7 hiking boot ($150) resembles a cross-country ski boot and has a lacing system and zip-front Cordura flap that give it a custom-fit feel. Tecnica, Nordica and Alpina promise to keep your dogs dry with materials commonly incorporated into ski garments. Tecnica, for example, uses Thinsulate in its waterproof leather Genesis 1 Terra Winter boots ($149). Nordica's Asolo AFX 520 GTX leather hikers ($180) feature a Gore-Tex liner, and Alpina's suede Cortinas ($185) are made with Sympatex, a breathable material that's water- and windproof. But for the ultimate in warmth, comfort and status, slip on a pair of Uggs Classic Short sheepskin boots ($150).

SMOOTH TALK

When the weather turns cold, your skin needs extra protection. We suggest switching from an aftershave splash to a moisturizing balm that will soothe and soften your face while it prevents chapping. H_2O Plus Razor Relief is a botanical moisturizer that's lightly scented with citrus. Hermès' spice-scented Equipage After Shave Skin Soother is made of seaweed and botanical extracts. Soothing After-Shave Emulsion from Issey Miyake hints of tobacco and musk. Molton Brown Aftershave Balm relaxes the skin and leaves behind a woodsy scent. And Tommy Hilfiger's After Shave Balm is lightly scented with tommy—the designer's fresh-smelling, citrus-herbal fragrance.

MARTIN HOFFMAN

STYLE METER

DRESS SHIRTS	IN	OUT
STYLES	Buttondown; medium-spread collars; tab and soft collars; barrel and French cuffs	Heavy starch; wide-spread collars; contrasting collars and cuffs
COLORS AND PATTERNS	Bold blue; white; ecru and browns; small checks; tone-on-tone weaves	Pastels such as pink and yellow; wide awning stripes; large patterns
FABRICS	Fine pima cotton; cotton broadcloth and oxfords; woven jacquards	Wrinkle-free or wash-and-dry 100 percent polyester; washed silk

Where & How to Buy on page 151.

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R&B

JODECI SPECIALIZES in a raw, funky approach to group harmony that is often compelling. Its third album, ***The Show, the After-Party, the Hotel*** (Uptown) includes what's good and not so good about the band. *Love U 4 Life* and *Good Luv* (which remind me of Babyface's *When Will I See You Again*) highlight Jodeci's strong harmonies and the passionate lead vocals of K-Ci Haley. Much of the production has the thick textures of well-designed funk. Unfortunately, there's a lot of aimless vocal riffing, the black musician's equivalent of aimless guitar soloing. Limited lyrics (*Pump It Back* and *Bring on Da' Funk*) and too many song skits don't help either. This is better than Jodeci's last album, but not as accomplished as its outstanding debut.

Brian McKnight is a gifted singer who's trying to find his place between new jack R&B groups and veteran stars. His debut, ***I Remember You*** (Mercury), suffers from a sameness in material that undercuts his vocals. —NELSON GEORGE

Jodeci's funky group harmony.

Neil sings with Eddie. Reggae, Rancid and saxless big band.

ROCK

If you're having trouble understanding what Neil Young is doing with Pearl Jam on ***Mirror Ball*** (Reprise), imagine this: It is 1965. The Rolling Stones have just completed *Satisfaction* and *Get Off of My Cloud* and run into Chuck Berry. They decide to record together. Chuck finds this an inspiration and writes a batch of songs that touch on a variety of social and spiritual themes. The Stones respond with music that simply smokes these topics into a rock-and-roll revelation. Would you still be listening to that one today? This collaboration, which evokes acid rock and much of Young's usual folk and blues, is that mythical album's real-life equivalent.

Young's eternal themes crop up in the song titles: *Peace and Love*, the search for identity in the *Act of Love*, *What Happened Yesterday* and *Big Green Country*. Here, his restless songs meet their musical match, and in the process demonstrate once and for all that Pearl Jam is more than just Eddie Vedder's backup band. Stone Gossard and Mike McCready's guitars riff so hard you practically get a Fillmore-style contact high, and Young has never worked with a rock-and-roll rhythm section able to flex the beat as ably as drummer Jack Irons and bassist Jeff Ament. The result is a sterling Neil Young album, and that's all you could ask for.

Some of Rod Stewart's ***A Spanner in the Works*** (Warner Bros.) is too slick, and the ballads remain corny. But if you take *Muddy, Sam and Otis* as the Hall of Fame acceptance speech he never made, and his versions of Sam Cooke's *Soothe Me* and Dylan's *Sweetheart Like You* as shots in the same direction, you'll see that Stewart should make the pantheon on merit. —DAVE MARSH

Politicians and musicians rarely understand one another. At the same time, they need one another when their causes coincide. ***Spirit of '73: Rock for Choice*** (550 Music) is a cause album to raise money for abortion rights and a tribute album of Nineties female rock stars covering songs first sung by their Seventies forebears. The vast majority of tribute albums suck, but this one doesn't. Perhaps because of the urgency of the cause, or perhaps because of Riot Grrrl/feminist solidarity, there is a greater than average helping of emotional truth here. My favorite cut is *Dancing Barefoot*, originally done by Patti Smith, here covered by Johnette Napolitano, whose voice reminds me of an organ in a medieval cathedral. It resonates forever. I give Babes in Toyland the Affectionate Irony Award for *More, More, More (Pt. 1)*, a gem of disco silliness. Joan Jett (with L7) revisits her own past with a raucous cover of the Runaways' *Cherry Bomb*. Roberta Flack, Joni Mitchell, Sister Sledge and Stevie Nicks also get reinterpreted with just the right mix of originality and respect.

And Out Come the Wolves (Epitaph): Rancid is punk rock that is ferocious and tight. It is reminiscent of the Clash at its best, with a bit more emphasis on the personal than the political. Matt Freeman actually balances virtuosity, propulsion and taste with his bass; his style should be studied by all other bass players before they are allowed to record again. An exhilarating delight for a generous 19 cuts. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

Can you imagine Jackie Wilson fronting the Byrds or Jimi Hendrix singing with Neil Young and Crazy Horse? Arthur Lee's gloriously eclectic band Love echoed this and more. It is the great lost band of the Sixties. ***Love Story*** (Rhino/Elektra) collects their best material influenced by a seemingly impossible blend of folk, jazz, classical and R&B. Love's enthusiasm was laced with surreal irony and ethereal beauty, especially on the classic *Forever Changes* album, which is included here in its entirety. Ephemeral and intense, these songs feature strings, horns and haunting melodies driven by acoustic and electric guitars. What could have been a tangled mess emerged as one of rock's masterpieces. —VIC GARBARINI

SPOKEN WORD

The Poetry of Sterling A. Brown (Smithsonian/Folkways), read by the author, immortalizes one of the great voices of the Harlem Renaissance. Its meter owes everything to blues, the dozens and the whole realm of African American folk culture that gave us jazz, rock and hip-hop. That means that violent and vulgar masterpieces such as *Ma Rainey*, *Puttin' on Dog* and *Slim in Hell* could keep would-be censors busy for years. —DAVE MARSH

REGGAE

Neither Buju Banton's ***'Til Shiloh*** (Loose Cannon) nor Shabba Ranks' ***A Mi Shabba*** (Epic) would be so pleasurable if they didn't strive for sensitivity and responsibility.

Ranks is dancehall reggae's established honcho and Banton is the young challenger whose street rep has surpassed the master's. Like many Jamaican toasters, both have suspect sexual politics. Ranks' homophobia was apparent on his first hit, *Live Blanket*. Banton got noticed for a little number that advocated murdering "batty boys," as gay men are known in patois. Such moments take the fun out of their earlier music, but I'm pleased to report that on these records, there is none of that.

Possessed of dancehall's gruffest, hugest big-bad-wolf voice, Banton has

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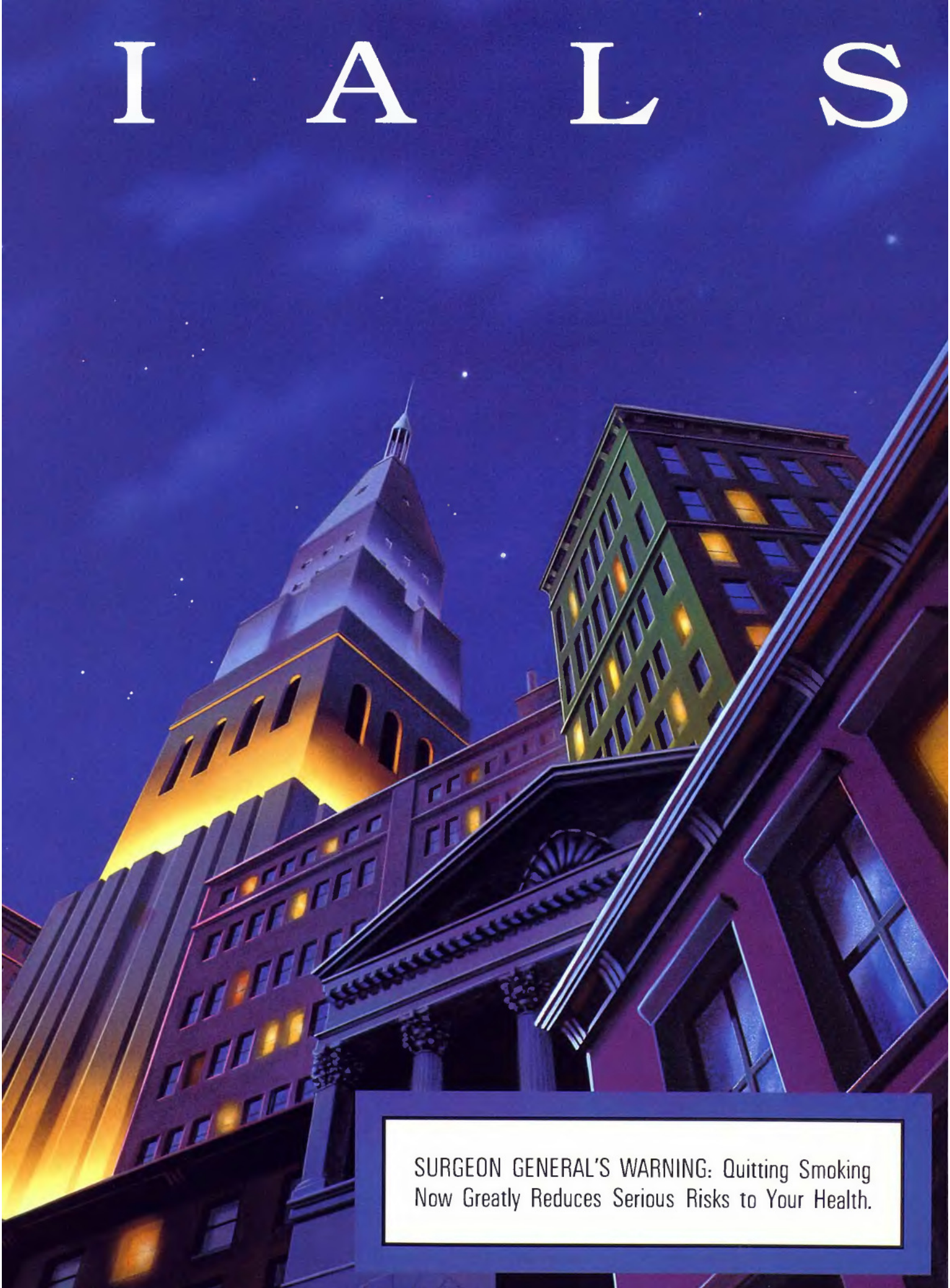
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the confidence to be lyrical, elegiac and empathetic. Sure, he'll tell you who's *Champion*. But *Murderer* and *Untold Stories* preach powerfully against oppression. And *Wanna Be Loved* is a song a man might mean in the morning.

Ini Kamoze's ***Here Comes the Hotstepper*** (Columbia) surrounds the title hit with classic tracks from Jamaican beatmasters Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare. And Carla Marshal's ***Fire on the Mountain*** (Ruff House/Columbia) showcases a gal who can shout as loud (and rude) as the boys. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

CLASSICAL

After John Cage, Morton Feldman was the greatest American composer of the postwar era. When he died in 1987 few of his 150 works had been recorded. But as seven recent discs indicate, the world is finally catching up. Without Feldman there would probably be no minimalist, ambient or (heaven forbid) New Age music. ***Rothko Chapel*** (New Albion), for a large chorus, is perhaps Feldman's greatest work. His final composition, ***Piano, Violin, Viola, Cello*** (hat ART Records) is cunningly plain in texture, while a work for cello and piano, ***Patterns in a Chromatic Field*** (hat ART), reveals the composer's fascination with patterns. His ***Three Voices for Joan La Barbara*** (New Albion) is disarmingly lyrical. Paul Zukofsky's remarkable violin playing on ***For John Cage*** (CP^2) makes this one of Feldman's most rewarding discs. ***For Samuel Beckett*** (Newport Classic) is a wonderful piece for orchestra. And with ***String Quartet*** (Koch International), he makes truly transcendent music. The best thing about Feldman's work is its enduring ability to surprise. —LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

JAZZ

Imagine a saxless big band—five trumpets, four trombones—and add a strong dose of exotic percussion, and you've got Africa Brass. It's been decades since Chicago trumpeter Malachi Thompson first came up with this concept, which relies on a blend of influences from John Coltrane to the New Orleans brass bands of the 19th century. Now comes ***Buddy Bolden's Rag: 100 Years of Jazz*** (Delmark), the second and much-improved Africa Brass recording. Thompson may lack the range and facility of the great jazz horn men, but with this band he presides over a book full of infectious and occasionally intoxicating arrangements. He has filled his trumpet section with four fire-breathers and, for good measure, invited the spectacular trumpeter Lester Bowie to solo on three tunes. The early brass bands had a strong impact on jazz. Thompson manages to pay his respects to that tradition even as he turns it on its ear. —NEIL TESSER

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Buju Banton *'Til Shiloh*	9	5	6	8	7
Jodeci *The Show*	4	5	7	7	7
Love *Love Story*	8	8	8	7	8
Various artists *Spirit of '73: Rock for Choice*	4	9	7	7	8
Neil Young *Mirror Ball*	7	7	8	10	7

GOSPEL RAP DEPARTMENT: The **Gospel Gangstas** are saved, now they want to save Time Warner. The Christian rap quartet is negotiating with Warner Bros. to distribute *Chapter Two: Do or Die*. Lead rapper **Solo** was born again after being shot in the chest and arm. Says Solo, "I understand what **Snoop** and **Tupac** are going through. People are outside looking in, but I'm inside looking out." Praise the Lord and pass the ammo.

REELING AND ROCKING: The first two movies from **Michael Stipe's** production company are rolling. One of them, *Frigid and Impotent*, is a love story about two serial killers. . . . **Bette Midler** will team up with **Woody Allen** again, this time in a movie he's shooting. . . . Producer **David Foster,** who worked on the best-selling soundtrack of all time, *The Bodyguard*, will be working on *Prince Charming*, an animated movie from the new Dreamworks studio. . . . **U2** is working on more movie music, this time with **Brian Eno** for *Heat*, a gangster movie with **Robert De Niro** and **Al Pacino,** and for the sequel to *Blade Runner*. . . . **Garth Brooks** would like to make a movie that isn't about country music. Fox is said to be interested. . . . **Morphine** sax player **Dana Colley** has scored an independent movie, *A Holy Promise*, a lowbrow road comedy. . . . **Hootie and the Blowfish,** the **Dave Matthews Band** and **Blues Traveler** recorded new songs for **John Travolta's** movie *White Man's Burden*.

NEWSBREAKS: **Gloria Estefan** is working on a dance album that will be out in 1996. . . . **Warren G's** line of sportswear, G Funk, should be in stores by now and his second album will be out before Christmas. . . . Look forward to the *Women of Motown* boxed set, which will include both girl groups and soloists. . . . As busy as **Steve Van Zandt** is—touring with **Bon Jovi,** recording solo, writing a musical—he says he's ready to rejoin the **E Street Band.** "If Bruce needs me, I'm there," says Van Zandt. . . . Because fans have turned the **Nirvana** display at the Hard Rock Hotel and Casino into a shrine, hotel management is donating whatever money is collected to a local suicide-prevention center. . . . **Bonnie Raitt** recorded and taped her last two stops on her summer tour for a double live album, a PBS special and a home video. . . . Master tapes of *Louie, Louie* and 100 other songs by the **Kingsmen** have been returned to the band by a judge. The court freed it from a record contract that failed to pay it royalties for more than 30 years. . . . *Image Makers Rock and Roll Art Expo* will have been shown at the Dayton Art Institute and the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame by the time you read this. Oils, watercolors, silk screens and lithographs by members of the **Beatles,** the **Rolling Stones,** the **Doors** and **Yes,** plus **Michael Jackson, Bob Dylan, David Bowie** and **Jerry Garcia,** are on a 100-city North American tour. . . . The Clark Entertainment Group plans to auction off 2200 reels of tape with music by Dylan, **Elvis, Louis Armstrong, Frank Sinatra, Johnny Cash, Lena Horne** and others that were made at Columbia Records' Nashville studios. The tapes, in perfect shape, are being digitally transferred and cataloged and royalties will be paid. . . . From the **Geto Boys' Bushwick Bill:** "Dole, claiming he wants to be our president, has much more of a burden as a politician than I do as a rapper, and I would rather be hated for who I am than loved for who I am not." —BARBARA NELLIS

TRAVEL

THREE TO GO

Companies that specialize in travel gear and garb are proliferating. Here's information on three of the best who issue catalogs. Magellan's in Santa Barbara, California stocks hundreds of "essentials for the traveler," from alarm clocks to water filters. "We're not just a fulfillment house," says owner John McManus. "Need to know how to plug your hair drier and laptop computer into the wall sockets in Italy? We'll tell you." In 1980, Alex Tilley began selling a broad-brimmed cotton duck hat that stayed put (it came with a chin strap) and was virtually indestructible. Now Tilley Endurables in West Seneca, New York dresses the traveler from head to toe. Its $250 washable travel jacket has ten pockets (only three are visible, according to Tilley) and one is so secret that the company tells you where it is after you buy the jacket. Our favorite Tilley product is a $175 polypropylene shoulder bag that features four pouches and ten pockets, including a vinyl-lined one for a wet bathing suit. Travel Smith in San Rafael, California sells gear for travelers who prefer "walking, biking, boating or studying to watching the world through a train window." (See "Road Stuff," below right.) In addition to the time, its Explorer's Watch also puts a compass, thermometer, barometer, altimeter, stopwatch, alarm and calendar on your wrist for about $200. Aviator-style titanium sunglasses, available for $110, return to their original shape after being twisted or bent. Round titanium ones are also available. Price: $130.

NIGHT MOVES: HONG KONG

Come midnight June 30, 1997 Britain's richest colony will experience a transfer of power that some old China hands consider to be the biggest giveaway in history. What will happen when the mainland government takes over is anyone's guess, but bets are on more of what Hong Kong is famous for—hotels, shopping and nightlife. Don't wait until the big event to visit (most of the best hotel rooms are already booked), and time your trip for November through March, the colony's cool months. Start the evening with a Star Ferry ride across the world's most dramatic harbor and then pause for a cocktail at the Peninsula hotel bar. RESTAURANTS: There are 8000 to choose from, but for classic Cantonese dishes such as drunken prawns or fish-maw soup, we like the House of Tang (75 Waterloo Road, Kowloon). Excellent Chiu Chow cuisine—including roast goose in soy sauce and baby oyster omelettes—is served at the Eastern Palace in the Harbour City shopping complex. NIGHTLIFE: Spend an hour roaming the night market on Temple Street, where fortune-tellers, herbal doctors, Chinese-opera performers and seafood vendors ply their trades. Then wind up the evening at the oddly named Club Bboss on Science Museum Road in Kowloon, where 1200 hostesses fill 70,000 square feet of floor space and you ride to your table in a mini replica of an antique Rolls Royce. It may be the most lavish nightspot on the planet.

GREAT ESCAPE

COVECASTLES

Anguilla offers pampering, privacy, fine food, pristine beaches, extraordinary accommodations—and not much else. That's why Hollywood stars come to this tiny British West Indian island to recharge. Many plug into Covecastles—12 futuristic-looking stucco villas and slightly smaller beach houses that rise from the sandy shore of the island's western tip like dwellings on a distant planet. Waves lull you to sleep and lure you out for a sunrise run on the beach. Swim, snorkel, sail or contemplate the white sand and clear water from a hammock big enough for two. There's a French Caribbean restaurant on-site, or you can have meals delivered to your villa. Prices: $350 per night for two through December 19, then more expensive winter rates kick in. Go now.

ROAD STUFF

Travel Smith's Solution Bag (pictured here) is a Cordura nylon "carry-on that carries more." It's exactly the maximum legal carry-on size for airplane travel, and among its clever features are a hidden zipper that opens up an additional 1000 cubic inches of packing space and a zip-off day pack. Plus, the Solution Bag can be converted to a backpack. Colors available include black, evergreen and eggplant. Price: $139. An optional clip-on shoulder strap is $12. • Yes, there is relief for the aches and pains that often accompany a long flight (or train trip). Relax the Back stores nationwide sell the Business Traveler's Survival Kit for about $280. It includes inflatable back and neck rests, stress balls and belt, shock-attenuating insoles, a cordless massager and other feel-good-on-the-go gizmos, packed in a black nylon travel bag. Individual prices are about $7 for the neck rest, about $30 for the back-support stress belt and $100 for the massager.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 151.

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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

THE RAW HONESTY of Robert Ward's *Red Baker*, a portrait of American blue-collar life published in 1985, showed that he was an author with great potential. In the decade since then, he became producer and writer for *Hill Street Blues* and *Miami Vice*, and it looked as though he would be a literary talent lost to the world of television. But Ward is back in the bookstores with ***The Cactus Garden*** (Pocket Books) and with a reprint of his first book, ***Shedding Skin*** (Washington Square Press). This double feature returns him to the top ranks of American novelists.

The Cactus Garden has a hard-edged cinematic feel that propels the reader through the story of a DEA undercover operation gone bad. Jack Walker is a gutsy, wisecracking DEA agent working surveillance in Hollywood on the wife of drug kingpin Buddy Wingate when her life is threatened by a carjacker. As a reward for saving her, Walker is brought into the inner circle of the drug smugglers. Charlotte Rae, Wingate's oversexed wife, gives Jack a few rewards of her own. Jack seems to be perfectly positioned to bust the entire gang—until he is caught making a phone call from Mexico that blows his cover.

Ward's detailed knowledge of DEA techniques and Mexican drug smuggling gives this novel a contemporary feel. And there is a moral philosophy beneath all the surface and the action. But Ward's black-humor dialogue and descriptive passages make his book exceptional. If you read it in tandem with *Shedding Skin*, a coming-of-age-in-the-Sixties story about the Haight, you can trace his stylistic development. *The Cactus Garden* is a prickly tale of noir adventure in the sunshine and a thriller with real ethical dimensions.

Ever since Robert Redford purchased the movie rights to it, ***The Horse Whisperer*** (Delacorte) by Nicholas Evans has been touted as the hot book of the fall. As a beautifully written contemporary Western, a novel with genuine insight into the allure of the Big Sky country, *Horse Whisperer* lives up to the hype. Although the obvious comparisons with Cormac McCarthy don't seem fair, Evans knows how to make the mythology of the West work for him.

As the novel opens, the 13-year-old daughter of a powerful Manhattan magazine editor goes horseback riding with a friend in upstate New York and is hit by a truck. The girl, Grace, loses her right leg and her friend is killed. Grace's horse, Pilgrim, though horribly injured, survives, but suffers a post-traumatic craziness that prevents anyone from approaching the animal. Grace's mother, Annie, determines that the only way to help her daughter recover is to help the horse to recover. She locates Tom Booker, a trainer in Montana reputed to have almost mystical powers with difficult horses. Booker is an inheritor of the secrets of "the horse whisperers" of yore. Anne takes her daughter and Pilgrim out to the open spaces in the hope that they both can be saved.

Of course, it turns out that Anne, with her big-city dependencies on telephones and fax machines, is the one who really needs salvation. And Tom, the sagebrush philosopher, is just the guy to save her. And you guessed it! It's a new twist on *The Bridges of Madison County*. This potboiler subplot, grafted to the larger story of Grace and Pilgrim, makes the latter part of the novel hard to take.

NICHOLAS WILTON

Robert Ward's noir adventures.

A prickly thriller, Russell Means' autobiography and Westlake's invisible man.

In an autobiography with a different tone, Russell Means (with Marvin J. Wolf) tells the story of his life in ***Where White Men Fear to Tread*** (St. Martin's). Means' life, in fact, is also the history of the American Indian Movement, from the siege of Mount Rushmore (during which Means urinated on George Washington's head) through Wounded Knee, the walk across America and his run for the presidency. He has a strong message. Means is impassioned, and often angry, about the treatment of Indians and the government's failure to live up to the terms of long-standing Indian treaties. Writing of his early days when he performed Indian dances in the Southwest to make a living, Means bitterly contemplates his contribution to "cultural genocide for Plains Indians": "I came to realize how white people look upon us. We're not real human beings, we don't exist, we have no cares, no rights, no sensibilities. We're tourist attractions."

The fantasy of the invisible man has been a science fiction staple since H.G. Wells' first telling, but no one has done it with more comic brilliance than Donald E. Westlake in ***Smoke*** (Mysterious Press). Small-time burglar Freddie Urban Noon bumbles into the American Tobacco Research Institute one night in search of some computers to steal. He ends up as a guinea pig in an experiment that renders him invisible. This is a major asset in the burglary business, but his girlfriend has a tough time with a guy she can't quite get her arms around. As he tiptoes through the diamond district and into various banks, Noon finds more uses for a disappearing act than David Copperfield.

Here are three books by or about some of the most enduring leading men in the history of Hollywood: ***In the Arena*** (Simon & Schuster) by Charlton Heston, ***Against Type: The Biography of Burt Lancaster*** (Scribner) by Gary Fishgall and the recently published ***One Man Tango*** (HarperCollins) by Anthony Quinn (with Daniel Paisner) reflect entirely differing points of view about acting, women, moviemaking and politics. All three men defined American manhood for decades. Not a bad group of role models.

BOOK BAG

A Freedom Too Far (Adam Margrave Books), by Charles Socarides: A psychoanalyst presses firmly on a hot button with the argument that there is nothing genetic or natural about homosexuality; he says it's a psychological warp that can be cured.

Buddy Holly: A Biography (St. Martin's), by Ellis Amburn: The definitive portrait of a dynamic singer who was there at the dawn of rock and roll.

Road Warriors: Dreams and Nightmares Along the Information Highway (Dutton), by Daniel Burstein and David Kline: A dramatic look at the $3 trillion annual online business of the future.

No One But Us (Algonquin), by Gregory Spatz: A sharp, witty first novel about a boy with a troubled mother and his affair with her best friend.

Punk and Neo-Tribal Body Art (University Press of Mississippi), by Daniel Wojcik: Here's the skinny on people who pierce and tattoo their body parts.

Listener's Guide to Audio Books (Simon & Schuster), by John Wynne: An essential guide to 2000 tapes for literary listeners.

By JON KRAKAUER

TESTOSTERONE is the essence of all things manly. It is a hormone produced in the testicles, and it's incredibly potent stuff. It influences how men think and what men feel. It gives shape to the masculine physique. All other things being equal, a guy with a lot of testosterone flowing through his veins will have brawnier muscles, sturdier bones, less fat and a healthier heart than someone with a low testosterone level. The former is also likely to have more energy, a better mental outlook and a greater sex drive.

But testosterone carries some heavy negative freight as well. Traditionally, it has borne much of the blame for the dark side of the male psyche—testosterone is what supposedly transforms innocent choirboys into chest-thumping barbarians who wage war, monopolize conversations and leave toilet seats up. But a groundbreaking study released in June suggests that this is a bum rap.

Research conducted at UCLA indicates that it isn't testosterone that turns men into aggressors and tyrants. The big bad male hormone actually induces feelings of calm, well-being, friendliness and optimism. It turns out that the negative behaviors with which it has long been associated—anger, violence, irritability—are caused not by a surplus of testosterone but rather by a shortage of it. The irony doesn't end there: The World Health Organization recently released a study that found weekly injections of the virility hormone rival the efficacy of the pill as a contraceptive.

Considering testosterone's myriad attributes, it's not surprising that some men would go to great lengths to boost their God-given supply of the hormone. Medical researchers have made significant progress on this front, most notably by creating a pharmacopoeia of synthetic testosterone-like compounds—the family of drugs known as anabolic steroids. First widely used following World War Two to rehabilitate concentration camp survivors, steroids seemed to be an almost magical elixir: They heightened appetite, elevated mood and libido and dramatically increased muscle mass.

It didn't take long for enterprising athletes to catch wind of these drugs. By the Seventies, steroids were being used by jocks of all persuasions: NFL linemen, weekend rowers and amateur bodybuilders. Athletes who ingested steroids reported striking improvements in performance. Scientific studies confirmed that the drugs enabled people to run faster and farther, jump higher, tackle harder, throw longer.

Steroids alter the body's metabolism, causing it to burn more fat. Protein synthesis goes into overdrive. Recovery after grueling workouts is accelerated. Some injuries heal much faster. Older athletes find that steroids allow them to hold their own against men decades younger. The drugs work so well, indeed, that they have been banned by the governing bodies of most competitive sports. Taking steroids is cheating.

VAL TILLEY/HUNGRY DOG STUDIO

Musclemania: Hormones can be harmful.

Testosterone is the key to all things manly. But what is it?

That, however, hasn't kept people from using them. Athletes have learned how to beat urine and blood tests (though many still get caught, including Canadian sprinter Ben Johnson, who was forced to forfeit his Olympic gold medal). And few people are dissuaded by the fact that steroids are illegal without a prescription.

Nor are folks scared off by the alarming health risks. Potential side effects of heavy steroid use include stunted bone growth in juvenile users, liver damage, acne, high blood pressure, testicular atrophy and baldness. Several hardcore steroid users—most prominently football star Lyle Alzado—have been felled by cancer. Although it's difficult to know for certain if steroids are to blame, the drugs are highly suspect.

The magic worked by steroids is so potent, however, that not even the threat of premature death is a deterrent. In a survey conducted a decade ago among a group of 100 elite runners, each athlete was asked, "If a drug existed that would make you an Olympic champion but would also kill you within 12 months, would you take it?" The majority of the runners answered yes.

Dr. Carl Maresh, director of the Human Performance Laboratory at the University of Connecticut, recommends avoiding synthetic steroids altogether and pumping up your testosterone naturally instead—by pumping iron. "Exercise stimulates the body's production of testosterone," he explains. "Such increases won't be huge, but even a small addition of testosterone can have a pretty big effect on muscle size and percentage of body fat. The right workout can raise your testosterone level enough to make an impressive difference."

The most effective way to get your body to produce more testosterone is through intensive strength training. According to Dr. William Kraemer, director of research at Penn State University's Center for Sports Medicine, "When men begin weight training it takes a number of workouts before they start to see an increase in their resting testosterone levels, as well as a short-term surge of testosterone during and right after the workout. Just about any kind of exercise will elevate testosterone to some degree, but the greatest response seems to be triggered by lifting heavy weights and recruiting as many muscle fibers as possible, for example, working the large muscle groups of the legs and torso." And, Dr. Kraemer emphasizes, you need to work these muscles hard. He recommends three to five power sets of eight large-muscle exercises, doing ten reps per set at near-maximal effort.

Although high-intensity strength training produces the greatest testosterone boost (while increasing production of other beneficial muscle-enhancing hormones such as human growth hormone), it is important not to overdo it. Research shows that hormone levels peak after approximately 90 minutes of hard exercise and then drop precipitously—in many cases to a level lower than before the workout began. And insufficient rest between sessions can be similarly counterproductive.

But what about the aforementioned health risks? If you exercise hard and your natural testosterone level surges as a result, are you subjecting yourself to the same hazards associated with taking anabolic steroids? "There's absolutely no danger in increasing your testosterone through exercise," insists Maresh. "The body responds much differently to a boost in natural testosterone than it does to the introduction of large doses of powerful, exogenous hormones such as anabolic steroids."

MEN

By ASA BABER

Just like you, I will soon be totaling up how well I did economically in 1995. Compared with 1994, did I gain or lose? Let me take a look at my earnings for last year and see what I am up against.

I made a lot of money on the stock market in 1994. I bought low, sold high, predicted every price reversal and sailed through the shark-infested waters of international finance like a pirate on speed. Just call me Black Jack Baber, King of the High Seas.

Take the stocks that I picked on the Nasdaq: I had the good sense to get into Microtouch at $5.88 a share and sold at $47.50. On the Amex, I bought Simula at its 1994 low of $5.25 a share and sold at its high of $25.50.

I was a moneymaking buccaneer in the 1994 commodities markets, too. I bought crude oil futures contracts in April when oil was at $14.80 a barrel and sold them in June for more than $20 a barrel (a profit of about $6000 per contract). I rode copper futures from 80 cents per pound in January to $1.40 per pound in December. And I bought contracts in coffee (up 136 percent) and sugar (up 41 percent).

FYI, I also made money on markets that dropped in 1994, shorting soybeans, cotton, bonds and Hong Kong's Hang Seng index (as well as several foreign currencies), all in a timely fashion. No question about it: Black Jack Baber really knows how to pick 'em.

Does all this sound too good to be true? Well, it is. I did not make a lot of money in 1994. In fact, my record for that year is mixed. But I falsify my fiscal reports when I speak about them in public. The subject of money gives rise to my most secretive self.

Most guys would agree that women are born to shop, but none of us wants to reveal the male corollary to that stereotype—that men are born to invest, and are then evasive and deceitful about their losses and gains. Women may lie about what they paid for a dress, but guys usually lie about everything connected with money. For proof of that statement, I need go no farther than my own living room.

True story: I have been meeting with the same group of guys every week or so for the past seven years. Just about every Thursday evening, we sit down and talk about our lives, work and histories. Our

STEVE TURK

EVERY MAN A PIRATE

conversations are confidential, and there are no holds barred as we wrestle with the issues most men face these days: sex, drugs, parents, kids, wives, flirtations, rejections, violence, passiveness, workaholism, laziness, anger, joy, grief, loss, childhood, old age—the range of our discussions is wide, and we are brutally honest with one another.

You know what I'm about to say. While it is an honor to know these men and confide in them, something has been missing from our deliberations: Not once has any of us talked about our problems and successes with money. Our slogan seems to be, "Adultery and vice, yes; dollars and cents, no."

About two years ago, I brought up the subject with my good buddies. I suggested that we were trapped in the last vestiges of male paranoia and secrecy. Men, I said, will reveal almost everything about themselves except the size and nature of their personal and business economies, and we should change that. I suggested that we make up some forms and fill them out. Full disclosure, I said. No lies, no prevarications.

I have to give the guys my compliments. Some of them completed the assignment. But I didn't. I always weaseled out of it. I forgot the form. Several times. I missed meetings. Then the dog ate my assignment. Then I lost it. You know the drill. Like most pirates, Black Jack Baber buries his treasure on distant islands and keeps few maps.

I've gotten away with my procrastination. No one in the group has called me on it. Why not? Because we are guys, which means that we don't want to talk honestly about money—and we don't want to talk about the fact that we don't talk about money.

Why are we such slippery people when it comes to the subject of money? Because without our denials and deceptions, we know that we will lose, whether we made money or lost it.

We are highly competitive creatures, trained from our earliest years to be consummate breadwinners for our families. Therefore we are easily shamed by economic failure and don't like to admit that we lost money. On the other hand, if we do well in the marketplace and make a bundle of cash, we can incur the envy of our colleagues and the wrath of our so-called friends. So, win or lose, why would we choose to go public with such sensitive information?

The cliché is that men worry about the size of their dicks. I suggest that we are more concerned about the size of our wallets. We judge everything, including our self-worth, by the rise and fall of our net worth.

A political factor also operates here: In this country, we live under a system of taxation in which people are rewarded for snitching to the IRS. If I tell you about my financial maneuvers, and if you turn me in to the feds, and if they decide I was cheating on my taxes, you will get ten percent of the government's take as your reward. That fact alone can shut guys up, even if we are honest on our tax returns.

In an arrangement where every citizen is a potential informant, free discussion about our finances will never occur. The subject is too packed with peril. For example, in that group of guys I meet with every week, one of them got audited this year. To this day, in his more paranoid moments, he wonders if one of us turned him in—and, just to bug him, I like to tell him that I haven't even spent the reward money yet.

So Black Jack Baber isn't talking about his money, matey, not even for a ration of rum.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Why do women moan during sex? Do they do it to turn guys on? I've asked my female friends, and they say they "just feel like it."—C.C., Providence, Rhode Island.

Women haven't cornered the market on moaning, but they do it quite well. Why does it turn men on? Because we know immediately that we've reached a place so intimate and pleasurable she's at a loss for words. Moaning can also release tension, much like the air being let out of a balloon. Have you ever noticed how some people moan quietly while stretching or receiving a massage? Any man who has moaned while feeling pleasure—say, during a blow job—knows how this works. Your eyes roll back in your head, your mind gets hazy and it becomes difficult to form the words "Please keep doing that." So you moan.

I am a 26-year-old high school teacher who became involved with one of my senior students. I have been married for nearly a year and I love my husband very much. I told the student that it is over between us, but he leaves messages on my answering machine, asking for "private tutoring." My husband is getting suspicious. Should I tell him? Does it count as an affair even though we only had oral sex?—J.H., New Orleans, Louisiana.

Sounds like an affair to us. By becoming intimate with a student, you threatened not only your marriage but also your career. And you've handed a great deal of power to someone who may not be emotionally mature enough to know that it's time to move on. You need to confront the student and make it clear that what happened between you is history. Don't make promises (e.g., "I'll see you if you'll stop calling"); it's not a negotiation. For now, tell your husband that a student has a crush on you and that you're working to resolve it. Then spend time considering why you had the affair and what it says about your marriage. If your husband ever learns the truth, he'll be asking the same questions.

A buddy of mine says that the best way to measure the output of your phonograph tonearm is to tap it with a pencil. Have you ever heard of this?—E.V., Dayton, Ohio.

Art Dudley, editor of one of our favorite new audiophile sources, "Listener" magazine, says that tapping a pencil against your tonearm tells you one thing: what a tonearm sounds like when a pencil is tapped against it. Your friend probably also measures his system's flutter echo by clapping his hands and puts on an elaborate show of adjusting his amplifier bias to impress you. In other words, erase the thought from your mind.

While reading the *Advisor*'s responses to a few questions about sex, I was surprised at your use of the word fuck, which degrades the writers' sexuality and makes you appear cheap. It seems that you don't know the difference between having sex and fucking.—G.R., Tempe, Arizona.

We're well aware of the difference. You fuck when you're sweaty; you have sex after a shower. You fuck in a cheap motel room; you have sex in a master bedroom. You fuck on a hardwood floor; you have sex on carpeting. You fuck on a swing set; you have sex on a porch. You fuck in the woods; you have sex on the beach. Or vice versa on any of those, depending on your mood. The difference between fucking and having sex is between your ears, and everyone's love life should have a little of both.

Sometimes after my girlfriend gives me a blow job, she says my semen tastes bitter. Other times she says it tastes like nothing. Does it have to do with what I eat?—V.R., Cincinnati, Ohio.

We have yet to see any scientific research on this topic, but we're having a damned good time gathering anecdotal evidence atop the counters of the PLAYBOY test kitchen. Female readers write us regularly to claim they can tell from the taste of ejaculate what their lover had for dinner, whether he'd been drinking, even if he'd been with another woman. We suspect most women discern a difference in taste because of what they've eaten, or because of something they smell (the two senses are intricately linked). If your girlfriend had a glass of wine before your tryst, whatever follows will taste bitter; mouthwash or toothpaste can have the same effect. Why not choose a more palatable flavor as an appetizer to fellatio? Years ago a reader told us about a technique she called the Amaretto Popsicle. Her boyfriend would dip his fingers in a glass of Amaretto, and she would alternate between sucking his fingers and sucking his cock.

When I was a kid, my dad used to have scotch tastings for his friends. I have acquired his taste for scotch and would like to hold my own tastings. What goes into one?—A.R., Nashville, Tennessee.

First, select a sampling of single malts and blends. Use tulip-shaped glasses or brandy snifters and make sure each guest has a water glass, plenty of ice and a plate of unflavored crackers for cleansing the palate. Set out several pitchers of room-temperature, noncarbonated mineral water for adding to the scotch. Before tasting it, guests should swirl the whiskey in the glass to bring up the aroma. After sipping, they should savor the taste as it lingers in the mouth (the "finish"). When each bottle has been sampled, bring out strong-flavored foods to complement the smokiness of the scotch—one distiller suggests oysters on the half shell, caviar, smoked meats, patés and aged cheeses.

Why is it that when you have a girlfriend, other women come on to you? This seems to happen even with strangers who don't know that I'm attached.—D.H., Omaha, Nebraska.

In our experience, men act differently when they're involved with someone. You walk a little taller, you're friendlier and you're less inhibited about chatting up strangers (since you're already going home to somebody, what do you have to lose?). Typically, when a woman sees a guy with another woman, her first thought is, What does she have that I don't? The same goes for men who spot an attractive woman who's with someone. Your primordial fraternity-party urge is to flirt, and distracting the target from her love interest even for a moment offers reassurance that you haven't lost your touch. Conversely, when you're not involved, you're more likely to try too hard to impress every woman you meet. Women sense desperation every bit as well as confidence.

Once in a while you hear a story about a 90-pound woman who puts down some guy twice her size in an arm wrestling match. Is there a technique involved, or is it just brute arm strength?—H.H., Indianapolis, Indiana.

In general, good arm wrestlers are blessed with thick fingers and tendons of steel in their wrists and forearms. Because the typical sanctioned arm wrestling match lasts only 15 seconds (30 seconds is a barn burner), the strength of your hand, wrist and forearm is required from the get-go, and then the

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

bicep, tricep and deltoid muscles jump in for support. For that reason, wiry guys and gals can outperform bodybuilder types. To stay on top of his game, Bob O'Leary, executive director of the American Arm Wrestling Association (P.O. Box 79, Scranton, PA 18504), does plenty of reverse curls and spends time strengthening his fingers.

While speaking with an HIV counselor recently at a party, I was awakened to the importance of using dental dams during cunnilingus. Unfortunately, she didn't give me any idea of the specific risks involved, saying that any risk is too much. How can I strike a balance between caution and pleasure? Sucking a piece of plastic doesn't appeal to me.—G.F., Los Angeles, California.

There have been a few reported cases of HIV transmission through oral sex since the AIDS pandemic began 14 years ago, prompting the Centers for Disease Control to recommend dental dams. Dams are clumsy, thick and decidedly unerotic, but you should be aware of the risks. Because HIV is present in the blood and vaginal fluid or semen of an infected person, your chances of contracting the virus during oral sex increase if you have open sores in your mouth or even small cuts from brushing your teeth or flossing. Fortunately, your saliva may offer a barrier. Researchers have located a protein in human saliva that acts as an inhibitor to HIV, which could explain why so few people are known to have contracted the virus through fellatio or cunnilingus. Is it necessary to pull a sheet of plastic over your mouth if you're involved in a monogamous relationship and know your partner's sexual history? No. Is it necessary for a one-night stand with someone you just met? Yes.

On my second date with a beautiful young woman, I encountered a problem. A beach picnic at sunset ended with us back at her place, where she came on to me. It was four in the morning, I was exhausted, I had been out drinking the night before and, to make matters worse, I had masturbated the previous afternoon. My performance wasn't outright bad, but it wasn't worthy of any medals (I had an orgasm, she didn't). When I left I could tell she wasn't quite satisfied. How should I treat this situation?—G.R., Tampa, Florida.

So why did you leave? You couldn't have been that wiped out if you managed an orgasm. How much more energy would it have taken to wiggle your fingers and tongue for her? Ask her out again, but this time make it breakfast or lunch at your place. If you are given a second chance in bed, don't waste any time showing her that you are wide awake.

While dining at a casual restaurant, I took off my jacket and swung my tie over my shoulder. My friend said he had been taught that you should undo your top shirt button and slide your tie inside your shirt. In a situation like this, what should I do with my tie?—V.T., Chicago, Illinois.

We don't like either method. Flipping the tie over your shoulder makes you look like you're sitting near a fan; tucking it into your shirt reminds us of a sloppy child. If you're kicking back, why not remove your tie, roll it neatly into a ball and slide it into the pocket of your jacket? Unless you're bad with knots, it's easy to put it back on later. If you prefer, wear a bow tie. Still concerned about stains? Wear a spotted bow tie.

My new girlfriend and I met while jogging near my office. After running together at lunchtime for a few weeks, she pulled me off the trail one day for a quickie. The following weekend, she invited me to her apartment. After dinner I tried to kiss her, but she suggested that we go for a run. I was puzzled, but agreed. When we returned, she peeled off her sweats, and the sex was fast and furious. The next morning I went down on her. At first, she didn't seem to be too interested. Then she began doing sit-ups. It was only after she had done 25 or so that she started to lubricate. By the time she reached 50, she had had an orgasm. What's going on here?—H.R., Boston, Massachusetts.

Was her last affair with her trainer? Your girlfriend's sexercise seems harmless, if predictable. Sure, you get great sex when you allow her to warm up, but that's hardly the sort of spontaneous or varied hanky-panky that keeps things interesting if weeks become months and so on. For now, enjoy and share her energy. Do push-ups while licking her as she does sit-ups. Stand over her for an intermittent blow job as she does sit-ups. Do aerobics in the nude. Chase her. If exercise remains a prerequisite for sex, ask her what's up. If you're not happy with her answer, it may be time to look for someone who views lovemaking as exercise in its own right.

I am interested in buying a home computer. I use a Macintosh at work but have used a PC in the past. I've asked some friends which they prefer, but they're all wed to the computers they own. Which do you recommend?—A.O., Arcata, California.

Don't you want to hear our thoughts on abortion, gun control or school prayer? Those topics would bring in less mail. The Mac versus PC battle has grown beyond marketing sallies into a philosophical debate over values and priorities. Mac users compare PC users to lemmings who follow the crowd instead of their instincts. PC users respond that they'd rather be lemmings on the range than peacocks in a cage. Each system has its advantages, and which you choose should depend on what you plan to do with the machine. If you enjoy computer games, a PC is better hands down. If you're a desktop publisher or designer, get a Mac. If you want a wider range of software, purchase a PC. If you don't care how a computer works and use it largely for mundane tasks such as balancing your checkbook or writing letters, pick up a Mac. If you're a tinkerer, buy a PC. Your decision may someday have less significance, as Apple, IBM and Motorola are discussing a platform that would run software for both systems.

I recently came out of a nine-month relationship that almost ended much earlier when I sent flowers to the lady. She's a teacher, and the flowers were delivered to her classroom. She said it embarrassed her. I thought it was a lovely gesture. Since then, another woman got angry over a pink carnation, saying I was going too fast for her. I was trying to move things along, but it was just a flower. When did they go out of style?—M.J., Brooklyn, New York.

It's unlikely that you dated the only two women in the world who don't appreciate a kind gesture. The teacher was miffed because the dramatic delivery in front of her students caused a commotion. Your more recent situation sounds like sour grapes. Your flower carried a message, the woman interpreted that message correctly and you didn't like her response. Why blame the flower?

A month ago, I asked my girlfriend if she would pose nude for me. She refused, saying that someone might see the photographs. But last week she said that she has always dreamed of posing for PLAYBOY. What gives?—J.M., Queens, New York.

Listen closely. Your girlfriend changed her answer to "maybe." She's intrigued by the idea but wants to maintain control. Posing for snapshots would be done solely for your benefit; posing for PLAYBOY is something she would do for herself. Find a happy medium. Suggest shooting a few Polaroids, then hand the prints to her for safekeeping. Let her decide if she'd like to share her favorites with you. If she enjoys the experience and likes the photos, suggest that she send them to us. (We've discovered more than one Playmate that way.) Also, consider what turns you on more about having your girlfriend pose for you—the posing or the photos. If it's the posing, don't put film in the camera.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented in these pages each month. Send all letters to the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to advisor@playboy.com. Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions on the World Wide Web at http://www.playboy.com/faq/faq.html.

Our position, word by word.

Youth

At Philip Morris, we believe that adults have the right to choose whether to smoke or not.

Minors, on the other hand, should not smoke. Period.

We also believe that preventing minors from having access to cigarettes is the key to addressing this issue.

That's why we recently launched *Action Against Access*, one of the most comprehensive programs ever introduced to combat the issue of youth access to cigarettes.

Action Against Access is a series of tough initiatives that have as their ultimate goal making all cigarette sales face-to-face transactions so age can be verified in person.

We are confident that, when fully implemented, this program will make a difference.

Everyone has a role to play in preventing youth access: educators, lawmakers, parents, communities. And, of course, the tobacco industry.

At Philip Morris we will continue to take a leadership role so that minors do not have access to cigarettes.

PHILIP MORRIS U.S.A.

We want you to know where we stand.

Facts Matter As part of *Action Against Access*, all Philip Morris cigarette packs and cartons in the United States will carry the following notice: "Underage sale prohibited."

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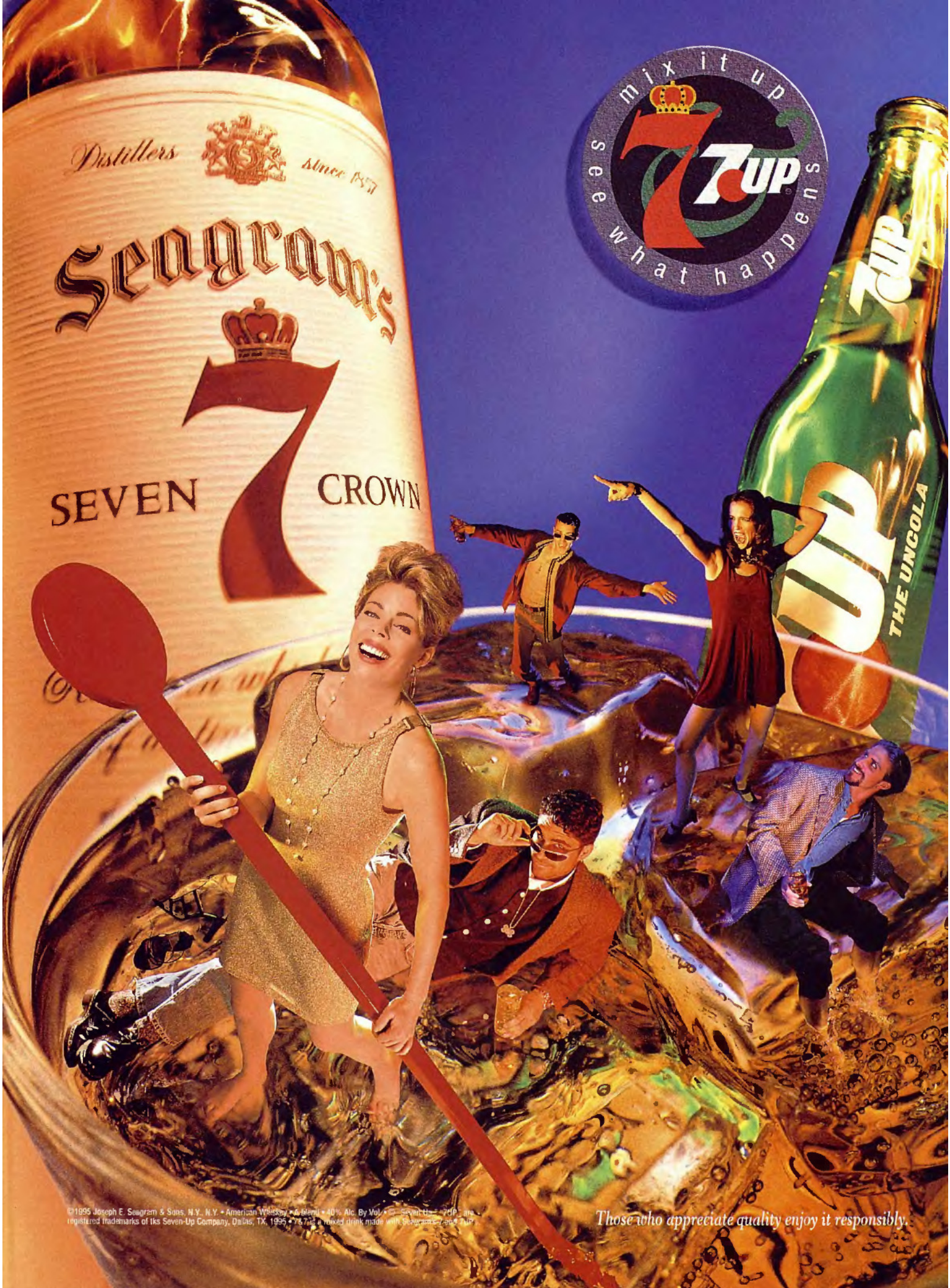

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Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.

CYBERSCARE SCRAPBOOK

never in the history of science has so much been made out of so little

This past summer America witnessed a truly bizarre media blitz on the dangers of Internet pornography. On the floor of the Senate, James Exon (D-Neb.) orchestrated a private tour of online copulation to enlist votes for his Communications Decency Act. The *Georgetown Law Journal* had published a dubious research paper by Carnegie Mellon undergrad Marty Rimm that claimed—among other things—that 83.5 percent of all digital images on Usenet were pornographic. *Time*, which got an exclusive first look at Rimm's *Marketing Pornography on the Information Superhighway: A Study of 917,410 Images, Descriptions, Short Stories and Animations Downloaded 8.5 Million Times by Consumers in Over 2000 Cities in 40 Countries, Provinces and Territories*, devoted its July 3 cover story to the research and congressional debate. Ralph Reed of the Christian Coalition appeared on *Nightline* sputtering a statistic pulled out of thin air and demanding government intervention. The Senate obliged, voting 84–16 to punish "indecent" and "filthy" words and images in cyberspace.

It didn't take long for antiporn zealots to latch on to Rimm's study, claiming it proved that women were being tortured, raped and objectified in digital space. But few people bothered to read Rimm's 86-page study or the many detailed critiques that immediately popped up on the Internet.

Unfortunately, the many efforts to show Rimm's study for what it was (a sloppy grab for media attention) and Exon's legislation for what it was (censorship by prior restraint) were too little, too late. The idea that the Internet is saturated with harmful and vile pornography available at the "click of a button" had already entered the American psyche. Only those willing to look past the initial rhetoric discovered that the reality of the situation wasn't so neat and tidy.

JUST A CLICK AWAY?

Rimm's research failed to emphasize that 99.7 percent of the images he studied were found on private, adult bulletin boards, which are not part of the Internet and not accessible to children. From the study: "In order to collect descriptive lists of the pornographic images available on each bulletin board system, as well as a representative sampling of the images themselves, the research team placed more than 300 hours of long-distance telephone calls to the adult BBSes selected by the team. Every BBS asked members of the research team to provide a real name, an address, business and home phone numbers, date of birth, password and type of computer and modem. Most asked where the members of the research team had heard about their BBS, and approximately half of them required photocopies of a driver's license with proof of age before granting further access to their systems. Still others asked for the user's mother's maiden name (purportedly in case the password was forgotten) and required users to read legal disclaimers related to pornographic files."

MY FELLOW SENATORS! I HAVE IN MY HAND WHAT I REFER TO AS THE BLUE BOOK!
SMUT
THIS FOLDER IS FULL OF THE MOST HARDCORE PORNOGRAPHY AVAILABLE ON THE NET! I'M TALKING ABOUT BESTIALITY! PEDOPHILIA! FISTING! GERBILS! WHIPPED CREAM! ALL AVAILABLE AT THE CLICK OF A BUTTON!
PORN
I HOPE MY COLLEAGUES CAN SUMMON THE STRENGTH AND COURAGE TO COME BY MY DESK AND TAKE A LOOK AT THE CYBERPORN THREATENING OUR CHILDREN!
DEPRAVITY
PLEASE SENATORS! NOT ALL AT ONCE!
CLAY BUTLER

At one point in his study, Rimm makes it clear his research of porn on the Internet didn't really involve the Internet. "It is difficult to estimate the extent to which the Internet is being used to carry pornographic images," he writes. "Unfortunately, no reliable data are available to answer this question." Rimm's numbers may not stand up, but he's no dummy. A study called *Marketing Pornography on Private, Adult Bulletin Boards Not Available to Children* would never have made the cover of *Time*—or the Senate floor.

FALSIES

Senator Charles Grassley (R-Iowa) speaking on the Senate floor the day *Time*'s article hit newsstands: "Of the images reviewed, 83.5 percent—all on the Internet—are pornographic."

There are thousands of newsgroups on the Internet, but Rimm chose 32 groups that deal with images. His bias is evident. "Of 32 digital image newsgroups located on Usenet, 17 contained pornographic imagery. Among the 15 nonpornographic groups, 827 image posts were counted during the seven-day period. Among the 17 pornographic newsgroups, 4206 image posts were counted, or 83.5 percent of the total posts from all 32 groups." In other words, in a study of 32 newsgroups in which more than half were devoted to pornographic images, 8 in 10 of the postings were pornographic images. Eureka!

Rimm subsequently pointed out that because the Usenet represents

CYBERSCARE SCRAPBOOK

only 11.5 percent of the Internet, its pornographic content represents 0.35 percent of all Net traffic.

TAKE ONE

Senator Grassley, on Rimm's study: "It's the only comprehensive study dealing with pornography in cyberspace."

TAKE TWO

Senator Grassley, after dropping Marty Rimm from the witness list before a congressional hearing a few weeks later to discuss cyberporn: "Now under criticism, that study is under review, as it should be."

DEPARTMENT OF RASH GENERALIZATIONS, SHAMELESS PARROTING OF BOGUS STATISTICS AND ANTIMALE PROPAGANDA

Antiporn zealot Catharine MacKinnon, reacting to Rimm's study: "Pornography is a huge amount of the activity on the Internet. When men make new communities, they bring their pornography with them. More than that, they bond through it. Pornography takes up much of the Internet's collective brain. Over 80 percent of all pictures available on the Usenet are pornography."

ONE MORE REASON WHY BULLETIN BOARDS SHOULD NOT BE CONFUSED WITH THE INTERNET

Mike Godwin, general counsel at the Electronic Frontier Foundation, reacting to Rimm's study: "It's as if you did a study of bookstores in Times Square and used it to generalize about what was in Barnes & Noble stores nationwide."

MOST UNDERREPORTED FACT

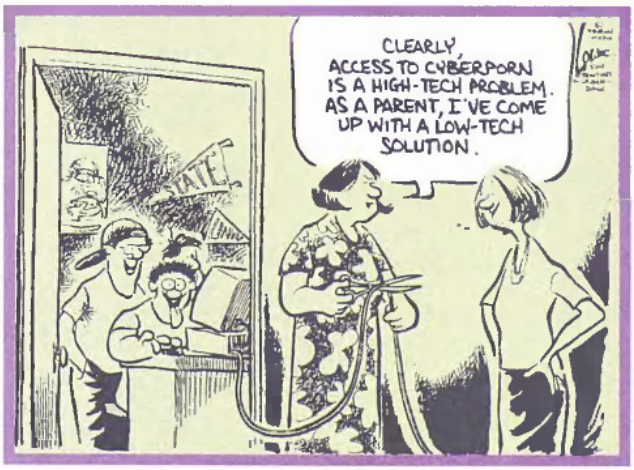
In an article accompanying Rimm's study, NYU Law School Professor Carlin Meyer reports: "Interestingly, the Carnegie Mellon study never found such descriptions as snuff, kill or murder and rarely found such others as pain, torture, agony, hurts, suffocates and the like. The term rape appeared fewer than a dozen times in descriptions of more than 900,000 images."

WEIRDEST DEFENSE OF STUDY

Professor Meyer: "The Internet makes it possible for people with enormously varied backgrounds and religious or moral belief systems to engage in distanced and therefore relatively safe discussion of otherwise emotionally difficult subjects such as sexual beliefs and practices. Imagine, for example, an uninhibited cross-cultural discussion of the Colombian Caribbean coast practice in which teenage boys matriculate to manhood by having sex with donkeys. Subscribers to sexual-, anthropologic-, zoophilic- or bestiality-related newsgroups could debate whether this ritual may be a more effective way to prevent teen pregnancy than those rituals promoted by their own cultures. They could argue about whether proving one's manhood with donkeys is worse than doing so by abusing young women or by purchasing the services of prostitutes."

GREAT MOMENTS IN PSEUDOSCIENCE: STARE AT AN IMAGE LONG ENOUGH AND YOU'LL SEE A VIDEO!

A major flaw in Rimm's methodology was that his team did not actually view all 917,410 images he claims were downloaded from 68 adult BBSes at least 8.5 million times during two months. Instead, to complete "the first systematic study of pornography on the information superhighway," the researchers collected "descriptive listings" used to market the images. The team analyzed 3823 different words found in the one- or two-line blurbs (you can't see the images until you've paid to download them), then broke them down into 63 categories. At times, this aspect of Rimm's study provides for entertaining reading as he struggles with how to classify the 10,000 images his team actually viewed: "This is as much a study of words as of images, of words that describe images, of words as revealing in their accuracy as in their inaccuracy. Consider the description 'She has one fist in her girlfriend's asshole and another fist in her pussy.' Examination of the downloaded image revealed that only two fingers were in the anus. The research team did not classify this as anal fisting. However, the bulletin board customer who has a fetish for anal fisting of women and who downloads the image may not be upset to discover that only two fingers, and not the entire hand, are inserted in the anus. In fact, the photo may serve as the starting point of another fantasy. The divergence between word and image suggests a certain flux. The dichotomy between now and later is an extremely clever way for the pornographer to make a still image assume a certain motion. In the viewer's mind, it may even become a movie."

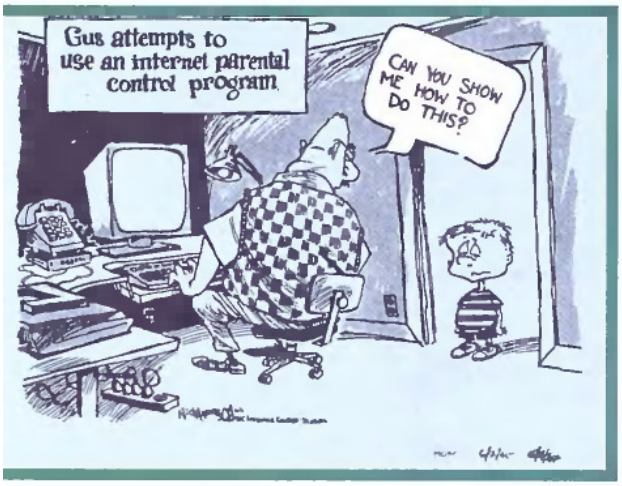


CYBERSCARE SCRAPBOOK

DEAR GOD@HEAVEN.COM

A prayer written by Senate chaplain Lloyd John Ogilvie and read into the record by Senator Exon before debate on his online decency bill:

"Almighty God, Lord of all life, we praise you for the advancements in computerized communications that we enjoy in our time. Sadly, however, there are those who litter this information superhighway with obscene, indecent and destructive pornography. Virtual but virtueless reality is projected in the most twisted, sick misuse of sexuality. Violent people with sexual pathologies are able to stalk and harass the innocent. Cybersolicitation of teenagers reveals the dark side of online victimization. Lord, we are profoundly concerned about the impact of this on our children. We have learned from careful study how children can become addicted to pornography at an early age. Their understanding and appreciation of your gift of sexuality can be denigrated and eventually debilitated. Pornography disallowed in print and mail is now readily available to young children who learn how to use the computer. O God, help us care for our children. Give us wisdom to create regulations that will protect the innocent. Lord, give us courage to balance our reverence for freedom of speech with responsibility for what is said and depicted. Now guide the senators when they consider ways of controlling the pollution of computer communications and how to preserve one of our greatest resources: the minds of our children and the future and moral strength of our nation. Amen."



NICK ANDERSON

WHAT YOU'RE MISSING

Excerpts from a *New York Times Magazine* article by James Gleick that was entered into the *Congressional Record* by Senator Patrick Leahy (D-Vt.), one of 16 senators who voted against Exon's legislation:

"At first glance, there's a lot of sex on the Internet. Or not at first glance: Nobody can find anything on the Internet at first glance. But if you have time on your hands, if you're comfortable with computing and have an unflagging curiosity about sex—in other words, if you are a teenager—you may think that you've suddenly landed in pornography heaven. Nude pictures. Foul language. Weird bathroom humor. No wonder the Christian Coalition thinks the Internet is turning into a red light district. There's even a Red Light District World Wide Web page. So you explore. Some sites make you promise to be a grown-up. (OK: You promise.) You try Girls, a link leading to a computer at the University of Bordeaux in France. The message flashes back: Document Contains No Data. Girls at Funet, Finland seems to offer lots of pictures (Dolly Parton, Ivana Trump), but is Connect Timed Out. Girls—courtesy of Liberac University of Technology in the Czech Republic—does finally, with painful slowness, deliver a 112,696-byte image of Mädchen Amick. You could watch the image spread across your screen, pixel by tantalizing pixel, but instead you go have lunch during the download. When you return, there she is—in black and white and wearing clothes.

"The Conservatoire National dès Arts et Métiers has turned off its Femmes Femmes Femmes Je Vous Aime Web page. The good news for erotica fans is that users are redirected to a new site where 'You can find naked women, including nudity.' The bad news is that this new site is the Louvre."

KNOW THINE ENEMY

It comes as no surprise that those who would censor the Net know little about it:

- "I have not figured out how to use the VCR yet. I have a blinking 12. I do not know how to get rid of it."

—Senator Dan Coats (R-Ind.), cosponsor of the Communications Decency Act

- "I certainly do not claim to be an expert at the Internet system."

—Senator Exon

RIMM'S NUMBERS

Number of "descriptive listings" collected by Rimm for study: 917,410.

Estimated percentage of duplicate images: 36.

Of 1000 adult bulletin boards contacted by Rimm, percentage that had gone out of business: 50.

Percentage of images on five Internet sex groups that Rimm found originated on private bulletin boards: 71.

Percentage of images downloaded from the five sex newsgroups by Rimm that were damaged and could not be viewed: 13.

A VOICE OF REASON

"Maybe someday we will accept the fact that there is some responsibility on the part of parents, not on the part of the U.S. Congress, to tell children exactly what they should do and read and see and talk about as they are growing up."

—Senator Leahy, arguing on the floor of the Senate against the passage of the Communications Decency Act

MIKE LUCKOVICH/CREATORS SYNDICATE

MOST UNLIKELY VOICE OF REASON

Newt Gingrich on the Communications Decency Act: "It is clearly a violation of free speech, and it's a violation

of the rights of adults to communicate with one another."

FOR YOU HORNY SURFERS OUT THERE

From Rimm's study: "The largest selection of sexual imagery was discovered on the following five Usenet newsgroups:

alt.binaries.pictures.erotica
alt.binaries.pictures.bestiality
alt.sex.fetish.watersports
alt.binaries.pictures.female
alt.binaries.pictures.tasteless"

BEST NEW INTERNET JARGON

rimm (*v.*): To publish sensational and unsubstantiated facts without the benefit of a peer review and with the sole intent of demonizing the Net. Example: The data on which Senator Exon based his bill *rimm*.

rimmed (*adj.*): Fundamentally flawed, botched. Example: Jack did a *rimmed* job analyzing the average production of widgets.

BEST SEX LIE OF THE RELIGIOUS RIGHT

"This is bestiality, pedophilia, child molestation. According to the Carnegie Mellon survey, one quarter of all the images involve the torture of women."

—Ralph Reed, executive director of the Christian Coalition, on *Nightline* shortly after Rimm's study was released. Reed was parroting Senator Coats, who had made the assertion on the Senate floor before its vote on the Communications Decency Act. The figure appears nowhere in Rimm's study. As for kiddie porn, Rimm says none of the images he studied depicted intercourse with or oral or anal penetration of children. Instead, the images described by BBS operators to their customers as child porn turned out to be nudist camp photos or pictures of young adults.

THE MAKING OF A PORN RESEARCHER

Within a week of the release of Rimm's study, the knights of the Internet had uncovered a few embarrassing facts about its author. Among other projects, Rimm had written a self-published book, *The Pornographer's Handbook: How to Exploit Women, Dupe Men and Make Lots of Money*. While he was supposedly studying patterns of use on adult bulletin boards, he was also offering his services to adult BBS operators: "Do you know which of your customers like facial come shots? And in exactly what quantity?" reads a letter that circulated on the Internet. "Can you answer such questions as 'How many facial come shots should I have on my adult BBS? Do customers prefer facial come shots involving just one or two, or more, women? Should the ejaculate drip from the model's lips, or should it splatter her face? And how many customers have a fetish for ejaculate in the hair? In the nose? In the eyes? In the ears?' You probably can't answer these questions, because your BBS software does not give you these answers. But mine does." Rimm says the book was intended as satire.

CYBERSCARE SCRAPBOOK

TONIGHT ON NIGHTLINE WE TAKE AN IN-DEPTH AND PROBING LOOK AT THE WORLD OF CYBERPORN!
TRASH!
CLICK
BONDAGE! BESTIALITY! FISTING! ALL AVAILABLE ON THE INTERNET! TONIGHT ON HARDCOPY!
MORE TRASH!
CLICK
IS YOUR CHILD HAVING SEX WITH HIS OR HER COMPUTER? FIND OUT TONIGHT ON 60 MINUTES!
MY GOD! IS NOTHING SACRED?
CLICK
TONIGHT ON BABEWATCH! THE GIRLS KEEP IN SHAPE WITH TOPLESS JOGGING WHILE MICHAEL SAVES THE BEACH FROM DRUG-SMUGGLING NAZIS!
ALL RIGHT!
CLAY BUTLER

HISTORY REPEATS?

From a Cato Institute report on Exon's legislation: "In 1864 an alarmed postmaster general reported that 'great numbers' of dirty pictures and books were being mailed to Civil War troops. It seems that one of the most popular early uses of photography was the tintype version of the pinup. As is often the case, invention became the mother of repression. Congress reacted quickly to the postmaster's report, passing a law in 1865 making it a crime to send any 'obscene book, pamphlet, picture, print, or other publication of vulgar and indecent character' through the U.S. mail."

A SORT OF RETRACTION

Rather than apologize for its error in trumpeting Rimm's study to justify its story on the dangers of cyberporn, *Time* simply shrugged its shoulders: "It would be a shame if the damaging flaws in Rimm's study obscured the larger and more important debate about hard-core porn on the Internet."

TAKES ONE TO KNOW ONE

A warning on the opening page of the "Arts Link" section of Time Warner's online site: "Some of the images contained in this site may be considered offensive and unsuitable for children."

NO EASY SOLUTIONS

Christopher Anderson in the July 1 issue of *The Economist*: "The problem is that obscenity on the Internet can appear under an infinite number of guises. Some of them are obvious, including newsgroups with names such as alt.binaries.pictures.erotica.children, along with Web sites put up by *Penthouse*, PLAYBOY and a host of amateurs. Others are harder to find: live 'keyboard sex' on Internet Relay Chat channels, secret libraries known only to porn traders, even a live video sex service where real women obey the typed commands of paying viewers. Cutting off the more obvious pornography newsgroups is easy, but that will merely make them adopt a heavier disguise. More generic filters are bound to fail. No computer on earth can recognize an obscene picture."

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

FRENCH KISS-OFF

CANBERRA, AUSTRALIA—*The Eros Foundation, which represents Australia's brothels and sex shops, has declared a boy-*

cott of French sex products to protest President Jacques Chirac's decision to resume nuclear testing in the South Pacific. "French-maid outfits and French knickers [panties] are being taken out of window displays, and requests for French letters [condoms] are being ignored," said an Eros spokesperson, who added that "the industry is also reviewing language and terminology that paints the French as lovers and therefore peaceful."

A SLIGHT OVERSIGHT

CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE—*An anti-porn statute rushed into law by the city council is so restrictive that it prohibits owners, operators, employees and patrons of adult bookstores from having sex. In its haste, the council apparently omitted from the statute the words "on the premises," leaving the proprietors of Clarksville's only adult venue in a jam. They took the city to court, charging, among other things, "vague and undue restrictions."*

WEEPING WILLIES

ESBJERG, DENMARK—*Environmentalists have detected yet another threat to the future of humanity. Organochlorines (chemicals widely used to manufacture paper, plastics and solvents) appear to have the disconcerting ability to mimic the female hormone estrogen. Exposure may increase female characteristics in men, lower sperm counts and raise the risk of testicular cancer. Greenpeace—an environmental group not known for understatement—decided to go public with these facts by taking out ads in several British newspapers. Headlined* YOU'RE NOT HALF THE MAN YOUR FATHER WAS, *the ads show a very small penis and explain, "It's true. Scientists have shown that some chemicals we dump in our seas are causing willies to shrink in size."*

JUST THE FACTS

FAIRBANKS, ALASKA—*While lecturing high schoolers and other constituents on his opposition to federal funding for any art that portrays people doing "offensive things," Representative Don Young was pressed by a student to cite an example. It was reported that he responded with "an 11-letter word for anal intercourse." (In case you've misplaced your crossword dictionary, the word was buttfucking.) When journalists later questioned his explicitness, Young said his answer would have lacked impact if he had resorted to euphemism.*

WELL-HUNG IN HONG KONG

HONG KONG—*The colony's Obscene Articles Tribunal ruled unanimously to censor a bronze sculpture of a nude man done by British artist Elisabeth Frink. After staff at the Hong Kong Arts Centre responded dutifully by covering its genitals with a cardboard fig leaf, the work became enormously popular. The director of the center reports that a number of visitors lift the leaf for a quick peek underneath.*

FISH STORY

LONDON—*Members of England's ten-man national fishing team were ordered by team leader Dick Clegg to leave their significant others at home before 1994's world-championship fish-off in Finland because sex would not be tolerated for two weeks before the competition. Clegg explained that precompetition sex would exhaust his squad, and that "you have to be at your physical peak in this game." The squad and their mates remained unconvinced.*

KEEPING SCORE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Determined to support anything aimed at child pornography, the Supreme Court declined to hear a suit challenging a 1988 federal law that requires the producers of sexually explicit films and photos to record the names, addresses and birth dates of anyone who appears in their products and to provide the information on request to investigators. Attorneys argued that the statute doesn't confine itself to movies and magazines but affects anything (possibly) involving young subjects. That includes artwork in prominent galleries, popular books in libraries, small-time cable TV programs and the virtually untraceable stuff already circulating in cyberspace.*

Meanwhile, in anticipation of more laws and unwanted congressional intervention, an industry group that includes IBM, AT&T and Microsoft is trying to craft a voluntary plan that would enable people to identify and block offensive material that might sneak into their homes on the Internet. Part of the plan calls for the electronic equivalent of approval ratings on various Internet services.

HOW ABOUT HIS HARLEY?

CINCINNATI—*Agreeing that the question is not "relevant" to police work, the city manager and police psychologist ad-*

vised the city council to revise the test taken by aspiring cops so that it no longer asks if they've had sexual relations with animals.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

READER

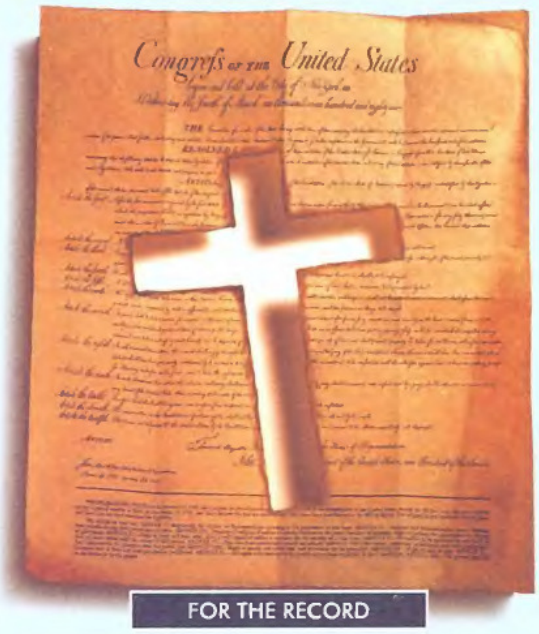
CURSES!

Chip Rowe's article on censorship ("Curses! Censored Again," *The Playboy Forum*, August) hits the nail on the head. Despite what conservative yahoos would have us believe, censoring cusswords doesn't make the world a better place. I like Rowe's suggestion that we update Paul Krassner's FUCK COMMUNISM poster. I've been doing just that for several years by wearing one shirt that reads FUCK CENSORSHIP and another on which I've co-opted the National Rifle Association: THE ONLY WAY THEY'LL GET MY BOOKS IS WHEN THEY PRY THEM FROM MY COLD DEAD FINGERS.

Michael Stasko
Columbus, Ohio

Disguising swearwords only makes them stand out, which defeats the purpose of censoring them. And although I can usually guess what's missing from f— or s—, I have a more difficult time when no clues are offered. A recent *Sports Illustrated* article, for example, quoted Oakland A's pitcher Dennis Eckersley as saying, "If anyone ever does that again, I'll kiss your ——." Sadly, only *SI*'s editors and Eckersley know for sure where his lips may someday land.

Ben Friedman
Dallas, Texas



FOR THE RECORD

RELIGION AND FREE SPEECH

"Our precedent establishes that private religious speech, far from being a First Amendment orphan, is as fully protected under the free-speech clause as secular private expression. A free-speech clause without religion would be *Hamlet* without the prince."

—JUSTICE ANTONIN SCALIA, IN THE SUPREME COURT MAJORITY FINDING THAT THE KU KLUX KLAN HAD A FREE-SPEECH RIGHT TO ERECT A CROSS IN A STATE-OWNED PARK IN COLUMBUS, OHIO

GENTLE JUSTICE

Armin Brott's "Be Gentle, Justice" (*The Playboy Forum*, August) is a perfect example of how to make a nonstory into a big deal. Maybe the reason women get less jail time, more lenient sentences and probation is because we really are less likely to commit a crime again. Maybe we are less of a threat to society than men. When you look at the state of the world today, and see which gender runs things, it makes more than a little sense. (And by publishing this nonsense you make a mockery of the real discrimination in the justice system—black men versus white men.) Brott is such a poor excuse for a journalist he doesn't bother to cite recidivism rates for women convicted of various felonies. Does he ask a single judge why, if at all, this gender disparity exists? Justice is anything but gentle. Maybe those lenient sentences represent some kind of karmic payback for daughters being raped by their fathers, wives being deserted by their husbands and girlfriends being beaten by their boyfriends. Maybe Brott should stop complaining about nothing.

E. Zimmerman
Concord, New Hampshire

Can you imagine the howl that would be coming from NOW if it were only women being gassed, put to sleep, hanged, shot or fried alive? It's about time America woke up to the concept of equal justice supposedly guaranteed by the Constitution. Politics—ain't it beautiful?

Robert Long
Raiford, Florida

"Be Gentle, Justice" could not be more on point. As a corporate officer and individual, I was charged and convicted on nine counts and two attempts of major real estate loan fraud. I had no significant criminal history, yet my sentences were run consecutively for a total of six years and eight months. My female co-defendant was charged and convicted of the same counts, less two. Her sentences were to run concurrently for a total of nine months. I served three years and six months behind walls. She served her five months on a work furlough. To quote the movie *Once Upon a Time in America*, "Life is stranger than shit."

C. Philip Slaton
Port Hueneme, California

"Be Gentle, Justice" is way off base. Though it may be true that female offenders receive lesser sentences for some offenses on the state level, they are nonetheless the fastest-growing segment of the record-setting number of imprisoned Americans. Brott cites crimes such as burglary and assault, neither of which are commonly committed by women. The explosion of the female prison population can be attributed primarily to the war on drugs. Federal sentencing guidelines and statutory mandatory minimums make no allowances for gender. Women are often charged under the "open-ended" conspiracy laws and receive sentences for the crimes of their sons, husbands or boyfriends. Often, they've played minor roles, if any, and are charged simply to pressure the defendants to turn in others. There is no chivalry in the way the war on drugs is waged. My wife and I were equal partners and received equal treatment by the DEA. To imply that all women are coddled by our courts is an offense to those who are not.

Pat Jordan
Sheridan, Oregon

Thank you for the timely "Be Gentle, Justice." Amid a growing awareness of men's rights, the article points

RESPONSE

out a critical gap in prison terms based on sentencing by gender. I have always believed that one cannot balance past wrongs with present and future biases. Why have there been few complaints from feminist warriors over these discrepancies? I suspect that female defendants who get out sooner would rather benefit from the bias than express disgust at such a paternalistic system, as your article suggests they do. I commend you for asserting the bold—albeit politically incorrect—conclusion that it is time to mete out justice without regard to a felon's gender. By so doing, we would be another step closer to achieving true gender equality in the eyes of the law.

Ed Monroe
London, U.K.

PENILE PUNDITS

I question William Kelly's assertion that penile plethysmography is a valid tool for the diagnosis and treatment of sex offenders ("Sex Offenders," *Reader Response, The Playboy Forum*, August). Penile plethysmography is said to be capable of proving that a person is a potential sexual predator on the basis of his tumescence while looking at sexually explicit material. The contention is that viewing a sex act that involves a minor must be so abhorrent to normal men as to make erection impossible. An erection in and of itself is not a valid indicator of motive, intent or desire. Men experience tumescence for a variety of reasons that have nothing to do with sexual urges, including fear, disgust and shame. If this is the kind of material that Kelly finds "essential in determining a man's arousal," I recommend that he seek additional education in human sexuality. Legal arguments against penile plethysmography include the fact that it constitutes unreasonable search and seizure and that it violates the alleged offenders' Fifth Amendment right against self-incrimination. I applaud the Nebraska officials who determined that researcher William Farrell's methodology was inappropriate in this sensitive area of study.

Carl Bush
Seaside, California

How ironic that a convicted child molester would receive a penile implant at taxpayer cost ("Hippocratic Oafs," *Newsfront, The Playboy Forum*, July). I can't decide whether the device will rehabilitate this man or simply make him a hardened criminal. Surely, a penile implant isn't the best way to deal with a sex offender, but perhaps there is some good in all of this. We could use this device as a monitor, much like the electronic ankle bands that are used to monitor people on probation. Furthermore, because the device was implanted at taxpayer expense, we should have the right to decide when he can use it. We may not have him by the balls, but we are certainly close enough.

Andy Rasor
Carson City, Nevada

DARWIN
Creationists and other members of the religious right brandish a fish pin that symbolizes Jesus. Now there's one for the secular humanist. Send your $9.00 check or money order to Darwin Fish, Dept. 20, Box 26523, Colorado Springs, CO 80936 or call (719) 593-9227.

BAD APPLE

What's wrong with using artificial "predictors" to identify police officers who exhibit patterns of behavior that have spelled trouble for other officers ("The Bad Apple Computer Patrol," *The Playboy Forum*, August)? Police officers are the ones who protect law-abiding citizens from those who aren't. But who protects us from lawmen when they go bad? Officers who violate the public trust—by taking freebies or protecting drug dealers—are dangerous to themselves, their fellow officers and everyone else. Suicide, divorce and alcoholism are more common among police officers than almost any other profession. Instead of waiting for a ticking bomb to explode, wouldn't it be easier to simply defuse it?

William Davis
Chicago, Illinois

Ted Fishman gives us good reason to be alarmed about the intrusive nature of the Chicago police department's computer program, but the nation's law enforcement officials aren't the only ones eyeing intimate personal details for high-tech prognostication. The Internal Revenue Service has designed a computer audit program to sniff out underreported income. The program, called Economic Reality, flags any suspicious assets. Do you drive a Corvette on a Cavalier budget? Economic Reality will peg you for an audit. Do your kids go to an expensive private school? Can you afford the house you live in? Economic Reality can tap into any number of databases to find everything there is to know about you and your lifestyle. Which means that your file will be available to any IRS jamoke curious (or scurrilous) enough to snoop. Common wisdom says that the best way to avoid the prying eyes of the program is to come clean on your returns. But who's to say that will keep your profile confidential? Once your information has been compiled by the computer wizards at the IRS, what's to stop someone from regularly perusing it like a stock market listing? Unreasonable search and audit—as if April 15th weren't stressful enough.

Laura Warren
Chicago, Illinois

CINCINNATI LAWSUIT

I am happy to read that PLAYBOY is standing up against those who would deprive adults of our constitutional right to see, hear and read what we choose ("Lawsuit in Cincinnati," *The Playboy Forum*, August). If more people would stand up for the rights that so many of us veterans fought for, we would be a stronger nation. I wish you nothing but good luck in winning this lawsuit.

Don Treon
Mooresville, Missouri

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, information, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include a daytime phone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com.*

LOCKER-ROOM LAW

all athletes are created naked

Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis once defined privacy as "the right to be let alone." It is a concept fundamental to the American experience.

Until now. Justice Antonin Scalia believes a person gives up that right if someone has seen him or her naked.

It would seem that in the inner sanctum of the Supreme Court, Justice Scalia dreams of locker rooms, not law. He recalls with a Norman Rockwell eye the rites of passage of high school athletes, those wonderful years of towel-snapping vigor, of muscular self-sacrifice, of flowering youth, when boys become men and girls become women through group nudity. And for that reason—because student athletes regularly see one another naked—Scalia believes they do not deserve the protection of the Fourth Amendment and must submit to random drug tests.

What crisis prompted Scalia to send the urine police into high school locker rooms across the nation?

It began in Vernonia, Oregon, a small logging town of 3000 residents. A few years ago, school officials were overwhelmed by a discipline problem. According to news reports, their version of the blackboard jungle consisted of a few incidents of head-butting, swearing and general defiance. In one case, a student sang *Jesus Loves Me* in the back of a classroom. No guns. No knives. No gang signs or drive-by shootings.

Fine, you say. Send the head-butters and hymn singers off to detention and get on with it. Wrong answer. School officials decided that Vernonia had a drug problem. The town instituted random testing of all jocks. It is not clear that any of the troublemakers were athletes. In the eyes of the school board members, athletes were role models who enjoyed special status. Because sports are extracurricular activities—and not basic entitlements—the rules change. Jocks are subjected to all sorts of extraordinary control. Coaches can ask them to shave their heads, not smoke, keep a B-minus average, wear silly clothes, turn out for predawn drills—and dress and shower in unison. In return for this privilege, a jock might get a jacket or sweater with a letter on it, the chance to date the coach's son or daughter and, just possibly, a high school education. Compared to such glory, what is the minor inconvenience of peeing into a cup while someone listens outside the toilet stall?

For more than four and a half years Vernonia tested 500 student athletes for marijuana, LSD and cocaine at a cost of $30 per test. For you ex-student athletes, that totals $15,000—money that could have been spent on books or helmets (some things the head-butters could have used).

Only 12 students tested positive. Some drug problem. (Mind you, the school did not test for steroids or alcohol—maybe it didn't want to mess with a winning formula.)

In 1991 James Acton, a seventh grader who wanted to play football, refused to take the test. He said he would feel embarrassed and that the test violated his right to privacy.

In response, the Supreme Court snapped its judicial towel.

Scalia tried to couch his preposterous stance in terms of safety, parroting recent court decisions mandating unannounced drug tests for railroad engineers and airline pilots. But what possible danger to public safety do drug-using student athletes pose? They don't drive the team bus, they ride in it. If safety were an issue, why did this same court overturn a law banning handguns in school?

To explain his reasoning, Scalia stresses that athletes are role models. But of what? Physical prowess? Purity of bodily fluids? Aren't members of the drama club, school newspaper and marching band also role models?

The only thing that distinguishes athletes from other students is that image of group showers (although certain nonjocks also shower together after gym class). According to Scalia, nudity negates privacy (or to use his elegant phrasing, "reduced the expectation of privacy"), which should alarm anyone who has joined a health club, gone to a topless beach or made love to someone with the lights on. The Fourth Amendment is not about bashfulness—it is about dignity, the presumption of innocence, the freedom to go through life without fear of unreasonable searches. Nudity does not strip an individual of control over his or her person.

This isn't the first time that Scalia has become unhinged by nudity. A few years ago he upheld an Indiana law that prohibits nudity, concluding that nude dancers do not enjoy First Amendment protection. In a memorable opinion, he wrote: "The purpose of Indiana's nudity law would be violated, I think, if 60,000 fully consenting adults crowded into the Hoosier Dome to display their genitals to one another, even if there were not an offended innocent in the crowd."

And if there were a team of teenage football players in the shower rooms of the Hoosier Dome, the Court would be there, cup in hand.

—JAMES R. PETERSEN

THE FED FALL GUYS

it's fashionable to scapegoat a big bad government, but the real problems—those facing you and me—have nothing to do with washington, d.c.

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

The federal government has suddenly become the fall guy for everything wrong in our lives, no matter how personal. If you don't like your job stocking groceries on the graveyard shift, it must be Bill Clinton's fault. In our fevered imaginations, Washington has replaced the Kremlin as the headquarters of an evil empire bent on world domination. With the end of the Cold War, the perceived enemy is now within.

The odd thing is that the people who hate our government the most are the ones who profess to love the flag it symbolizes. Some guys love the flag so much that they blow up government buildings in order to kill government workers. Mostly, as in the Oklahoma City bombing, the targets of their rage are the FBI and other national police agencies that work out of those buildings.

It wasn't that way when I was a kid. We used to revere the FBI, and our favorite program's opening line was, "This is your FBI in peace and war." G-men—government men—such as Eliot Ness, who worked for the Treasury Department, were the heroes. Not anymore. Now G-men from all branches of government are commonly referred to by right-wingers as thugs who trample on our rights, particularly the presumed right not to be taxed and the right to use a gun against tax collectors.

On closer examination, the ones who end up shooting it out with lawmen don't pay much in the way of taxes because of their low incomes. Timothy McVeigh, the sad loner accused in the Oklahoma City bombing, got a lot more from the government than he ever paid in taxes, including a public education. After he dropped out of Special Forces training, he mustered out to a drifter's life, apparently working sporadically for the minimum wage. Most of his income probably came from alleged under-the-table dealings in weapons and some suspected heists, which also went untaxed.

What oppressed McVeigh was not taxes but rather crushed expectations. In the old days he would have been, by mere virtue of being free, white and over 21, entitled to the good life—even with just a high school diploma. In the new multinational economy, people with his limited skills can't make it. While better-educated and better-positioned members of the new overclass were collecting expensive toys, McVeigh's consumption was restricted to convenience stores. Keeping his manhood intact were Walter Mitty fantasies built of the desperate hope that his talent with explosives would correct what was wrong in his life. It couldn't and didn't. Blow up a building and you're still sputtering along life's highway in a rusty bucket of bolts while yuppie scum pass you in late-model BMWs. That's why McVeigh got busted.

McVeigh represents the fringe crowd, which seems to be growing fast. More worrisome, however, are the apparently reasonable types who view federal taxation as theft even though Americans are among the least-taxed citizens of any of the industrialized nations. In western Europe, for example, the tax burden is ten percent higher, and government regulations and social safety nets are far more extensive.

Here the feeling persists that we don't get anything back from the government. And it's no use to point to highways, unemployment insurance, Medicare, the Centers for Disease Control and the thousands of other programs that benefit Americans. Whether it's student loans, crop subsidies, medical research or adding an extension to the zoo, even the most conservative among us look to the feds for a handout.

The problem is, we take all that stuff for granted and complain, What have you done for me lately? Too many Americans answer, Not much. What they really mean is that they are hurting economically in the free market, and nothing the government does makes it any better.

The truth is that we live in an increasingly class-divided society in which the failed expectations of the have-nots give rise to an antisocial anger that threatens the stability of our democracy. And unless you're a well-educated achiever or a member of the inherited class that pretends to work at interesting projects as a cover for leisure, it's getting pretty grim.

Wages have fallen 2.3 percent in the past year after adjusting for inflation. In fact, the share of income going to the bottom 80 percent of Americans has been declining since 1980, while the top 20 percent have been getting richer. And it's well documented that the top one percent of the population owns almost half of all stocks and bonds, while the bottom 90 percent possesses 10 percent of this pool of wealth.

Financial inequality wouldn't be such a big deal if the poorer folks didn't know how the rich folks live. In the old days you could keep them down on the farm. They were content that their lot was better than that of the guy up the road because they had an extra cow or a car that would run. The "other half" knew its place because that was all it knew. But not now, when our shared village is TV.

Every kid in America wants a flashy car, and most of them don't have a legitimate chance of getting one. That's the problem with a two-tiered society in which advertising plays to the affluent consumer. The life of the overclass is constantly on display, a taunt to those who struggle to get by. But fortunately for the overclass, demagogic politicians have directed the anger of the declining middle class against those even poorer. Racial prejudice plays a big part here—it says that the white working stiff would have it made if only the blacks on welfare weren't taking so much.

Never mind that most people on welfare are white and have held jobs but are victims of the business cycle. Forget that the amount of money they receive is a pittance and if eliminated wouldn't even be noticed on our tax bills. The poor are a convenient scapegoat. The government is accused of taking money from hardworking whites and wasting it on minorities. This message comes in more sophisticated forms, but its thrust remains the same: Ignore the real problem, which is that the middle class is disappearing because of the nature of the modern economy. You could deport every welfare mother, and it wouldn't change that reality.

Government may not be the salvation, but neither is it the enemy. The trick is to make it a better partner. As we struggle to survive in an increasingly risky and complex world, we need all the help we can get.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: HARVEY KEITEL

a candid conversation with hollywood's most intense actor about movie violence, his battle with his former lover and why, in his mind, he never appears nude on-screen

Harvey Keitel is sitting in the lounge at the Four Seasons hotel in Los Angeles, wearing a dark shirt, dark sports jacket, dark sweatpants and no socks ("I like to be comfortable," he tells his guest), when the producer of his new movie, "Clockers," walks by. Keitel bounds from his chair. "You got a few minutes?" he says before the man has a chance to escape. "I'd like to talk with you about the ending of the film. Just some small things, you know?" A beleaguered look crosses the producer's face—he knows only too well that he's been nabbed by an actor who has seen a rough cut and knows just how to fix it. When Keitel sits back down he is resigned to defeat. "Well, that didn't do much good," he says. But once again, he has made his views known.

Keitel is used to struggle. As one of the most talented and daring actors of his generation, he has brought intensity and tightly coiled anger to more than 50 films. But stardom nearly eluded him. While the creative group he started with (which included director Martin Scorsese and actor Robert De Niro) achieved acclaim quickly, Keitel labored in secondary roles and sometimes couldn't get work at all. It wasn't for lack of talent, though it might have been from his reluctance to become grist for the Hollywood movie mill. He took himself too seriously for some—he was opinionated and occasionally difficult—and he gladly abandoned mainstream assignments for smaller salaries in offbeat, independent movies or art films made in Europe. His efforts didn't begin to pay off until earlier this decade, when he made a number of memorable films that increased his visibility, bankability and behind-the-scenes power.

His first hit of the Nineties was "Thelma and Louise," followed by his Oscar-nominated portrayal of gangster Mickey Cohen in "Bugsy." Then came "Sister Act" with Whoopi Goldberg, which further enhanced his box office appeal. But stardom and its trappings have never been of primary concern to Keitel. Instead of capitalizing on his newfound clout to get bigger roles in bigger films, he used it to help the young writer of a script called "Reservoir Dogs." Keitel worked feverishly to get the movie produced, insisting that the writer, Quentin Tarantino, direct the film. Keitel even helped cast it. It marked a turning point in both their careers.

He followed "Reservoir Dogs" with an intense performance in Abel Ferrara's "Bad Lieutenant," about a depraved and corrupt cop's descent into his own personal hell. By the time he stood naked and screaming for all the world to see, it was clear that Keitel had taken his career—and perhaps his life—to another level. According to critic David Thomson: "If other actors did what Keitel's been doing lately, you'd fear for them. You'd wonder about suicidal urges." A writer for "Vogue" observed that he appeared to draw the line nowhere. And writer Nick Tosches noted that his work "has become a sort of sacrificial altar at the center of his own mystery rite, a purification by fire of every fear, a cry to heaven from hell."

In the Oscar-winning picture "The Piano," Keitel played a brutish yet sensitive Englishman who settles in New Zealand and adopts the Maori culture. He also appeared as a "cleaner" in "Pulp Fiction," directed by his friend Tarantino, and starred in "Smoke" and in "Blue in the Face," an improvisational film that developed out of "Smoke."

Throughout this remarkable run, the 56-year-old actor has continued to appear in independent and low-budget films, encouraging young filmmakers and always delving deeper into his own psyche, drawing forth the demons most actors suppress.

There is darkness in Keitel's personal life as well. He is currently embroiled in an ugly custody fight with his former lover, actress Lorraine Bracco, over their 10-year-old daughter, Stella. Bracco is now married to actor Edward James Olmos, and Keitel

"I still stutter. In the Gnostic gospels it says that if you reveal what's inside you, what's inside you will save you. If you don't, it will destroy you. I think that's basically where the stuttering emanated from."

"Actors do not do nude scenes. They play events in the story. Whether they're dressed or undressed is up to their conscience and their artistic sense. Is it clear that I'm not actually doing nude scenes?"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBERTA INTRATER

"We used to have rock fights with black people. I had some black friends, and we'd kid one another, but I threw rocks at them and they threw rocks at me. You had to be tough, otherwise you were considered a fag, a sissy."

maintains that Olmos was accused of child molestation in 1992—in fact, Keitel says he knew the 14-year-old victim and her family. According to Keitel, the charges apparently were dropped when the family was paid a large sum of money by Olmos. The feud among Keitel and Olmos and Bracco has spilled into the press because of Keitel's belief that Olmos bought his way out of the molestation charges. Olmos and Bracco have steadfastly denied the charges, and the fighting grows increasingly vicious.

Keitel's feistiness against his enemies is no surprise. His life has not been easy, and he's a natural, if reluctant, fighter. He was born in the Brighton Beach section of Brooklyn on May 13, 1939. His mother was Romanian, his father Polish, and they owned a luncheonette, where Keitel worked. He grew up in a home that didn't emphasize books or education, and he didn't find school stimulating. He left one high school (Abraham Lincoln) and was thrown out of another (Alexander Hamilton). When he was 17, he and his two best friends enlisted in the Marines. Within two years he was keeping the peace in war-torn Beirut.

When he returned to civilian life he had no idea what he wanted to do. He sold shoes in Manhattan for a year, then, following the lead of his older brother, worked as a court stenographer for eight years. Every year during that period he auditioned for the famed Actors Studio—and every year he was rejected. Finally, in 1974, he was accepted.

In 1965 he met a struggling student director named Martin Scorsese, who was looking to cast his film "Who's That Knocking at My Door?" Keitel was given the lead. In 1973 he appeared in "Mean Streets," which established the careers of Scorsese and Robert De Niro, but not Keitel. Scorsese also cast him as a woman beater in "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" and as Jodie Foster's pimp in "Taxi Driver."

Finally he got his big break—only to have it turn into disaster. Francis Coppola chose him for the lead in his Vietnam opus, "Apocalypse Now," but two weeks into shooting the actor and the director clashed. Coppola fired Keitel and replaced him with Martin Sheen.

Despite this blow to his ego, Keitel continued to work. In 1977, he appeared in Ridley Scott's "The Duellists." He had roles in James Toback's "Fingers" and in Paul Schrader's "Blue Collar," as well as in "Eagle's Wing," "Deathwatch," "Bad Timing: A Sensual Obsession," "The Border" and "Saturn 3."

None of these films made Keitel a household name or brought him great wealth, so he wound up making films in France and Italy. In 1984 he appeared on Broadway in David Rabe's "Hurlyburly" and in Sam Shepard's "A Lie of the Mind."

He returned to films, appearing in dozens of movies, most notably Scorsese's "Last Temptation of Christ" and Jack Nicholson's "The Two Jakes," the disappointing sequel to "Chinatown." He went to Bosnia and Herzegovina for "The Gaze of Odysseus." And there's the just-released "Clockers," Spike Lee's film, which is based on the best-selling novel by Richard Price, and another Tarantino-scripted film, "From Dusk Till Dawn."

Keitel is single and lives in the Tribeca section of Manhattan, although he is constantly traveling from one film location to the next. Despite his workload, he doesn't do many interviews, and getting him to promote himself is difficult. When he does, he says it's because he wants to pass on something to the next generation of actors. He's on the board of the Actors Studio and feels it's important to be there for others.

PLAYBOY *sent Contributing Editor* **Lawrence Grobel** *(whose last interview was with Mel Gibson) to find out more about this powerful, enigmatic actor. Grobel reports:*

"I talked with Harvey in Los Angeles and in New York, at his hotel, in restaurants, at his apartment. He was rarely in one place for more than two days. At one point I met with him at a restaurant in New York. He was with writer-director Jane Campion. As soon as I sat down, she turned on her video camera and began filming me, so I took out my tape recorder and started interviewing her—about Harvey. Harvey seemed bemused at the media circus he had created. I asked Campion why she cast him in 'The Piano,' and she said it was because of his work, which is 'tender and masculine.' She then admitted that she had been so intimidated by Keitel that she rehearsed conversations with him. 'I was so afraid of you, and scared about whether you'd let me direct my movie,' she told him. Keitel laughed. He knows he has a daunting reputation but claims he can be easy to work with—if you don't get in his way.

"Our last conversation was at a restaurant in Beverly Hills, where he accidentally dipped the sleeve of his linen sports jacket in olive oil. After trying to get the stain out with water, he finally gave the jacket to our waiter, who rushed it to a nearby dry cleaner. During this conversation, as in all the others, Keitel proved to be a difficult, elusive subject. He keeps his personal life private and often talks about his more public endeavors in vague metaphysical terms. After some effort, the portrait of a complex and fiercely intelligent man finally emerged. Keitel may love acting, but the promotional part of show business clearly leaves him cold. Not that being a star doesn't have its rewards—his jacket was returned, clean and pressed, by the time we finished eating."

A psychiatrist once said to me, "You are very intense." I got upset. I was insulted. It took me a long time to learn that my intense feelings are nothing to be ashamed of.

PLAYBOY: *Clockers* was a popular novel before Spike Lee took it on as a film. Do you think it will be a big picture?

KEITEL: I really don't want to talk about it.

PLAYBOY: You don't want to talk about the movie? Come on, Harvey, this is the promotional part of the interview. You get to plug away before we start in on you.

KEITEL: I find this somehow a bit wasteful.

PLAYBOY: Well, this is unique—an actor who doesn't want to promote his work. Wait until Universal Pictures reads this.

KEITEL: I have a principle of not speaking about films I've done until an audience sees them, because I want the audience to come to them fresh and without my influence.

PLAYBOY: The movie will be in theaters by the time this comes out. Did Martin Scorsese ever consider directing it?

KEITEL: Marty was going to direct it at one point, but then he became the executive producer and Spike wanted to direct it.

PLAYBOY: What did you think of working with Spike Lee?

KEITEL: Spike is a colorful character who has a great sense of responsibility to his people and to the community. We shouldn't let his actions on the basketball court cloud this fact.

PLAYBOY: What attracted you to the film?

KEITEL: The central theme. There are important social and cultural issues in *Clockers* that are relevant to our well-being and evolution. The characters include a cop, a poor black kid, blue-collar workers. One of the issues the story addresses is the danger we have of becoming self-righteous, and how that can have a deadly effect.

PLAYBOY: Care to be more specific?

KEITEL: That's about it. You think Universal's going to shoot me?

PLAYBOY: We think Universal is probably afraid of you—you're so intense.

KEITEL: A psychiatrist once said to me, "You are very intense." I got upset. I was insulted. It took me a long time to learn that my intense feelings are nothing to be ashamed of.

PLAYBOY: You must be aware of how people react to you. You've developed a reputation as a powerful actor willing to dare exposure.

KEITEL: I'm smiling now as you say dare. I mean, that's what I do. I don't know what to say, except that it comes naturally to me. You want to call it daring? OK. I look at it as being.

PLAYBOY: Has your intensity—or your being—ever intimidated the directors you've worked with?

KEITEL: At times I allowed myself to be bullied to the point where I knew they couldn't fire me, and then I gave it back. In the creative process no one should be bullied. There have been a few instances when directors wanted to push me

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around to satisfy their egos, so I became difficult. They weren't interested in any sort of a collaboration.

PLAYBOY: Did you like the results of any of those films?

KEITEL: They always stunk.

PLAYBOY: Do you have favorite films among the more than 50 you've been in?

KEITEL: Does it matter?

PLAYBOY: Let's say that someone wants to put on a Harvey Keitel film festival. Which eight or ten films would you recommend?

KEITEL: I've been asked about doing such a festival and I declined. I didn't feel it was the right time. So why discuss this now? Let's wait until I'm dead.

PLAYBOY: Has your work improved over the years?

KEITEL: I suppose. Some of the work I've done recently is interesting to me.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about some of that recent work. When did you start becoming what the industry calls a bankable actor?

KEITEL: I think it was at the release of *The Two Jakes*.

PLAYBOY: That was a troubled picture—the sequel to *Chinatown*—which Jack Nicholson wound up directing.

KEITEL: He did a great job directing the film, and I've wondered why that isn't recognized.

PLAYBOY: Maybe because the film was a bomb.

KEITEL: I don't think it was the fault of Jack's direction.

PLAYBOY: What was at fault?

KEITEL: The text. The script was in disarray. [Screenwriter] Robert Towne had left the project, and we were working day and night on it.

PLAYBOY: You worked with Nicholson earlier in *The Border*. What do you think of him?

KEITEL: The truest thing I can say about Jack is that he stood up for me. When others wanted to fire me from *The Two Jakes*, he wouldn't allow it.

PLAYBOY: You followed *The Two Jakes* with *Mortal Thoughts*, which starred Demi Moore and Bruce Willis——

KEITEL: I don't think I did that good a job on the film. Can we leave it at that?

PLAYBOY: How short do you want this interview to be? *Thelma and Louise* was next, and it was a major breakthrough for you. Do you think it helped change how men think about women?

KEITEL: If it didn't, it should have.

PLAYBOY: Then you were nominated as best supporting actor for *Bugsy*. What did that mean to you?

KEITEL: Not much. I didn't get the Oscar.

PLAYBOY: You once played Bugsy Siegel in *The Virginia Hill Story*. How did your Bugsy compare with Warren Beatty's?

KEITEL: I once heard someone say that comparisons are odious.

PLAYBOY: Who said that?

KEITEL: Marlon Brando.

PLAYBOY: Whom you met back in 1967 when you were an extra in John Huston's *Reflections in a Golden Eye*.

KEITEL: I was an extra among a couple hundred young actors playing soldiers. You can't see me in it.

PLAYBOY: Did you do anything to get noticed by Huston or Brando?

KEITEL: Yeah, I did. I introduced myself to Marlon. I walked up to him and said, "Marlon, I'm on my final audition at the Actors Studio and I just want to shake your hand."

PLAYBOY: What did he say?

KEITEL: He didn't say anything, just "Ahhh, ahhh."

PLAYBOY: And did you get into the Actors Studio after that?

KEITEL: No, not for another couple of years. You're allowed to audition only once a year and I kept failing. It took me about eight years.

PLAYBOY: That says something about your persistence. How sad did you feel each time you failed?

KEITEL: Sad? That's mild. I was so humiliated, so miserable that I couldn't get in.

PLAYBOY: Why did you want it so badly?

KEITEL: It had tradition, something was being passed on. There was a standard that was aspired to.

PLAYBOY: When did you start feeling this way about acting?

KEITEL: I was working as a court stenographer and a co-worker asked me if I wanted to take some acting classes. We went and I was attracted to these people who were creating stories and telling them on-screen. A powerful dynamic was going on that I didn't know anything about. I had never even seen a play. There was something about acting that put me in touch with forces that I felt aligned to and were important to me to know, to own. It gave me hope that I would become a member of a group of people who knew themselves: Jimmy Dean, Brando, Elia Kazan. The reason I became an actor was to get closer to the mystery.

PLAYBOY: Is that the mystery of understanding yourself?

KEITEL: Yes, and I'm infinitely closer to it today. I've solved a lot of mysteries that have separated me from my feelings.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel when you were finally accepted into the Actors Studio?

KEITEL: It was a great day for me. I felt I'd accomplished something I had always dreamed of. It was after I'd done *Mean Streets*, and one of the stalwarts of the Studio told me she went up there and said, "You either let him in this time or I'm telling him not to audition again. Don't put him through this anymore."

PLAYBOY: You studied with Frank Corsaro, Lee Strasberg, Stella Adler, Penny Allen. What did they teach you about the business?

KEITEL: They didn't teach me anything about the business. They taught me something more important. They were interested in humanity, in expression, in change, in enlightenment, in art. It was a Zen-like experience. In a book I read about a Zen approach to art, a painter says he wants to paint bamboo. But before he can do that he has to sleep with bamboo, touch bamboo and eat bamboo. Then he has the right to paint it. In a way, the work I did with these teachers was important to my becoming an actor. They had me eat bamboo.

PLAYBOY: Is that a painful process?

KEITEL: It's not painful. It's bliss, it's enchanting. If there is pain, then that's the experience the actor has going through hell on his way to being enlightened.

PLAYBOY: Still, there are certain performances—yours in *Bad Lieutenant* or De Niro's in *Raging Bull*—that appear to take an actor through hellish depths that many prefer to avoid.

KEITEL: Technique is technique. Every actor should do the research that certain actors are famous for, where everyone says, "Oh, wow, so-and-so actually slept in a hole in the ground." Well, you're supposed to do that.

PLAYBOY: Are you able to distance yourself from the characters you play?

KEITEL: You're always thinking about the character, but you don't become him—otherwise you'd be a psychopath. If I were playing the pimp in *Taxi Driver* during this interview, I'd probably be thinking about that and seeing what I could find here with you that I could use. How would I behave if I weren't speaking as Harvey but as the pimp?

PLAYBOY: To play that pimp, you actually worked with one. How did you get to meet him?

KEITEL: Somebody introduced us. We did a series of improvisations in which I would play the prostitute and he'd treat me a certain way. Then we'd switch and he'd play the girl. He taught me about how the girls were treated. He said, "This isn't the old school where you beat up on the girls. You love them." It took me a long time to understand what he meant. I kept asking him, "You mean you really love them?" He said, "Yes, you love them." He said, "If you say you're going to take a girl to dinner, you take her. She wants to go on a vacation, you take her." The scene in which I dance with Jodie arose from what he had taught me.

PLAYBOY: Critic David Thomson called that dance "the creepiest scene in a disturbing movie, and it was Keitel's first monster."

KEITEL: I can understand why he said that. Here's a man who is doing the job of a pimp and a girl who is working as a prostitute. It's monstrous, it's horrible. But that wasn't my approach to it. My approach was as a working man. Often, pimps are brilliant people caught up in life's misfortunes. It's like this whole debate going on about the welfare system: Is it the fault of the poor or of their circumstances? I believe a great deal of it

has to do with their circumstances, not just because they are irresponsible.

PLAYBOY: Could you tell then what kind of career was ahead for Jodie?

KEITEL: Yes, because of something that happened that I'll always remember. I was on the set with Jodie and her mother, Brandy. I didn't know Brandy well, but she was always pleasant. She began to give me a lecture about Hollywood. I politely listened and kept quiet. She was going on and on, and at one point this little 12-year-old girl jumped in and said, "Mom, he knows." There was something in her tone, in the way she said it.

PLAYBOY: Your part was small, but it was memorable.

KEITEL: I worked only a week on *Taxi Driver*. I was doing *Death of a Salesman* on Broadway and worked nights on the film after the play.

PLAYBOY: George C. Scott had the title role in that play. How did you get along with him?

KEITEL: I'm not going to discuss *Death of a Salesman*.

PLAYBOY: Why?

KEITEL: It was another stage in my evolution as an actor. I didn't handle myself very well. It was painful. I was lost.

PLAYBOY: George C. Scott can be pretty intimidating.

KEITEL: I don't think I'm going to discuss Scott. We had our time together and that was that. I was not intimidated. It just wasn't a good time for me. I was running adrift. I had nothing to hang on to and I was uncertain about my technique. It took me a while to understand that it wasn't that I didn't know what I was doing. I knew as much as I would ever know. I needed to work on where I was from—the streets of Brooklyn. I needed to know that. It was my steps on the streets of where I grew up that I needed to walk again in order to own myself.

PLAYBOY: In 1978 you appeared nude in *Fingers*. Was that uncomfortable?

KEITEL: There was a scene in which my character did certain things. This is hard for many actors to do.

PLAYBOY: But at least it draws attention.

KEITEL: I couldn't give one damn about that. That's not the focus or where my attention goes.

PLAYBOY: Attention, though, was certainly paid when you appeared in the buff in both *Bad Lieutenant* and *The Piano*.

KEITEL: I've never done a nude scene.

PLAYBOY: You could have fooled us.

KEITEL: An actor tells a story the way his conscience dictates is best to tell it. Actors do not do nude scenes. They play events in the story. Whether they're dressed or undressed is up to their conscience and their artistic sense. I want to be clear about this point. Is it clear that I'm not actually doing nude scenes?

PLAYBOY: What you're saying is that you're not doing them, your character is. Sounds as if you're splitting hairs.

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KEITEL: I'm not.
PLAYBOY: What is your opinion of Jane Campion's *The Piano*?
KEITEL: Masterpiece.
PLAYBOY: Your best film?
KEITEL: One of the best. I see her as a goddess.
PLAYBOY: And what about Tarantino?
KEITEL: Quentin's an enormous power from which we can expect a great deal. I've been very lucky—I met Martin Scorsese when he began and Quentin Tarantino when he began.
PLAYBOY: You were actually instrumental in getting him started when you agreed to co-produce and star in *Reservoir Dogs*. Was anyone else being considered to direct that?
KEITEL: At one time somebody was, yes. But I didn't want to do it without Quentin directing. As a first-time director he did an astonishing job, though I thought he could have gone further. Everyone can go further. And Quentin did with *Pulp Fiction*, which was an extraordinary piece of writing and direction.
PLAYBOY: How could *Reservoir Dogs* have gone further?
KEITEL: Perhaps there was some way to make the universal quest more obvious to an audience.
PLAYBOY: You may have a point—most people saw it as a violent movie, not one of some Arthurian quest.
KEITEL: I never saw it as a violent film.
PLAYBOY: You don't see nudity and violence in your films that are noted for their nudity and violence. Are we operating in parallel universes here?
KEITEL: It's a question of semantics. Yes, there is violence in *Reservoir Dogs*, but I see it as a story in which violence takes place. I see it more as a story about a man who is in need of nourishing a younger man, of being a father figure, of being an example. It's a quest we're all on.
PLAYBOY: Would you say that the corrupt cop you played in *Bad Lieutenant* is also Everyman?
KEITEL: I might have to let that work speak for itself.
PLAYBOY: Would you agree, though, that it was your out-on-a-limb rawness that people went to see?
KEITEL: I don't feel I can talk about myself that way. He was a man who was in his own creation of hell, who wanted something more than being human, and maybe there was more to be had.
PLAYBOY: We have to ask this, Harvey: In that scene where your character pulls over the two girls and gets them to simulate a blow job and show an ass while he whacks off—did you improvise?
KEITEL: The idea was all there. It was written.
PLAYBOY: One critic observed that you appear to draw the line nowhere. How do you see the film?
KEITEL: I see it as a religious film. In any

religion it is said that to find the light one must descend very deeply into the darkness.

PLAYBOY: It got pretty dark, particularly when you had your own daughter, Stella, appear in a scene where you are zonked out on a couch. She was just six then. Were you concerned that you would scare her with your depiction of depravation?

KEITEL: It was my decision. I explained the scene to her. I told her that this man wasn't a very responsible father and that he should be paying more attention to his child. He should be looking at the pictures she draws instead of being drunk and drugged.

PLAYBOY: Were you disappointed that the film you did with Madonna, *Dangerous Game*, disappeared quickly?

KEITEL: I can't say that I'm shocked it disappeared. There were brilliant things in that film, but the central story was lacking. It needed some work, which we failed to do.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Madonna's fame wound up hurting the picture?

KEITEL: I don't think so, because truth is more powerful than any celebrity or star. I thought she was excellent. She's committed to her work.

PLAYBOY: Some of the sex scenes in *Dangerous Game* are quite brutal. How close is sex to violence?

KEITEL: A stone's throw away.

PLAYBOY: Would you say that *Game* is about despair?

KEITEL: The truthful answer is yes. It's a story about the complete failure to cope with life's problems. The problems are dealt with in destructive ways.

PLAYBOY: You often sound like someone who has spent time talking with shrinks.

KEITEL: I've been through analysis, and it has played an important and weighty role. The education I received in analysis is relevant to my existence and my evolution. In one of his books, Joseph Campbell compares the role of psychiatrists today to that of mythological guides. I agree with that analogy.

PLAYBOY: In your quest for understanding and becoming, have you ever dropped acid?

KEITEL: There have been a lot of things I wanted to do. Acid wasn't one of them.

PLAYBOY: Ever injected anything?

KEITEL: No.

PLAYBOY: What stopped you?

KEITEL: Fear of dying. There have been times in my life I thought the pain would never stop, and I wanted to die. I learned that that changes. And from that I gained the ability to face any fear.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever contemplated suicide?

KEITEL: Yes, but I'm not going to do it.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever had any drug or alcohol problems that you had to get through?

KEITEL: I've had many problems in my life that I've had to get through, beginning with being a little boy.

PLAYBOY: Did you grow up feeling that Brooklyn was the center of the universe?

KEITEL: I grew up in Brighton Beach and went to school in Coney Island. I like the streets, I need the streets, I need the hubbub. Brooklyn is a culture unto itself—Italian immigrants, Jewish immigrants, the music, the dances. It was an incredibly colorful place to grow up.

PLAYBOY: Were you close with your mother and father?

KEITEL: I'm not sure I'm willing to discuss this.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

KEITEL: I'm a little concerned that if I share this, I'll do harm to some part of myself.

PLAYBOY: Are your parents alive?

KEITEL: My father is.

PLAYBOY: Did you have a happy family?

KEITEL: You know something, I'd like to go back to that last question and say: I don't want to answer that.

PLAYBOY: Instead of?

KEITEL: Instead of "My father is alive."

PLAYBOY: This is just about family, Harvey.

KEITEL: There are some things I could damage myself with if I were to talk about them.

PLAYBOY: Whom were you closer to, your mother or your father?

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KEITEL: Maybe another time I will talk about these things. I have to think about this. It sort of reminds me of the Indians who object to having their pictures taken. They feel something's being taken away.

PLAYBOY: Can you talk about your grandparents?

KEITEL: I didn't know them. I do remember my grandfather sitting at the kitchen table in Brooklyn, making me read from my Hebrew book. My brother, who is five years older, stuck his head in the kitchen and said: "*Aleph baiz*, gimme a raise, *ches*, *tes*, kiss *mein ess*." Then he ran out, with my grandfather hollering at him. I couldn't believe my brother had done that. I was scared to death.

PLAYBOY: You were studying Hebrew in preparation for your bar mitzvah?

KEITEL: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: Did you come from a religious home?

KEITEL: Traditional Jewish family. It was a kosher house for the most part. When I was in the Marines, guys used to fight to sit next to me in boot camp because when they served meat I wouldn't drink the milk. I'd give it away instead.

PLAYBOY: You once spat on a mezuzah, which contains a fragment from the Torah and which many Jews keep on their door. Do you remember why?

KEITEL: I wasn't ashamed of being a Jew. I had just lost faith. There was so much misery and so much deprivation. I didn't understand how God fit into that. I thought God was responsible. I didn't know then that people are responsible, because we are gods. Back then someone said to me, "It's people like you who are the true believers." I spat on the mezuzah again. That person was right, though. It's been a long journey, but I've come back.

PLAYBOY: Were you a tough kid?

KEITEL: You had to be tough, otherwise you were considered a fag, a sissy. We used to have rock fights with black people. I recall them coming to our park to beat up some white kids. This black kid, he was cool, said to me, "Harvey, get out of here because they're coming." I told him I couldn't do that. I had some black friends, and we'd kid one another. The divisiveness and the rock fights always seemed absurd to us. I threw rocks at them and they threw rocks at me.

PLAYBOY: Any permanent damage?

KEITEL: This scar [*pointing to head*]. But I can't recall whether that was from a rock fight with black kids or white kids, because we also threw rocks at one another. But I was not a *real* tough guy.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you a member of a gang called the Brighton Beach Sinners?

KEITEL: They were a group of friends of mine. The name was created by the press after a serious incident of vandalism at a neighborhood school. We didn't consider ourselves great sinners.

PLAYBOY: Did you stay out of fistfights?

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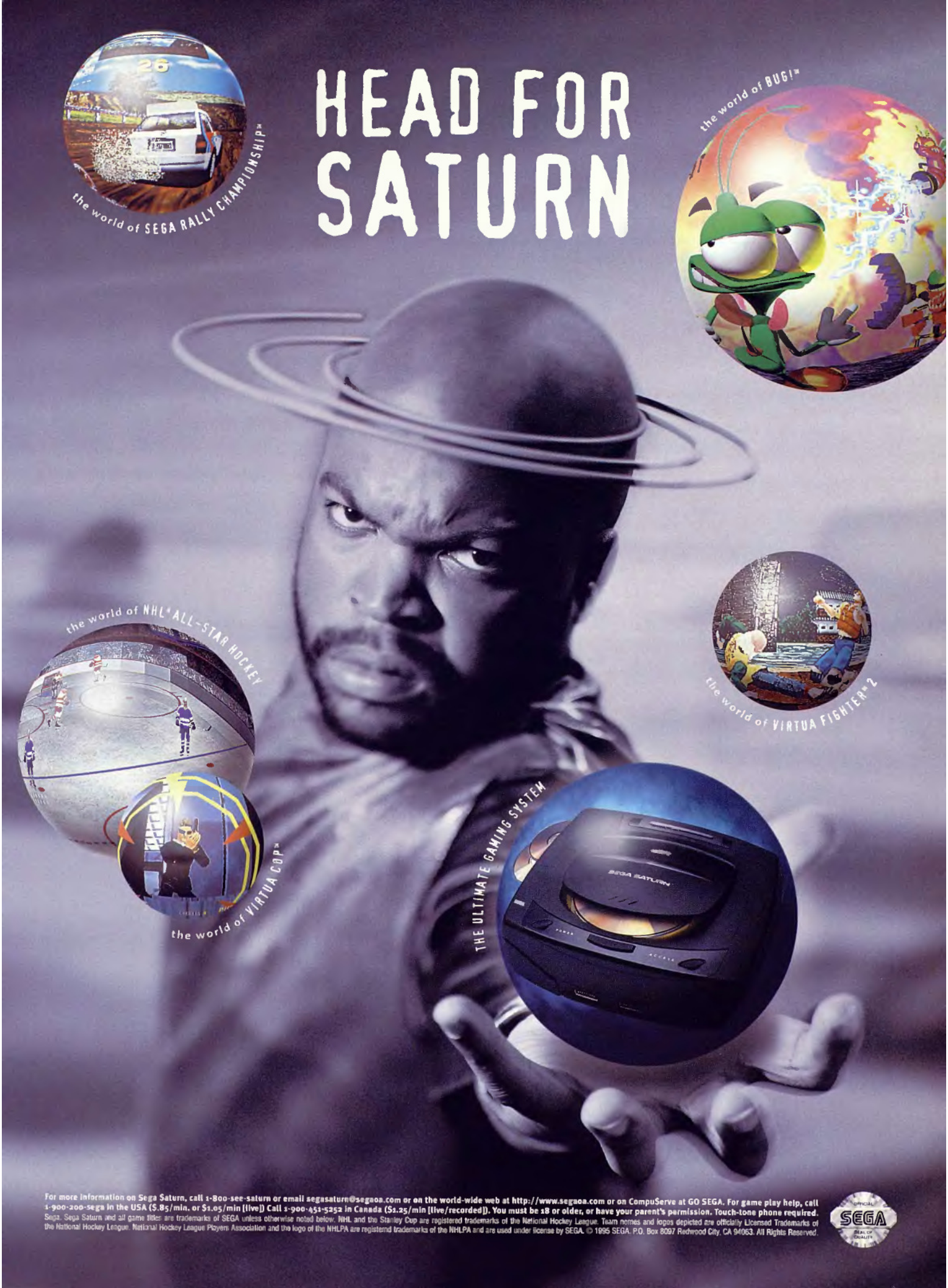
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SEGA

KEITEL: The Moose and Pittsburgh—Howie and Carl—and I hung out together. We weren't tough the way the others were. We weren't hitters, that wasn't our cup of tea. Although one time an older guy tried to beat up Howie. That was a mistake. Only that kind of situation would provoke me to defend a friend. He deserved the stomping he got, in my humble opinion.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any nicknames?

KEITEL: We had seen a film about a tough guy named Chino. I liked him so I tried to get my friends to call me Chino. They said, "Get the fuck out of here."

PLAYBOY: What actors did you relate to?

KEITEL: I related to James Dean because he was in situations that we were in.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

KEITEL: My comrades and I didn't know about being nourished, and we didn't have the courage to love somebody. That wasn't something we pursued. We weren't brought up to nourish one another's thoughts, to discuss our deep conflicts.

PLAYBOY: Is that what caused you to stutter as a boy?

KEITEL: I still stutter. It started when I was about six or seven. In the Gnostic gospels it says that if you reveal what's inside you, what's inside you will save you. If you don't, it will destroy you. I think that's basically where the stuttering emanated from.

PLAYBOY: From not revealing?

KEITEL: From not revealing.

PLAYBOY: Were you teased because you stuttered?

KEITEL: Yes. It was very painful because I was shy to begin with.

PLAYBOY: Stuttering was also a problem for James Earl Jones, who said he avoided emotional confrontations.

KEITEL: Because confrontation means asserting yourself. Stuttering is an attempt to stop the assertion of the self.

PLAYBOY: How frustrating did it get?

KEITEL: I can't think of anything more frustrating or more detrimental to evolving than not allowing yourself whatever thought comes to mind.

PLAYBOY: You mean you wouldn't allow yourself to think certain things?

KEITEL: That's right. That's where stuttering begins. You learn it's wrong to have a certain thought, so if you have that thought, you say, "I'm bad. I must get rid of the thought." But how do you get rid of a thought?

PLAYBOY: Were these thoughts of a sexual nature?

KEITEL: They weren't only of a sexual nature. They had to do with whatever needs a child might have.

PLAYBOY: In other words, you were taught guilt at an early age?

KEITEL: Guilt can be insidious, which helps to repress thoughts. You pick it up quickly—in your home, in the neighborhood. Once children are taught guilt, they will stutter in one way or another. Guilt is a device. We shouldn't repress anything. We should own our thoughts.

PLAYBOY: What about thoughts that lead to action?

KEITEL: We must own our actions too. But while we are not responsible for our thoughts, we do have a responsibility for our actions.

PLAYBOY: What about our feelings?

KEITEL: If you're ashamed of one feeling, you're going to be ashamed of all your feelings. That's the basis for neurosis. Unfortunately, as a youngster I learned that certain feelings and thoughts were bad. So, what do you do as a child? You choke yourself.

PLAYBOY: And choking led to stuttering, which led to your inhibitions?

KEITEL: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Which led to analysis, where you realized that your sensitivity was OK and was actually something to be cultivated?

KEITEL: Yes. I'm glad you said "to be cultivated." As being nourished, as nourishing the soul.

PLAYBOY: And did this eventually cause you to be satisfied with yourself?

KEITEL: Yes, though self-satisfaction was unknown to me as a young man. That came late in my life. The pain of my journey led me to satisfaction. Avoiding the pain led to strangulation, to

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self-loathing. By descending into the pain I learned satisfaction.

PLAYBOY: You're now dealing with pain in a custody battle with Lorraine Bracco over your daughter Stella. Lorraine is married to Edward James Olmos, who in 1992 was accused of molesting a 14-year-old girl. The case never went to court, so it remains only an accusation, but the press has covered it, and the name-calling has gotten pretty nasty. Obviously, it's not an easy subject to talk about, but would you be willing to say what you can about what's going on?

KEITEL: I will not stifle you in your work, so go ahead and ask what you need to.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe that your daughter lives with a possible child molester?

KEITEL: He has been accused of that, but he denies it.

PLAYBOY: In the July 25, 1994 issue of *New York* magazine, Olmos is quoted as having called you "vicious and disturbed" and "out of control. He doesn't want Stella. He's using the whole situation to hurt Lorraine and myself."

KEITEL: He knows that statement is a lie. There is evidence in court that he paid $150,000 to the alleged victim's family, and of a secret agreement that he entered into with the parents of this child who made the allegation of molestation.

PLAYBOY: Are you trying to get full custody of your daughter?

KEITEL: We are involved in a custody suit now, yes.

PLAYBOY: Did you sign over custody to Lorraine when you split up?

KEITEL: Yes. My suit for custody was not brought until I found out about the money Olmos paid.

PLAYBOY: What did you do after you found out about it?

KEITEL: First I called the parents of the child. They wouldn't speak to me. I was stunned because I knew these people. Then I called Lorraine. She wouldn't speak to me.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever talk with the girl who made the accusation against him?

KEITEL: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Olmos claims he was trying to protect his teenage son, who broke this girl's heart.

KEITEL: His son was never accused of anything.

PLAYBOY: Did you question your daughter about any suspicions you had concerning Olmos?

KEITEL: I'm not going to go into that, except to say that I ensured the safety of my daughter as best I could, given that I do not have custody.

PLAYBOY: How did you do that?

KEITEL: As of this moment, there is a court order that prohibits him from being alone with my daughter without adult supervision. That order originally went into effect on October 20, 1993, and was modified slightly after the 14-year-old's testimony in January 1994

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concerning the custody aspect of the case. Since that date Olmos and his son Bodie have given testimony and the court order remains in place.

PLAYBOY: In that *New York* article Lorraine says that you are "motivated by jealousy and hate." And in an August 8 letter to *New York* she wrote: "Keitel is both a destructive and a self-destructive person. His jealousy and hatred at my happiness in my new marriage have reached a new low."

KEITEL: I'm not going to comment on my daughter's mother.

PLAYBOY: After Michael Jackson's reported big payoff to the family of the child who accused him of something similar, does it seem to you that there are inequities in the justice system?

KEITEL: It's a subject that needs exposure. This is an issue that all parents should be discussing, to protect their children. It's a very difficult area. That's why Linda Fairstein of the Manhattan district attorney's office formed a sex crimes division. She was the first in the country, I believe, to give children a place to come and discuss their abuse. Children need our protection.

PLAYBOY: Have you talked with her?

KEITEL: She was the one person who was good enough to give me information. She told me about the allegation of molestation and Olmos' money settlement. I didn't know about those things for about a year. And that's when my lawyers got involved.

PLAYBOY: Did you confront Olmos about any of this?

KEITEL: He wouldn't talk to me.

PLAYBOY: But you tried?

KEITEL: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Was he afraid to talk to you?

KEITEL: That doesn't matter. The time for him to talk to me was before he paid the money and entered into this secret agreement to hide these allegations from me.

PLAYBOY: Before this problem arose, you said in *Interview* magazine, "I am dying to see my child navigate the waters between the womb and death on her own terms, without her mother and me burdening her with our sins." Do you think that's still possible?

KEITEL: No.

PLAYBOY: Do you see it as sad?

KEITEL: Very.

PLAYBOY: Is she aware of what's going on?

KEITEL: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Will she be in the position of having to choose between parents?

KEITEL: I have an obligation to protect my daughter, and I'm going to live up to that.

PLAYBOY: Your own childhood was problematic. You went to Abraham Lincoln High School and then changed to Alexander Hamilton, which was a vocational school. What vocation were you studying?

KEITEL: It was called escaping. I had trouble in high school. I was disoriented, and I didn't know who I was. I changed schools seeking another road. This turned out to be the beginning of my journey to adulthood. I tried to return to my old high school, Lincoln, but they wouldn't allow me back in. I was 17 and the irresponsible idiot of a dean said I was too old. Then I began to be truant at the vocational school and they threw me out. I just lost the desire to do anything.

PLAYBOY: And then you joined the Marines.

KEITEL: That was the first time I had a real sense of pride about myself, a sense of belonging to a group that's special. To this day I'm proud of being a Marine.

PLAYBOY: In *Dangerous Game* your character talks about joining the Marines because he wants to vent his rage and kill somebody.

KEITEL: That's one of the reasons I joined the Marines.

PLAYBOY: Was that scene improvised?

KEITEL: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel that you wanted to kill when you became a Marine?

KEITEL: Yes. Throughout my life I've had thoughts of killing. I defy anyone to say that they have not thought about killing someone. The exploration of these primordial feelings is what the entire journey is about.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever experienced enormous rage and had to stop yourself from doing serious harm?

KEITEL: Yes.

PLAYBOY: How many times?

KEITEL: Including you? [*Laughs*] I've always been able to control myself. It's normal to have those feelings. What you're not allowed to do is to act on them and harm someone. There are boundaries.

PLAYBOY: Was the Marines a game for you?

KEITEL: When my friends and I joined, it was to play some war. What do 17-year-olds know about war? Nothing. About starving and dying children? Nothing. But we knew about the quality of being a Marine because we had heard and read about it.

PLAYBOY: When were you shipped to Lebanon?

KEITEL: Two years later. Jews weren't normally allowed to be sent to the Middle East then, but it was an emergency situation—the threat that some Arab states were going to invade Lebanon—so they didn't separate me from my unit.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever encounter racism in the Marines?

KEITEL: I was called a kike once by a sergeant when we were alone. I called him a guinea. He said, "Don't call me that." I said, "Don't you call me a kike." He never said it again and we were OK.

PLAYBOY: How good a shot were you at that time?

KEITEL: Sharpshooter.

PLAYBOY: So besides learning to shoot and venting your rage, what else did you get out of the Marines?

KEITEL: I read a book for the first time. It was on Greek mythology. I wasn't exposed to literature as a young boy. I went into the Marine Corps and hadn't read a book in my life. I was such a Jew!

PLAYBOY: What about girls—were you a virgin when you went into the Marines?

KEITEL: Yes.

PLAYBOY: And when you got out?

KEITEL: No.

PLAYBOY: What else surprised you about your time in Beirut?

KEITEL: I saw for the first time men walking down the street arm in arm. I couldn't believe that. I had never seen anything like it. So when I got back to Brooklyn and a friend and I were walking down the street, I put my arm in his. He said, "What are you doing?" I said, "They do this in Beirut."

PLAYBOY: And he said?

KEITEL: "Get the fuck out of here."

PLAYBOY: When you returned to civilian life you got a job selling shoes on 34th Street in Manhattan. How long did that job last?

KEITEL: A good year.

PLAYBOY: Did it heighten your awareness of feet?

KEITEL: No, but I am enjoying your questions.

PLAYBOY: What did you learn about the quality of shoes?

KEITEL: That you get what you pay for.

PLAYBOY: After that job you became a court stenographer. Was that easy to learn?

KEITEL: To learn it is easy, to get your speed up is difficult.

PLAYBOY: How good were you?

KEITEL: I was good.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever make mistakes?

KEITEL: Before I answer that, let me call my lawyer to see if I'm still liable. Yes, I made mistakes.

PLAYBOY: What kind of cases did you usually record?

KEITEL: Traffic violations, drunk driving, narcotics, prostitution. The saddest thing was when I ran into a buddy of mine in the narcotics division. We had served in the Marines together. We just looked at each other and he smiled and shook his head as if to say, "Wow, this is what you're doing." Then they took him to the holding pen.

PLAYBOY: Court stenography must be a lonely job.

KEITEL: It's solitary. You're silent all day.

PLAYBOY: And you did this for how many years?

KEITEL: Eight.

PLAYBOY: Did it ever make you yearn for the Marines?

KEITEL: I actually went to reenlist because I was very unhappy. I had not found my way on the path yet. But at the last minute something stopped me.

PLAYBOY: Memory?

KEITEL: You're not far from the truth. I

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worried more about getting stuck back on the base going through that banal, boring routine every day.

PLAYBOY: Instead you became an actor.

KEITEL: I began to get a sense that courage was something other than what I thought it was. I saw people such as Dean, Brando and John Cassavetes as being heroic. They began to take the place of these warriorlike gods who had been my heroes. I began to want to be less of a war hero and more of what those men were. They gave me courage, they gave me hope.

PLAYBOY: Seeing adult men expressing sensitivity and vulnerability?

KEITEL: Yes, yes. That's what I mean: the courage to express their feelings, their emotions, their thoughts. That was stunning. Frightening. It took more courage than I ever imagined, much more courage than picking up a gun.

PLAYBOY: And then in the mid-Sixties you answered an ad for a student film and met a young director named Martin Scorsese.

KEITEL: I was still a court stenographer, but I used to follow the trade papers in New York—*Show Business* and *Backstage*—looking for auditions. And I went down to NYU and auditioned for Marty. It took three auditions before I got the part in *Who's That Knocking at My Door?* We did it on weekends the entire winter because nobody got paid, no one had money.

PLAYBOY: Did you sense a kinship with Scorsese?

KEITEL: Right away. I was asking myself the same questions he was: What is courage? What is fear?

PLAYBOY: What were your fears?

KEITEL: The ultimate fear is of being adrift, abandoned, and not being able to cope with it. One's ability to cope with these darker elements will determine the heights one will reach. Perhaps that's why my answers are not so clear or so straight down the line—because the line is not straight.

PLAYBOY: Five years after that first film, Scorsese directed you and Robert De Niro in *Mean Streets*. He said the movie was his attempt at making a story of a modern saint in his own society, which happened to be full of gangsters. Is that how you saw it?

KEITEL: No. I understand his perspective and it makes sense. Marty understood that sainthood isn't like the movies. He was out to make a real story about a real saint, one who had fears, obstacles, doubts, who knew pain.

PLAYBOY: And he wrote that character, Charlie, for you as his alter ego?

KEITEL: That's what he says.

PLAYBOY: Didn't De Niro want that part, instead of playing Johnny Boy?

KEITEL: Yeah. So I said, "Fine, I'd like to play Johnny Boy." Marty wouldn't let us switch.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember what you thought the first time you met De Niro?

KEITEL: We looked at each other and we just laughed. That was it, we just kept laughing. Looking back, I see that we recognized each other. I knew he was a great actor.

PLAYBOY: After that film both Scorsese and De Niro went on to become stars, but you didn't. Ever reflect on that?

KEITEL: It took me a long while to get to know myself, to understand who I was, a process I'm still engaged in. I had doubts, which always take the same form: "I can't do it. I don't know how to do it." I couldn't get the inside outside, and it used to kill me. I felt I was not living to my capacity as a human being. Forget the actor. That's why I became an actor, to try to scribble those images on the cave wall, to express who I am. We all have an inherent need to do that.

PLAYBOY: Yet after *Mean Streets*——

KEITEL: I didn't work after that for a long time. Marty gave me my next job, in *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore*.

PLAYBOY: Is it true you were scared of the guy you played in that film?

KEITEL: I remember a sense of repugnance about what I saw. He was a repugnant character.

PLAYBOY: Is it hard to play a distasteful character?

KEITEL: No, but you have to search to find him in yourself. I was in denial of that.

PLAYBOY: Critic Pauline Kael said your character was "macho sleaze incarnate. When he turns violent, it says as much as any scene on film about the abject terror that women can have of men."

KEITEL: Well, my girlfriend certainly responded that way at the time. She wouldn't talk to me. Truthfully.

PLAYBOY: Did you consider that to be a compliment?

KEITEL: No, not at all. I didn't understand it. But she understood it in the sense that Kael spoke of.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Robert Altman, who directed you in *Buffalo Bill and the Indians*?

KEITEL: Bob Altman is one of the great human beings on this planet, one of the true mavericks. A lot of people like to claim that title, but he is a maverick and I can't think of anyone else like him.

PLAYBOY: You probably can't say the same about Francis Coppola, who hired you for and then fired you from *Apocalypse Now*.

KEITEL: Obviously, your favorite from your smirk.

PLAYBOY: And just as obviously not one of yours.

KEITEL: That's one of those areas I don't know if I'm willing to get into because it was really a matter of a director and an actor not getting along.

PLAYBOY: What caused the problems?

KEITEL: That's between Francis and me. I insisted on auditioning for the part, by the way. It was awkward, but I wanted Francis to know what he was getting. It was a matter of a young actor who was an ex-Marine out of Brooklyn meeting up with a talented director who was out of UCLA and some fraternity. I don't think we communicated well. We clashed. Scorsese was a young man from the streets of lower Manhattan. Much different. It's cultural.

PLAYBOY: How long did you work on the film before he replaced you with Martin Sheen?

KEITEL: I did about two weeks of shooting in the Philippines. Had I known then what I know now, I would have kept my mouth shut longer and had them shoot so much they couldn't fire me.

PLAYBOY: What exactly went down between you?

KEITEL: I couldn't sell myself out to anybody. Not for money or for the opportunity to be successful. I was trembling, but I knew I had done the right thing when I stood my ground.

PLAYBOY: What ground were you standing on?

KEITEL: I couldn't sign the contract that would hold me to him for seven years.

PLAYBOY: And you didn't sign it?

KEITEL: Well, I'm not in the movie, am I? It was a hell of a moment for me, I'll tell you that. One doesn't give up *Apocalypse Now* so easily, believe me. It was hard. But my freedom was worth more than becoming an international name.

PLAYBOY: No wonder you once said that you pay a price for not being in successful movies.

KEITEL: [*Laughs*] I don't have to expound on that, do I? The price you pay is less work. You get fewer offers.

PLAYBOY: Did it stigmatize you to have been fired by Coppola?

KEITEL: It didn't help. Also, I wasn't spoken about very nicely in Hollywood. You know the way it goes. But that was a long time ago, and if we were both still bitter about it, we'd be two sorrowful, aging men. I'm not sorrowful, and neither is he.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of *Apocalypse Now*?

KEITEL: It's very good. There are some great scenes in it.

PLAYBOY: There were also some great scenes in Scorsese's *Last Temptation of Christ*, where you played the role of Judas. But the movie seemed to have been doomed to controversy.

KEITEL: Yes. That was a project I was very proud to be a part of. I can't tell you how many conversations and arguments I've had around the world regarding that film. I was aware of being involved in a phenomenal piece of work. I thought we were going to change the world. And we did in some ways.

PLAYBOY: In what ways?

KEITEL: In the way religious people viewed the relationship between Judas and Jesus. There's more to the story of what made him betray Jesus than what I

(continued on page 149)

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ARTICLE BY BOB DRURY

MIDNIGHT. THE BRONX. A scrum of Hispanic teenagers sneers as the Five Two Squad's "shit box"—a dented and grimy 1987 Gran Fury with no working siren—rolls to a stop in front of a five-story tenement on University Avenue. The Man is as welcome here as a hooker in the Vatican. This is their turf. "Latin Kings turf," homicide detective Mike Palladino explains in a stage whisper. As we exit the unmarked car, the small knot languidly unties, its members defiantly pimp-rolling away from the building.

It was five years ago, at the other end of Palladino's precinct, that Ronald Melendez bled to death on a filthy sidewalk after a drive-by shooter severed the main artery in his groin with automatic-weapons fire. The killer's intended victim wasn't even on the scene. Unlike the junkies and crackpots gathered tonight on University Avenue, grinning vacantly at the well-dressed homicide cop, Melendez had a future. His Catholic high school graduation photo depicts a handsome kid with a soft, upturned mouth and a faraway gaze. Melendez was applying to colleges, planning a career in the music industry. But, as Palladino puts it, "Wrong place, wrong night. Friggin' senseless death."

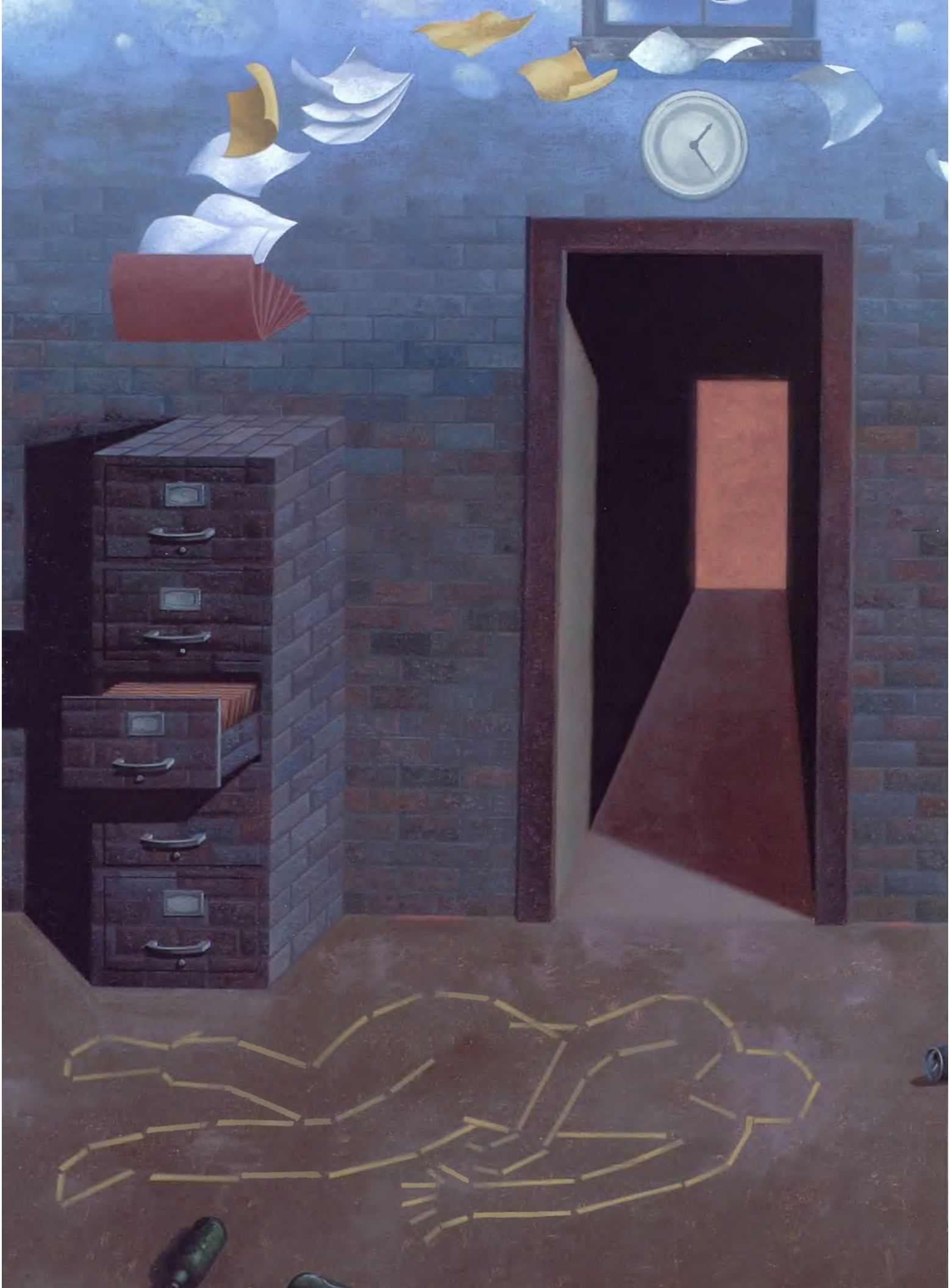
Ronald Melendez is the reason Mike Palladino—the 52nd Precinct's one-man Cold Case Squad—climbs the staircase of this tenement tonight. He wants to interview the estranged wife of the man who, he believes, killed the kid with the future.

"I want this guy so bad, at the very least for Ronald's mom. . . ." It is at moments such as these that Palladino appears much older than his 37 years, when his 16 years on the job seem like several lifetimes. Whenever he speaks of the plaints of the living, his narrow, intense face contorts into a mask of cracks and fissures. Dealing with the living, the survivors, he tells me, "is the very worst part of a detective's work." This

the big city is filled with bad guys who think they've gotten away with murder, but there's one relentless new york cop who never gives up

stone-cold cases

PAINTING BY WILSON MCLEAN



sentiment is understandable, for I, too, have spoken with Ronald Melendez' mom. Her voice cracking, Sonia Nieves describes her existence since her son's murder as "horrible, depressing. I have no life." From her home in New Jersey, where she moved after Ronald was murdered, she paints a heartbreaking picture. Her 11-year-old daughter is in therapy, "freaking out" at loud noises, still too frightened to go to the movies. Every day since Ronald's murder she has prayed that this burden will somehow lift. "But it never does. How much can I take? Nothing in the world will bring back my son. I have to have faith that they'll catch the person who did this and put him away, just so he can feel a little bit of the pain he's brought to my family."

•

Back in the Bronx, Palladino spits out his words as we climb the stairs. "Somebody's going to pay for Ronald Melendez' life. I know who the shooter was. I know who the driver was. I just know it."

He cracks a sheepish half-smile, the tough guy embarrassed by this show of emotion. "Unfortunately, I still have to prove it."

Just days ago, after following the trail for years, after slamming into hundreds of dead-end leads and squeezing informants and never letting himself forget the anguish in Sonia Nieves' voice, Palladino was informed by one of his street squeals that the shooter was back from the Dominican Republic, living somewhere in the city. Breaks are mostly what a homicide detective's job is about. Palladino caught another one when the suspect violated his ex-wife's order of protection and "kicked the shit out of her." The woman phoned Palladino in his squad room. "My husband did somebody," she whimpered. "With his brother-in-law. The Melendez kid. Arrest him. He's an animal." Then she hung up. The last Palladino knew, she was living in apartment 5C, here in the walk-up on University Avenue.

"*Hola*, pretty boys. Can I help you?" The flouncy Dominican matron in the foyer drips cheap jewelry and cheaper perfume. She has applied her mascara with a trowel. More important, she's clearly the unofficial concierge, who will tip off the building that we have arrived.

"No thanks, *mamacita*," answers Palladino, flashing his best altar-boy grin. "We know where we're going. Just need to visit with someone on the third floor."

The stairwell reeks of urine and cat shit. As we climb, Palladino confides, "Never tell 'em where you're really going—only mucks things up." At the fifth-floor landing, the detective stops cold, groans. He peers through the hole in the door of apartment 5C, where, it is apparent, the dead bolt has only recently been removed. The apartment is empty. "Flew the goddamn coop," he mutters. "Jesus!"

He bangs on a neighbor's door. "She gone," a frail, frightened old woman tells us. "Packed up. Yesterday. Don't know where. Nobody knows where."

Palladino is frustrated but not deterred. Ronald Melendez' case file contains the shooter's last known address: an apartment at the corner of 180th and Audubon, from which he pushed crack. That was years ago, of course, but if there is a single maxim to homicide investigation, it is this: Killers can run and hide, but they eventually return to their old haunts.

"Up for a cruise through Harlem?" the homicide detective asks.

•

To Palladino, old death is nothing new. For the past two years, he has been one of the few detectives in New York City whose sole directive is to investigate unsolved murders in his precinct. When Palladino clamps on to an old killing, one of his colleagues tells me, "Mike's like a pit bull on Dexedrine." Prowling the northern Bronx, Palladino has proved as adept as he is tenacious in finding the faceless killers who years ago slipped through the cracks in the criminal justice system. So good, in fact, that as a result of his 18 clearances over that 24-month span, the 52nd Precinct's Detective Squad—once a "detective's dumping ground," according to a high-ranking NYPD official—now rates among the city's elite.

Cold Case Squads are not unique to New York. Several cities—Miami, Washington, D.C. and Boston among them—employ teams of homicide investigators to bring forgotten killers to justice. But Palladino has honed the art of tracking cold trails. His routine consists of canvassing neighborhoods, sitting endlessly on stakeouts, digging spent bullets out of walls, plowing through pages of police reports looking for an overlooked clue and—most important—working his street sources. As he is fond of saying, "The answers to old homicides are in the street."

His sources are myriad: witnesses who hid in closets when bullets flew, dumped or battered wives and lovers finally willing to crack an alibi, convicted felons looking to deal their way out of jail time and the minor "skels" and "mutts" of his precinct—the car thieves, grifters and burglars of the north Bronx with whom he has developed an intimate rapport.

"What are we going to do, wait for some yuppie from Princeton, New Jersey to show up in the Bronx in the middle of the night to witness a homicide?" he asks one evening as he sits in his squad room, flipping through dozens of crime scene photos before starting his shift. Nearby is the box that contains his personal investigations, the 18 stamped CLEARED and another half-dozen still open. Here is the softball player who was killed by a sniper from a moving subway car—"a real miracle shot"—while fielding her position. Here are the two Albanian brothers, each shot in the head three years ago by a car thief who wanted their custom BMW. Here is Ellen Wapnowitz, the student raped and left dead on a rooftop two decades ago. "When you arrest someone for doing something like this," he says, gently holding a crime-scene photograph of the naked and bruised dead woman, "there's so much more satisfaction to it than just doing the job."

For all his diligence, local prosecutors still often subject Palladino's eyewitnesses to brutal examinations. "Give me a break!" he says. "Murders happen at two A.M. Crackpots coming home from doing a burglary see a guy doing a murder. What can I do? Just because a guy has a record doesn't mean he doesn't have eyes."

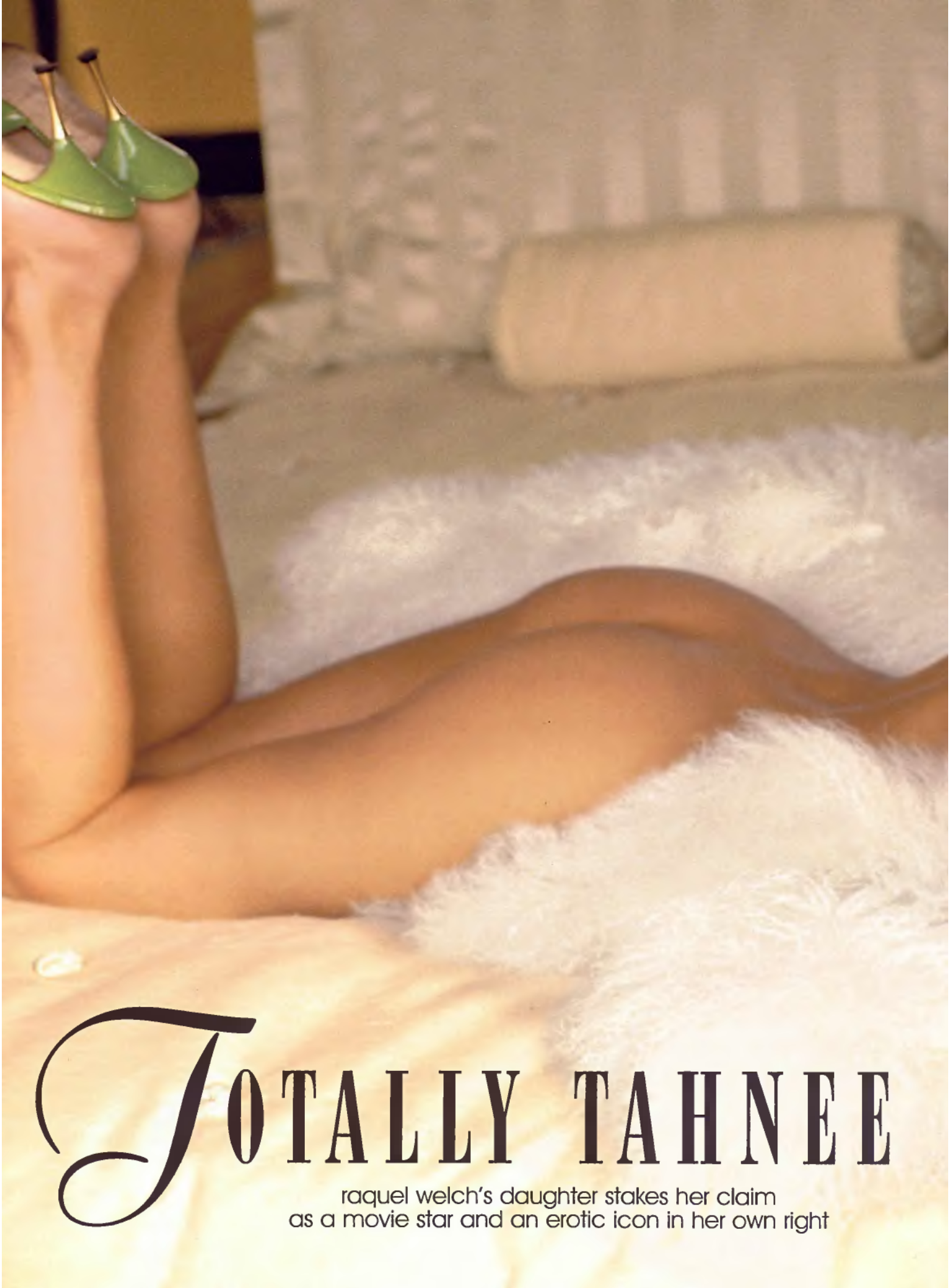
Many of Palladino's evidentiary battles are fought against Risa Sugarman, the veteran chief of the Bronx District Attorney's Homicide Bureau. Nonetheless (and with no prodding), Sugarman describes Palladino as protean, praising his "uncanny ability to change his demeanor with street people, to adopt whatever—I hate to use the word pose—makes them feel more comfortable. Mike has a gift with witnesses. He can charm people. The witness who says, 'Screw you, I ain't talking' to the first detective working the case talks to Mike. He never pisses anybody off."

After stints as a beat cop, in Anticrime (plainclothes) and in the narcotics unit, Palladino earned his detective's gold shield in 1987. The grinding details of homicide investigation—the computer searches for priors, the fingerprint matches, the hunt for elusive murder weapons and, of course, the establishment of a motive—came naturally to this self-confessed college nerd who grew up only blocks from the Five Two station house.

"Mike was always so serious, such a good student. I expected him to become a lawyer or an accountant," his

(continued on page 96)

"Geez, Rocco, not the AK-47. Use the Beretta."



TOTALLY TAHNEE

raquel welch's daughter stakes her claim
as a movie star and an erotic icon in her own right

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
SANTE D'ORAZIO

TEN YEARS AGO, Tahnee Welch fell to earth in the movie *Cocoon*, as an adorable alien from the planet Antarea. In an interplanetary safe-sex scene that wowed film buffs, she turned her love-light on Steve Guttenberg and brought him to out-of-this-world orgasm (with the help of computer graphics, of course). Tahnee had arrived. But after a recurring stint on *Falcon Crest* and the lead in *Cocoon: The Return*, she decided to leave the spotlight. She began shuttling between New York and Rome, where she found a niche in the world of Italian filmmaking. This was a chance to hone her craft with minimal distractions, an ocean away from all the mother–daughter articles and expectations that accompanied her debut

Tahnee's free-spirited approach to her work allows her to indulge in a wide variety of projects. In March she popped up on a Milan runway modeling Maska sportswear. Right and below right, she vogues for the camera of hip fashion photog Sante D'Orazio.

Tahnee has had movie love scenes with Hugh Grant and Steve Guttenberg. Call it an occupational hazard. "Some costars have told me after shooting a love scene that they weren't acting. I was not pleased. I wanted to say, 'Keep it to yourself.'"

in the United States.

If Tahnee left as an unformed ingenue, this pictorial and a new role in the upcoming film *I Shot Andy Warhol* mark her return to the scene as a mature woman. You can see it as she walks through Barolo, an airy restaurant in Soho, speaking better Italian than the waiters and gently chiding the maîtresse d' that she'd like to sit someplace cool, inside, not in the garden. All the while she never loses her smile.

"This will probably be the hottest interview you'll ever do," she says, commenting on the engulfing heat that had settled in New York City. "It would be a hot interview even in winter," I venture. She laughs at my lame compliment. There's a steady playfulness in her expression, an indication that this woman knows what she's about in life.

It wasn't always so. The success of *Cocoon* "scared the bejesus out of me," she recalls. "Rather than milk it, I went the other way. No big old fat career for me. I didn't have the temperament. I wasn't able to take on that burden—but people assumed I could. They considered it odd for me to say, 'No, I don't even want to try to take on this professional responsibility right now. Can I please keep my feet on the ground?' I always wanted to have a well-rounded life. I had a lot of living to do and it wasn't all about being in the loop. I loved films—but for the creativity, not the money."

Like any good storyteller, Tahnee has a variety of accents at her command. When explaining her relaxed, dolce vita approach to life, she suddenly turns Italian: "Two and two, maybe it's five. It's OK," she says with a lusty accent and mad gestures. Later she'll take on the airs of a diva: "I worship no one." Her joking is infectious. "What's your favorite color?" I ask. "Oh," she squeals like an airhead, "I like them all."

Recently she found a natural fit with the role of Viva, the comically strange Factory acolyte, in the Warhol film (due for release in spring). To start the second phase of her American career, she's decided to go for arty and independent films—movies in which she's not always cast as "the girlfriend."

"Viva gave me a chance to do a lot more character work than is possible in most big-budget films," she says.

"There were lots of women and gay men on the set and it was shot in New York, so it had a different vibe. When you know you're working on a good film, the feeling is 'Yippee!' When the film is bad, you die a heavy death on the set every day." Not that her preference for working outside the mainstream always pays off. I tell her that the Hugh Grant scandal has resulted in strong video rentals of *Night Train to Venice*,

Tahnee starred in such Italian-language films as *Desperately Julia* and *Angel With a Pistol* (*Disperatamente Julia* and *La Donne Con le Pistale* as she refers to them, effortlessly rolling her Rs like Roman royalty). The latter film was "very Italian," she says.

a European film she did two years ago with Grant and Malcolm McDowell.

Tahnee now thinks of the movie as *Night Train to Nowhere*. "At least they paid us well," she says with a laugh. "We were never able to make sense of the script, and the director was the equivalent of a parking attendant. People were falling in canals and the Italians and Germans always argued. It was a big disaster. One day Malcolm, who was dressed as a dark, serious figure, was standing on the bow of a gondola hearse. People on the canal banks were making the sign of the cross, so he whirled around and gave them a wildly obscene gesture. Everybody was so surprised they burst out laughing. He was the only one who was a dream to work with—he's a great actor."

For Tahnee, a bad film is hardly the worst thing in the world. In an unthinkable move for most Hollywood kids, she dropped out of private school at the age of 16 and left home.

"I was shy but rebellious," she says. "I couldn't stand putting up a front. When I dropped out, I wanted to say, 'What are you going to do, handcuff me to the desk?' It was exhilarating. I ran off to do whatever I liked, which, at 16, wasn't much. I figured that out after a while. Oops! I don't have a bank account. I don't know how to call for electricity."

"I think men are most interesting when they're intelligent," Tahnee says. "Compassionate men are also very attractive to me. It scares me when some guy is great when he's with me but treats everyone else like garbage."

It was hand to lovely mouth for a while, as she did odd jobs and housecleaning. Then the wild child moved to New York, which reminded her of her early childhood in Europe. "In New York City, I was among the many. I loved the whole thing about being a grain in a sandbank."

Doing the unexpected is one of the reasons she is thrilled to be in PLAYBOY. "The best reason for posing nude is that it's about beauty. I never thought I'd do PLAYBOY. Ever. The idea came up and I just had this stupid grin on my face. There is a certain amount of mischievousness to it that I enjoyed. I know I'm not Miss Sex-Thang, I'm just a plain Jane."

I try to correct her on this last point.

"Thanks," she replies in her amused way. "I always thought of myself as a long-distance runner. I don't have a Filofax or a cellular phone.

"I think everyone has a time and some people come into it early, some late. I think I'm just coming into it, personally and professionally. I'm happy and secure that I'm doing it the right way. I knew as I got older that I would get better—if a bit slowly."

—CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO

KELLER ✦ IN ✦ SHINING ARMOR

WHEN THE phone rang, Keller was just finishing up the *Times* crossword puzzle. It looked as though this was going to be one of those days when he was able to fill in all the squares. That happened more often than not, but once or twice a week he'd come a cropper. A Brazilian tree in four letters would intersect with a down under marsupial in five, and he would be stumped.

He put down his pencil and picked up the phone, and Dot said, "Keller, I haven't seen you in ages."

"I'll be right over," he said and broke the connection. She was right, he thought, she hadn't seen him in ages, and it was about time he paid a visit to White Plains. The old man hadn't given him work in months, and you could get rusty just sitting around with nothing better to do than crossword puzzles.

There was still plenty of money. Keller lived well—a good apartment on First Avenue with a view of the Queensboro Bridge, nice clothes, decent restaurants. But no one had ever taken him for a drunken sailor, and in fact he tended to squirrel away money, stuffing it in safe-deposit boxes, opening savings accounts under other names. If a rainy day came along, he had an umbrella at hand.

Still, just because you had Blue Cross didn't mean you couldn't wait to get sick.

"Good boy," he told Nelson, reaching to scratch the dog behind the ears. "You wait right here. Guard the house, huh?"

He had the door open when the phone rang. Let it ring? No, better answer it.

Dot again. "Keller," she said, "did you hang up on me?"

"I thought you were done."

"Why would you think that? I said hello, not goodbye."

"You didn't say hello. You said you hadn't seen me in ages."

"That's closer to hello than goodbye. Well, let it go. The important thing is I caught you before you left the house."

"Just," he said. "I had one foot out the door."

"I'd have called back right away," she said, "but I had a hell of a time getting quarters. You ask for change of a dollar around here, people look at you like you've got a hidden agenda."

Quarters? What did she need with quarters?

"I'll tell you what," she said. "There's this little Italian place about four blocks from you called Giusèppe Joe's. Don't ask me what street it's on."

"I know where it is."

"They've got tables set up outside under the awning. It's a beautiful spring day. Why don't you take your dog for a walk,

WHEN A LADY BECOMES THE TARGET OF A STALKER, WHAT CAN SHE DO? SHE CAN CALL THE POLICE, BUT THEY CAN'T ACT TILL A CRIME IS COMMITTED. OR SHE CAN CALL KELLER, THE PROFESSIONAL ASSASSIN

PAINTING BY KENT WILLIAMS

swing by Giusèppe Joe's. See if there's anybody there you recognize."

•

"So this is the famous Nelson," Dot said. "He's a handsome devil, isn't he? I think he likes me."

"The only person he doesn't like," Keller said, "is the delivery boy for the Chinese restaurant."

"It's probably the MSG."

"He barks at him, and Nelson almost never barks. The breed is part dingo, and that makes him the silent type."

"Nelson the Wonder Dog. What's the matter, Nelson? Don't you like moo shoo pork?" She gave the dog a pat. "I thought he'd be bigger. An Australian cattle dog, and you think how big sheepdogs are, and cows are bigger than sheep, etc., etc. But he's just the right size."

If he hadn't come looking for her, Keller might not have recognized Dot. He'd never seen her away from the old man's house on Taunton Place, where she'd always lounged around in a Mother Hubbard or a housedress. This afternoon she wore a tailored suit and she'd done something to her hair. She looked like a suburban matron, Keller thought, in town on a shopping spree.

"He thinks I'm shopping for summer clothes," she said, as if reading his mind. "I shouldn't be here at all, Keller."

"Oh?"

"I've been doing things that I shouldn't do," she said. "Idle hands and all that. What about you, Keller? Been a long dry spell. What have your idle hands been up to?"

Keller looked at his hands. "Nothing much," he said.

"How are you fixed for dough?"

"I'll get by."

"You wouldn't mind work, though."

"No, of course not."

"That's why you couldn't wait to hang up on me and hop on a train." She drank some iced tea and wrinkled her nose. "Two bucks a glass for this crap and they make it from a mix. You wonder why I don't come to the city often? It's nice, though, sitting at an outside table like this."

"Pleasant."

"You probably do this all the time. Walk the dog, pick up a newspaper, stop and have a cup of coffee. While away the hours. Right?"

"Sometimes."

"You're patient, Keller, I'll give you that. I take all day to come to the point and you sit there like you've got nothing better to do. But in a way that's the whole point, isn't it? You don't have anything better to do, and neither do I."

"Sometimes there's no work," he said. "If nothing comes in——"

"Things have been coming in."

"Oh?"

"I'm not here, you never saw me and we never had this conversation. Do you understand?"

"Understood."

"I don't know what's the matter with him, Keller. He's going through something, and I don't know what it is. It's like he's lost his taste for it. There have been calls, people with work that would have been right up your alley. He tells them no. He tells them that he hasn't got anybody available at the moment. He tells them to call somebody else."

"Does he say why?"

"Sure, there's always a reason. This one he doesn't want to deal with, that one won't pay enough, the other one, something doesn't sound kosher about it. I know of three jobs he's turned down since the first of the year."

"No kidding."

"And who knows what came in that I don't know about?"

"I wonder what's wrong."

"I figure it'll pass," she said. "But who knows when? So I did something crazy."

"Oh?"

"Don't laugh, all right?"

"I won't."

"You familiar with a magazine called *Mercenary Times*?"

"Like *Soldier of Fortune*," he said.

"Like it, but more homemade and reckless." She drew a copy from her handbag, handed it to him. "Page 47. It's circled, you can't miss it."

It was in the classifieds, under Situations Wanted, circled in red Magic Marker. *Odd Jobs Wanted*, he read. *Removals a specialty. Write to Toxic Waste, P.O. Box 1149, Yonkers, NY.*

He said, "Toxic Waste?"

"That may have been a mistake," she acknowledged. "I thought it sounded good, cold, lethal and up to here with attitude. I got a couple of letters from people with chemicals to dump and swamps to drain, who wanted someone to help them do an end run around the environmentalists. Plus I managed to get myself on some damn mailing list where I get invitations to subscribe to waste management newsletters."

"But that's not all you got."

"It's not, because I also got half a dozen letters from people who knew what kind of removals I had in mind. I was wondering what kind of idiot would answer a blind ad like that, and they were about what you would expect. I burned five of them."

"And the sixth?"

"Was neatly typed," she said, "on printed letterhead, if you please. And written in English, God help us. But here, read it yourself."

"'Cressida Wallace, 411 Fairview Avenue, Muscatine, Iowa 52761. Dear Sir or——'"

"Not out loud, Keller."

Dear Sir or Madam, he read. *I can only hope the removal service you provide is of the sort I require. If so, I am in urgent need of your services. My name is Cressida Wallace and I am a 41-year-old author and illustrator of books for children. I have been divorced for 15 years and have no children.*

While my life was never dramatically exciting, I have always found fulfillment in my work and quiet satisfaction in my personal life. Then, four years ago, a stranger began to transform my life into a living hell.

I will simply state that I have become the innocent target of a stalker. Why this man singled me out is quite unfathomable to me. I am neither a talk show host nor a teenage tennis champion. While presentable, I am by no means a raving beauty. I had never met him, nor had I done anything to arouse his interest or his ill will. Yet he will not leave me alone.

He parks his car across the street and watches my house through binoculars. He follows me when I leave the house. He calls me at all hours. I have long since stopped answering the phone, but this does not stop him from leaving horribly obscene and threatening messages on my answering machine.

I was living in Missouri when this began, in a suburb of St. Louis. I have moved four times, and each time he has managed to find me. I cannot tell you how many times I have changed my telephone number. He always manages to find out my new unlisted number. I don't know how. Perhaps he has a confederate at the telephone company. . . .

He read the letter on through to the end. There had been a perceptible escalation in the harassment, she reported. The stalker had begun telling her he would kill her and had taken to describing the manner in which he intended to do so. He had on several occasions broken into her house in her absence. He had stolen undergarments from the clothes hamper, slashed a painting and used her lipstick to write an obscene message on the wall. He had performed various acts of minor vandalism on her car. After one invasion of her home, she'd bought a dog; a week later she'd returned home to find the dog missing. Not long afterward there was a message on her answering machine. No human speech, just a lot of barking and yipping and whimpering, ending with what she took to be a gunshot.

"Jesus," Keller said.

"The dog, right? I figured that would get to you."

The police inform me there is nothing they

(continued on page 90)

"You can put that away. One size fits all."

COLD SNAP

Fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE

A Giorgio Armani suit and a quilted ski parka may seem like an odd match. But when it comes to dressing smart this winter, opposites definitely attract. Jackets, sweaters and pants for the slopes are being paired with tailored suits and sports jackets, creating a work or weekend look that is both polished and practical. Several top menswear designers, including Armani, Ralph Lauren and Donna Karan, have picked up on the trend, introducing lines of outdoor sportswear made with some of the same fabrics and techniques used to create the best skiwear. Armani, for example, makes a zip-front vest of polar fleece, a material that offers exceptional warmth yet won't bulk up under a suit jacket. Other items that work at work include trimmed-down parkas and drawstring anoraks, retro-style ski sweaters, turtlenecks and even rugged hiking boots.

MIXING SKIWEAR WITH SUITS AND SPORTS JACKETS IS THE HOT NEW LOOK FOR WINTER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHUCK BAKER

Opposite: For a great weekend look, combine a wool tweed single-breasted sports jacket ($320) and a silk tie ($95), both by Boss–Hugo Boss, with combed-wool ski-style pants by Austyn Zung ($230), a cotton shirt by Baldesserini–Hugo Boss ($125), a wool-blanket-plaid pullover by Killy ($168) and leather waterproof mountain-climbing boots by Alpina Sports ($220).

Below: With the layered look, you can shed at will. It includes a cashmere-and-wool double-breasted suit by Donna Karan ($3900) over a turtleneck by Duofold ($26), a polyester polar fleece vest with neoprene piping, by Giorgio Armani Neve ($275), and a reflective-glass-fiber-coated anorak with a zip front and red lining, from Nautica by David Chu (about $950).

Left: This winter-ready ensemble includes a waal faur-buttan single-breasted suit with flat-frant trausers ($650) and a wide leather belt with a silver slide buckle ($86), bath by Hugo–Huga Boss, a cattan zip-neck turtleneck by Killy ($58), a polyester palar fleece zip-neck pullaver with black piping, by Bogner ($228), and leather baats with padded nylon collars and lug sales, by Dolce & Gabbana ($390). The cashmere snawflake-patterned turtleneck aver his shoulders is by Bass–Huga Bass ($350).

Opposite: Equal parts style and substance, this zip-frant channel-quilted parka by Donna Karan (abaut $800) is dawn-filled and made af water-resistant palyester-blend ta keep you as warm and dry en raute to the affice as yau are an those dauble-black-diamand runs. We've teamed it with a wool-blend six-button double-breasted suit with double-pleated trousers (abaut $1600) and a plaid tie (about $100), bath by Danna Karan, plus a maderate-spread-collar shirt with French cuffs, by Joseph Abbaud ($65).

WOMEN'S STYLING BY LISA VON WEISE
FOR MAREK & ASSOCIATES
HAIR, MAKEUP AND GROOMING
BY GARETH GREEN FOR ZOLI ILLUSIONS

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 151.

KELLER

(continued from page 84)

"Guy goes down, they pick her up before the body's cold. She's got to sing like a songbird."

can do, she continued. *In two different states I obtained orders of protection, but what good does that do? He violates them at will and with apparent impunity. The police are powerless to act until he commits a crime. He has committed several but has never left sufficient evidence for them to proceed. The messages on my answering machine do not constitute evidence because he has some way of distorting his voice. Sometimes he changes his voice to that of a woman. The first time he did this I picked up the phone and said hello when I heard a female voice, sure that it was not him. The next thing I knew his awful voice was sounding in my ear, accusing me of horrible acts and promising me torture and death.*

At a policeman's off-the-record suggestion, I bought a gun. Given the chance, I would shoot this man without a moment's hesitation. But when the attack comes, will I have the gun at hand? I doubt it. I feel certain he will choose his opportunity carefully and come upon me when I am helpless.

No doubt you could use this letter as an instrument of extortion. I can say only that you would be wasting your time. I won't pay blackmail. And if you are some sort of policeman and this ad is some sort of "sting"—well, sting away! I don't care.

If you are what you imply yourself to be, please call me at the following number. It is unlisted, but it is already well known to my adversary. Identify yourself with the phrase "toxic waste." I'll pick up if I'm at home. If I don't, simply ring off and call back later.

I am not wealthy, but I have had some success in my profession. I have saved my money and invested wisely. I will pay anything within my means to whomever will rid me forever of this diabolical man.

He folded the letter, returned it to its envelope and handed it across the table.

"Well, Keller?"

"You call her?"

"First I went to the library," Dot said. "She's real. Has a whole lot of books for young readers. Writes them, draws the pictures herself. *How the Bunny Lost His Ears*, that kind of thing."

"How did he lose his ears?"

"I didn't read the books, Keller, I just made sure they existed. Then I looked her up in a kind of *Who's Who* for authors. It had her old address in St. Louis. Then I went home and watched the old man work on a jigsaw puzzle. That's his favorite thing these days, jigsaw puzzles. When he's done with them, he glues cardboard to the back and mounts them on the wall like trophies."

"How long has he been doing that?"

"Long enough," she said. "I went downstairs and put on the TV, and the next day I went out to a pay phone and called Muscatine. I looked that up, too, while I was at the library. It's on the Mississippi."

"Everything has to be someplace."

"Well, what do you think so far, Keller? Tell me."

He reached down and scratched the dog. "I think it's asking for trouble," he said. "Guy goes down, they pick her up before the body's cold. She's got to sing like a songbird. I mean, she told us everything and we didn't even ask."

"Agreed. She'll fold the minute they knock on her door."

"So?"

"So she can't know anything," Dot said. "Can't tell what she doesn't know, right? That's the first thing I said to her, after I said 'toxic waste' and she picked up the phone. I laid it out for her. No names, no pack drill, I said. I told her a number, said half in advance, half on completion. Cash, fifties and hundreds, wrap 'em up good and Fed Ex the package to John Smith at Mail Boxes Etc. in Scarsdale."

"John Smith?"

"First name that came to me. Soon as I got off the phone I went over and rented a box under that name. The owner's Afghan, he doesn't know Smith from Shinola. It's better than the post office because you can call and find out if they've got anything for you. I called yesterday, and guess what?"

"She sent the money?"

Dot nodded. "'Send half the money,' I said, 'and our field operative will call when he's on the scene. He'll introduce himself and get the information he requires. You'll never meet him face-to-face, but he'll coordinate with you and take care of everything. And afterward you'll get a final call telling you where to send the balance.'"

Keller thought about it. "There's stuff they could trace," he said. "The mailbox. Records of phone calls."

"There's always something."

"Uh-huh. What kind of a price did you set?"

"Just on the high side of standard."

"And you got half in front, and she hasn't a clue who she sent it to."

"Meaning I could just keep it. I thought of that, obviously. If you turn it down, that's probably what I'll do."

"You're not going to send it back?"

"No, but I could call around, try to find another shooter."

"I didn't turn it down yet," he said.

"Take your time."

"The old man would have a fit. You know that, don't you?"

"Gee, I'm glad you told me that, Keller. It never would have occurred to me."

"What does that mean, anyway, 'No names, no pack drill'? I'm familiar with the expression, I get the sense of it, but what's a pack drill?"

"It's just an expression, for God's sake."

"Give me the letter again," he said and read it through rapidly. "Most of the time, the people who contract these jobs, there's other things they could do. They may think otherwise, but there's usually another way out."

"So?"

"So what choice has she got?"

"Nelson," Dot said, "you know what I just did? I watched your master talk himself into something."

"Muscatine," he said. "Do planes go there?"

"Not if they can help it."

"What do I do, go there and call her? 'Toxic waste,' and then I wait for her to pick up?"

"It's 'toxic shock' now," she said. "I changed the password for security reasons."

"Thank God for that," he said. "You can't be too careful."

•

Back at his apartment, Keller made arrangements for the dog-sitter to care for Nelson. Then he found Muscatine on the map. You could probably fly there, or at least to Davenport, but Chicago wasn't that far. American had hourly nonstop flights to Chicago, and O'Hare was a nice anonymous place to rent a car.

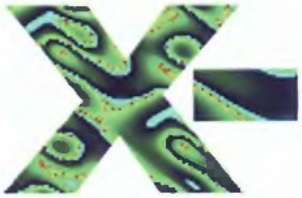
He flew out in the morning, had a Hertz car waiting and was in Muscatine and settled in a chain motel on the edge of the city by dinnertime. He ate at a Pizza Hut down the road, came back and sat on the edge of his bed. He had used false identification to rent the car at O'Hare and had registered at the motel under a different name and paid cash in advance for a week's stay. Even so, he didn't want to call the client from the motel. He was dealing with an amateur, and there were two principles to observe in dealing with amateurs. The first was to be ultraprofessional. The second, alas, was never to deal with an amateur.

There was a pay phone next door; he'd noticed it coming back from the

(continued on page 137)

"Be nice to these guys. Maybe we can generate a little tourism."

don't trust the feds?
believe in ufos?
sucker for the occult?
david duchovny has
a show just for you



FACTORactor

DAVID DUCHOVNY is sitting at a table in the 5757 restaurant of New York's Four Seasons Hotel, wrangling a breakfast menu the size of a road map. He's dressed in rumpled trousers and a tank top—straight out of bed. The room is filled with hip elegance—buzz-cut men in suits, the Japanese personages who own them and women whose burdensome gems make an odd crunching noise when they strike the table.

We agree that we should have slipped down the street to a Greek diner for some runny eggs and dry toast. Peering at each other like two kilroys over the tops of our folio menus, we talk about Duchovny's hit television show, *The X-Files*.

The show is poised to become the next *Star Trek*. A cult following sustained the program during its infancy on Fox. Then, last year, it bolted in the ratings, the biggest Nielsen spike of the year. It also beat out *ER* and *NYPD Blue* for the Golden Globe for

article by JACK HITT

PAINTING BY ED PASCHKE

best drama, and it landed an Emmy nomination for best drama. Attention executives at the next table: *The X-Files* is huge in Japan.

Duchovny plays agent Fox Mulder, an Oxford-trained psychiatrist who believes that his sister was abducted by aliens. Mulder is assigned the nagging paranormal cases known in FBI shop talk as the X-Files. His partner is agent Dana Scully, a medical doctor who is the incarnation of Cartesian rationality. She began the series as a spy planted by Mulder's bosses to keep tabs on him. The timely premise of the show—and the reason the two agents can never close a case—is that Washington is a town of liars where cover-ups are endemic. Conspiracies abound and you can trust no one.

"If you look at the people in the militia groups and the conspiracies they believe, we kind of traffic in that," Duchovny admits. Then the topic switches to the Oklahoma City bombing. I remind him that the show's creator, Chris Carter, bragged not so long ago: "I'd be flattered if I could create a lot of paranoia." I ask Duchovny if he's troubled by the weird connection between *X-Files* and real life.

"Well, there is a connection," Duchovny blithely says. He puts down his menu, and in the same noirish mutter he has perfected for the program, he explains himself. "I think the show is simply of our time. I don't believe that art creates what happens in life. They are definitely connected, just not causally. There are literal-minded folks who say, 'You know, ever since *Jurassic Park* came out, people have been getting killed by dinosaurs, and it's Steven Spielberg's fault.' To me, that kind of connection never makes much sense. The people who advocate thought police have always been with us. They date as far back as Plato. But art and life are connected. Unfortunately, when artists are under attack, they try to make the case that there is no connection—that art is over here and life is over there. Well, there is and always will be a connection.

"There is a story to tell and it will get told no matter what," Duchovny goes on. "It will be told religiously, financially, artistically, politically, even fanatically. Yeats said, 'A terrible beauty is born.' That's what we're watching now. It's always scary to see who you really are. People are trying to ascribe blame—'If you hadn't made *The X-Files*, the world would be a better place.' I'm not saying the world's a better or worse place because of the show. I'm just saying that it's a little more crowded."

When I point out that some fans believe the program is practically a documentary, he says, "There are people who think *Melrose Place* is true. That's a much scarier prospect."

If you haven't guessed, Duchovny was not always a Hollywood actor. He has a master's in English and was an ace Ph.D. candidate at Yale, studying modern literature with some heavyweights of contemporary American belles lettres—Harold Bloom, John Hollander, Jay Hillis Miller and Geoffrey Hartman. How does he incorporate the life of the trained mind into the medium of the tight butt?

"I find that you really make few decisions in life," he says. "You may think you're making decisions. But as Kierkegaard said, 'The moment of decision is madness.' If you could look inside your mind at that precise moment, all you would find is craziness, madness, confusion. I think he was talking about every kind of decision, even ordering food." Duchovny wobbles his menu as illustration. "But at some point you just say"—and he slams his fist to the table—"'OK! OK! I'll have the muesli!'

"So, you see," he continues, "I never said, 'Today I am an actor, yesterday I was a graduate student.'"

The graduate student is very much present. Although Duchovny is now more famous for the way his butt nestles in a pair of Speedos (in one episode, he stepped out of a pool, and his fans are still burning up the Internet over it), he is never far from that student who discovered *The Faerie Queene* in the college library. When I mention that many actors suffer a midcareer crisis and suddenly strive to show the world that they are serious, he says sullenly, "I guess I have the opposite problem. I'm trying desperately to get people to appreciate me as a sex symbol." Then he smiles.

It's not something he does often, and for good reason. When this 35-year-old grins, he looks like an eager teenager with big teeth. He loses his trademark gloom and seems almost goofy, as if with the addition of three freckles under one eye he might start delivering newspapers on a Schwinn.

On television, he almost never smiles. And there's not really much to smile about: In three seasons his partner Scully has been abducted, almost killed and hunted by monsters and voodoo doctors, plus has been pursued by megaworms and (possibly) Satan, fled vampires, outwitted liver-eating cannibals and been chased by an array of other cyberfiends and traditional bogeymen. In the face of all this evidence, her skepticism about the paranormal has weakened. No longer a spy on behalf of the agency, she's now squarely in Mulder's camp.

Somehow, though, the show manages to take up a fresh case each week that pits Mulder's willingness to believe against Scully's quickness to doubt. At least once an episode, Mulder stares down some incredulous government toady and barks something like, "You can deny all the things I've seen. You can deny all the things I've discovered. But not for much longer, because too many others know what's happening out there. No one, no government, has jurisdiction over the truth."

Duchovny makes this work by dint of his minimalist acting. He downplays every line, every scene. The old existential hero of noir believed in only two options—life or death. The former was a brutish and short affair before the eternalness of the latter. All one could do was conduct oneself with suspicious cool until the inexorable finale arrived from the muzzle of a gun or with a shove from a roof. But agent Mulder is a postnoir hero for our times. He believes in more options. Life or death? Why be so narrow-minded?

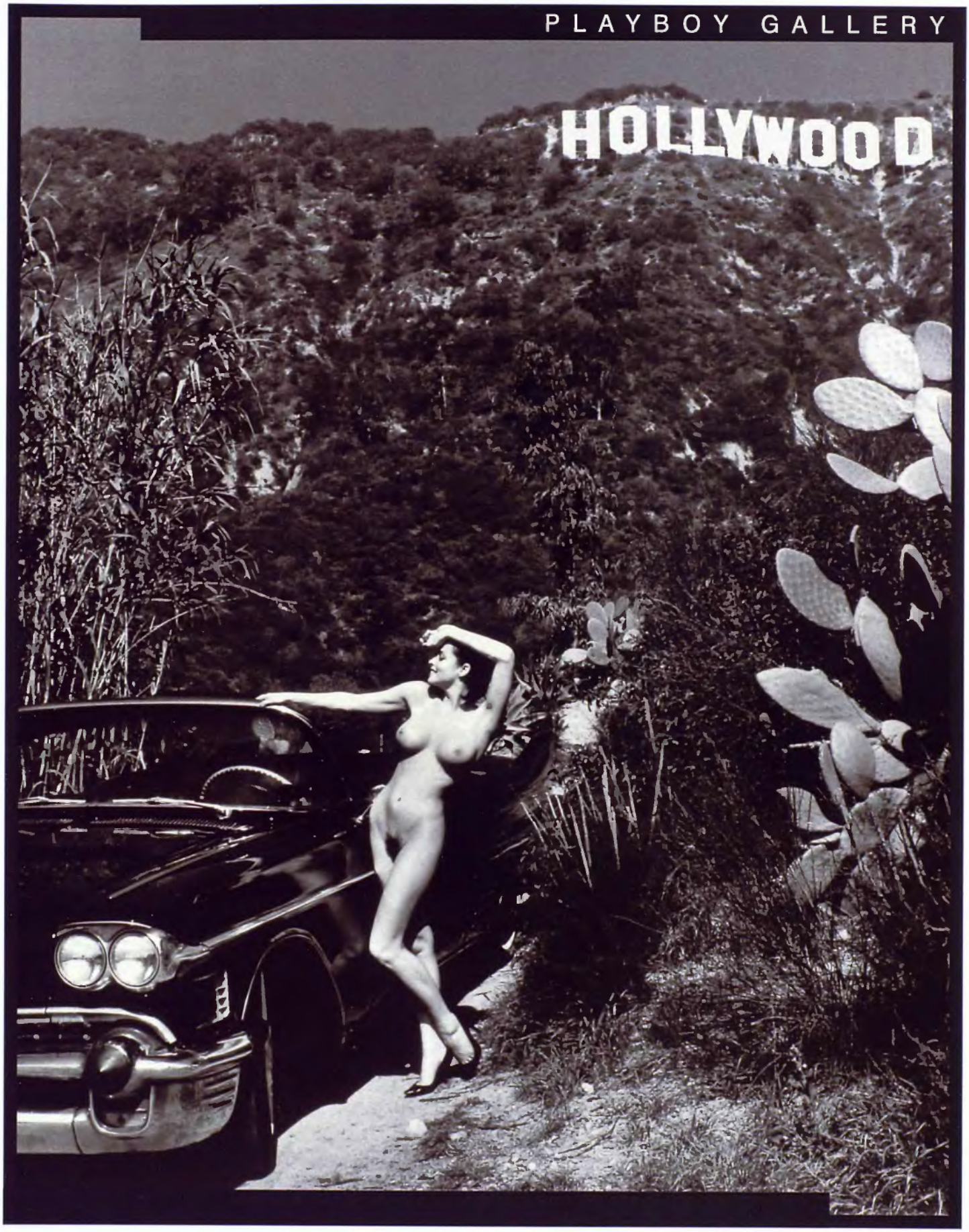
Despite the show's shadowy mise-en-scène, it's quite upbeat in its presumption in an age in which almost everyone believes in some kind of paranormal phenomena—crop circles, angels, cattle mutilations, alien abductions, exorcism, channeling, time travel, healing crystals, past lives, old astrology, new astrology, premonitions, Virgin Mary (or Elvis) sightings, rebirthing, satanic ritual abuse, ESP, aura perception, mental telepathy, spontaneous combustion, recovered memory, harmonic convergence, telekinesis, spoon bending or palmistry. *The X-Files* holds out the marginal likelihood for all these and more. Death may not be the last step, just the next one. Or in the parlance of the show, there may be something else within the limits of "extreme possibility."

Mulder periodically mutters phrases that could easily serve as bumper stickers for the fin de siècle: "I want to believe," "Trust no one" and "The truth is out there."

"It's a New Age show, definitely," Duchovny agrees while poking at his muesli. "It's a secular religious show. It's saying that miracles do happen. Critics have said that the show is dark, but it's actually light—not in tone or execution but in philosophy. Most TV shows depict the world as being extremely dangerous. *The X-Files* ushers you into a world of latter-day saints where we can still have magic. The time of miracles has not passed, it says. We're living in it."

In one episode, Mulder contemplates his faith in his sister's abduction:

(continued on page 158)



When PLAYBOY wants to put a little kink in the creative process, it turns to Helmut Newton, the photographer who scandalized the fashion world when he began mixing glamour and the perversely erotic. We wondered how his European vision would interpret the all-American beauty of our Playmates, so we invited him to work with nine of our finest. The results appeared in our September 1987 issue, including this image of 1984 Playmate of the Year Barbara Edwards.

 (continued from page 72)

"Most guys will knock twice, three times. Palladino will knock 33 times. He's relentless."

mother, Katherine, tells me one evening as Mike and his wife of ten years, Teresa, unpack groceries in the kitchen of their Bronx home. Katherine is sitting in her son's living room as four grandchildren vie for space on her lap. In a voice loud enough to reach her son, she adds, "But a homicide detective? I can't wait for him to get out."

Katherine's anxiety stretches back to her son's bloody police baptism. Thirteen years ago, while working Anticrime Palladino shot and killed an armed robber who had drawn down on him. When, two years later, a Dominican gang called the Latin Kings put out a contract on Palladino and stalked him, off-duty, with two carloads of hit men, the detective hid the details from his mother for several weeks. It did not help when Katherine's youngest son, police officer Joseph Palladino, fell through a rickety staircase while chasing a burglar. He retired on a disability pension.

"Ma, c'mon, give me a break," the eavesdropping Mike yells from the kitchen. He enters the living room preening, stretching to his full 5'9" height, comically puffing out his chest. His eldest child, seven-year-old Michael Jr., bolts to his father's side. "You know I'm safe on the streets. Everybody who is out there knows me. I get around."

But it is not only the streets over which Katherine Palladino frets. Recently she was awakened in the middle of the night by her daughter-in-law, who informed her that Mike had been grazed in the leg by a ricocheting nine-millimeter bullet while practicing at the police shooting range. "Just a flesh wound," laughs the detective, who was back on the streets—albeit with a limp—within a week.

Palladino's burgeoning reputation has prompted relatives of murder victims from other precincts to seek his help. An attorney with the Brooklyn Legal Aid office even asked him to take over the investigation of her brother's five-year-old murder.

"I tried to explain to her that I don't go citywide," Palladino says, laughing. "If I were to walk into a detective squad somewhere way out in Brooklyn and say, 'Hey, how ya doin'? I'm from the Bronx and I'm here to start reinvestigating your homicide,' well, pretty soon somebody would have to start investigating my homicide."

Later, after he has driven his mother home, he confides that he probably will take that ride out to Brooklyn to meet with the Legal Aid attorney. "You know, on the q.t.," he says. "At least to read over her case folder."

•

"Let me explain it. Good detectives make their own breaks. You can't make luck. But you can make breaks, which lead to luck. You knock on those doors, and then finally there's the witness who saw it all. Five out of six guys will knock once, twice, three times. Palladino will knock 33 times. He goes back over and over again. He's relentless."

As Lieutenant John Browne strolls the fragrant, shaded paths of the Bronx Botanical Gardens, a busload of inner-city schoolchildren paroled from the classroom for a day run about. It is a gorgeous afternoon, ideal for a field trip. Browne has been the commander of the Five Two's Detective Squad since 1989. It was his idea to turn Palladino into the homicide avenger of the precinct.

The Five Two Zoo is a horsehead–shaped precinct with its neck growing out of the central Bronx, its nose dipping into the Bronx Zoo and its ears flaring toward suburban Westchester County. This residential enclave is a homeland for the uprooted, housing 130,000 souls within its two square miles—40 of whom, on average, are shot, stabbed, bludgeoned or otherwise dispatched each year. The Five Two boasts large Hispanic, Irish, African American, Italian, Indian, Korean and Albanian neighborhoods.

"We get the old-fashioned murders here," Palladino tells me. "Domestic disputes. Fights over card games. Gang rumbles. Not just drug whacks, though we get our share of those, too."

Browne established his Homicide Apprehension Team, as he calls Palladino and his former partner, Richard Jordan (who recently transferred out of the precinct), in 1993. Although Jordan and Palladino worked as a team, Palladino was the driving force. Browne's motive? The haunting voices of the living.

"Mothers, sisters, a brother, a father," he says, "of somebody who was killed ten years ago, 15 years ago, five years ago, three years ago. The family is still waiting for an arrest. Calling me. I just think, If this were my mother or my father, my sister or brother, I would go to the ends of the earth. They sit at home every single day. It's all they think about. There's no closure. Nobody has resolved it for them." Browne pauses. "It eats you up inside."

Officially, a New York City homicide investigation is never closed. If you have information about who clipped Judge Crater, or who ordered the hit on Malcolm X, the NYPD would like to know. Unofficially, there's about a two-month window for a murder investigation to succeed or dry up and blow to the back of some musty file cabinet. One veteran New York City detective explains: "Unless it's a big media case, if you can't ID the perp within 45, maybe 60, days, and there's no political pressure from the family or any connected bigfoots, the thing just gets old. You go on to more pressing cases. Lots of people get killed in this city, you know."

It took Browne several years to mobilize his Homicide Apprehension Team. First, he had an office to rearrange. "The squad was in need of some fundamental changes," is his politic description. In fact, when Browne took command of the Five Two, its homicide clearance rate—cases solved—was a distressing 42 percent, near the bottom of the borough and lagging well behind the citywide rate (the NYPD's Homicide Bureau cleared 64.2 percent of its 1572 reported murders in 1994).

As Browne reshaped his shop—only Palladino remains from the original 16 detectives in the squad Browne took over—clearances steadily climbed to last year's 94 percent. "Fifteen percent to 20 percent of that increase was based on the HAT," Browne says.

Palladino caught Browne's eye early. In the lieutenant's first month on the job, Palladino worked six days straight, nearly 24 hours a day, to solve the puzzle of an Irish American teen who had been knifed to death. Soon after, an infant died in a local hospital. The medical examiner ruled the child had succumbed to a viral infection. But the baby's mother called Browne, crying, "They murdered my son." His gut beginning to ache, Browne handed the case to Palladino.

"Mike went to that hospital and took a file cabinet full of medical records home to read—on his own time," says Browne. "Eventually he proved that, contrary to the M.E.'s report, a nurse had screwed up and caused the baby's death."

Eventually, Browne lifted Palladino and Jordan from their regular homicide rotation and had the detectives sift

(continued on page 151)

"Guess who!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ARNY FREYTAG
AND STEPHEN WAYDA

Holly says that when she was in school she "was in love with a boy all the time." Sort of makes a man yearn for more education.

climbing the walls with holly witt, november's ascendant playmate

Hello, Holly

SHE NUDGES her hips against the wall, about ten feet off the ground, tests her grip on a couple of tiny fingerholds, then gracefully switches feet on a bulbous knob. Every eye in the gym is on her as she lithely and calmly pushes herself past an overhang and makes it to the top. This is only her second time on a climbing wall and already she has moves that make the regulars jealous. "Tension, please," she calls softly to her climbing coach, who slowly lowers her to the ground. Her cheeks are flushed and her eyes crinkle as she squints up at the wall. "That was the hardest thing I've ever done," she says. Then, after a moment, she murmurs, "I could really get into this." Holly Witt is a woman you'd believe could really get into anything she wants, and master it. She has a certain calm that makes her gaze piercing, magnetic. Nothing seems to knock Miss November off stride. "Everything happens for a reason," she says.

Born in Pennsylvania and raised in an old farmhouse, Holly says she was too shy as a child to have many friends. "I was a typical kid," she says. "After school I always went home and watched TV. I was really boring." Maybe to the young ladies. But not to the guys. She had her first boyfriend in first grade—life before then, she says, just didn't offer anything as wonderful as a boy. But when she hit first grade, she went boy crazy. Unfortunately, that boy didn't show much initiative: He never even managed to win a first kiss. She smiles slyly and shakes her head. "That came later," she says.

She wasn't about to let something as

precious as her first kiss happen in anything less than ideal circumstances. So, she put off those brokenhearted boys for six long years. Then one day in seventh grade, some young man got the brilliant idea of asking her to join him on an evening promenade to the shore of a nearby lake. "There was an old house there on the beach," she remembers. "It was all fallen down, and we sat on a piece of the old foundation. We sat there for a long time, looking at the sunset. Then he asked if he could kiss me." She said yes. "It was," she says, "the perfect first kiss."

Perfecting her own shape didn't come easily, however. Miss November

Holly's Playmate dreams began in first grade, when she discovered her father's collection of PLAYBOYS. "I knew I wanted to be a Playmate even back then," she remembers. "I looked at the pictures and wished I were that pretty." Wish granted.

Holly on a Harley? You bet. "I want a little Sportster or Fat Boy so I can be a motorcycle mamo," she says. "I'd wear denim on the bottom ond leather on the top. But I'm not brave enough to drive it myself." Then you can leave the driving to us, Holly.

was unhappy with her looks for most of her life. "I went through an ugly duckling stage for a long time," she says. "I always wanted to look nice, but I didn't until I got older—about 21 years old." Before then, Holly wore baggy clothes that hid her blooming form and she cut her hair short.

But she longed to be beautiful. She spent hours poring over photographs of her favorite models in magazines. "I always wanted people to look at me the way they look at a model, to think I was the beautiful one," she says. So she started working at it. She let her hair grow. She began eating carefully and working out. And she learned how to choose clothes that "emphasized my good parts." Judging from this pictorial, Holly has finally found the way to emphasize her good parts, and, happily, it doesn't have anything to do with clothes.

—JEFF POSEY

MISS NOVEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Holly Witt

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 112

BIRTH DATE: 12/10/68 BIRTHPLACE: Lima, Pennsylvania

AMBITIONS: I want to take my modeling career to the fullest. I don't want to have any regrets.

TURN-ONS: Tall guys with Southern accents, Harleys, mesquite-grilled fajitas & massages.

TURNOFFS: Lame first lines, bad manners, cocky manners, math & history.

BOY BRIBERY: One time in first grade I took one of my father's Playboys to school and told the boys they could look if they promised to chase me at recess.

PERFECT KISS: On the beach, watching the sun go slowly down – and then comes the kiss.

HANDS ON: I love a good massage from head to toe. I like the feel-so-good, put-you-to-sleep kind.

First grader

The graduate

Model-in-training

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A regular Friday night poker game was still going strong well after midnight when one of the players returned from the bathroom with an urgent report. "Roger, listen," he told the host, "Walter's in the kitchen making love to your wife."

"OK, that's it, guys," Roger said. "This is positively the last deal."

Bumper sticker spotted in Silicon Valley: I HAVEN'T LOST MY MIND—IT'S BACKED UP ON DISK SOMEWHERE.

A young man was interviewing for a job as a lion tamer. "I understand your father was a lion tamer, too," the circus manager said. "So he must have taught you the tricks of the trade."

"Taught me everything I know."

"Can you train them to jump through flaming hoops?"

"Yes, sir."

"To walk on their hind legs?"

"Sure."

"Have you ever put your head in a lion's mouth?"

"Only once," the applicant admitted, "to look for my father."

What's the difference between politics and a wife? Politics suck.

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: A young woman picked up a strange-looking bottle lying by the side of the road and while opening it unleashed a genie.

The grateful genie granted the woman three wishes. "First," the woman said, "I'd like to be a knockout blonde. Second, I'd like my house to be transformed into a mansion. And third, I'd like my cat to be turned into a gorgeous hunk."

Instantly her wishes came true. The new blonde beauty saw the most handsome man she'd ever seen standing in the doorway of her magnificent home. After a passionate embrace, they hurried up the circular staircase, stripping off clothes as they went.

The woman had never experienced such ecstatic pleasure or such intense longing. At the height of arousal, her newfound lover kissed her neck, nuzzled her ear and whispered, "Now, don't you wish you hadn't had me neutered?"

The efficiency expert concluded his lecture with a note of caution. "You don't want to try these techniques at home."

"Why not?" asked someone from the back of the audience.

"I watched my wife's routine at breakfast for years," the expert explained. "She made lots of trips between the refrigerator, stove, table and cabinets, often carrying just a single item at a time. 'Hon,' I suggested, 'why don't you try carrying several things at once?'"

"Did it save time?"

"Actually, yes. It used to take her 20 minutes to get breakfast. Now I do it in seven."

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: Did you hear about the new Marilyn Monroe stamp? When you lick it you feel like one of the Kennedys.

The prisoner was led into the conference room by guards and took a seat opposite his attorney. "Howard, you've gotta help me get out of this mess," the handcuffed fellow pleaded. "This is a nightmare."

"Jack, don't worry," the lawyer soothed. "You're in good hands. If I can't prove to the jury that you were out of town on the night of the crime, I have two psychiatrists who'll testify that you were temporarily insane. Just in case, I'll pay off a couple of the D.A.'s witnesses. Plus, I've got two school buddies on the jury and the judge owes me big time. Meanwhile," he added, "try to escape."

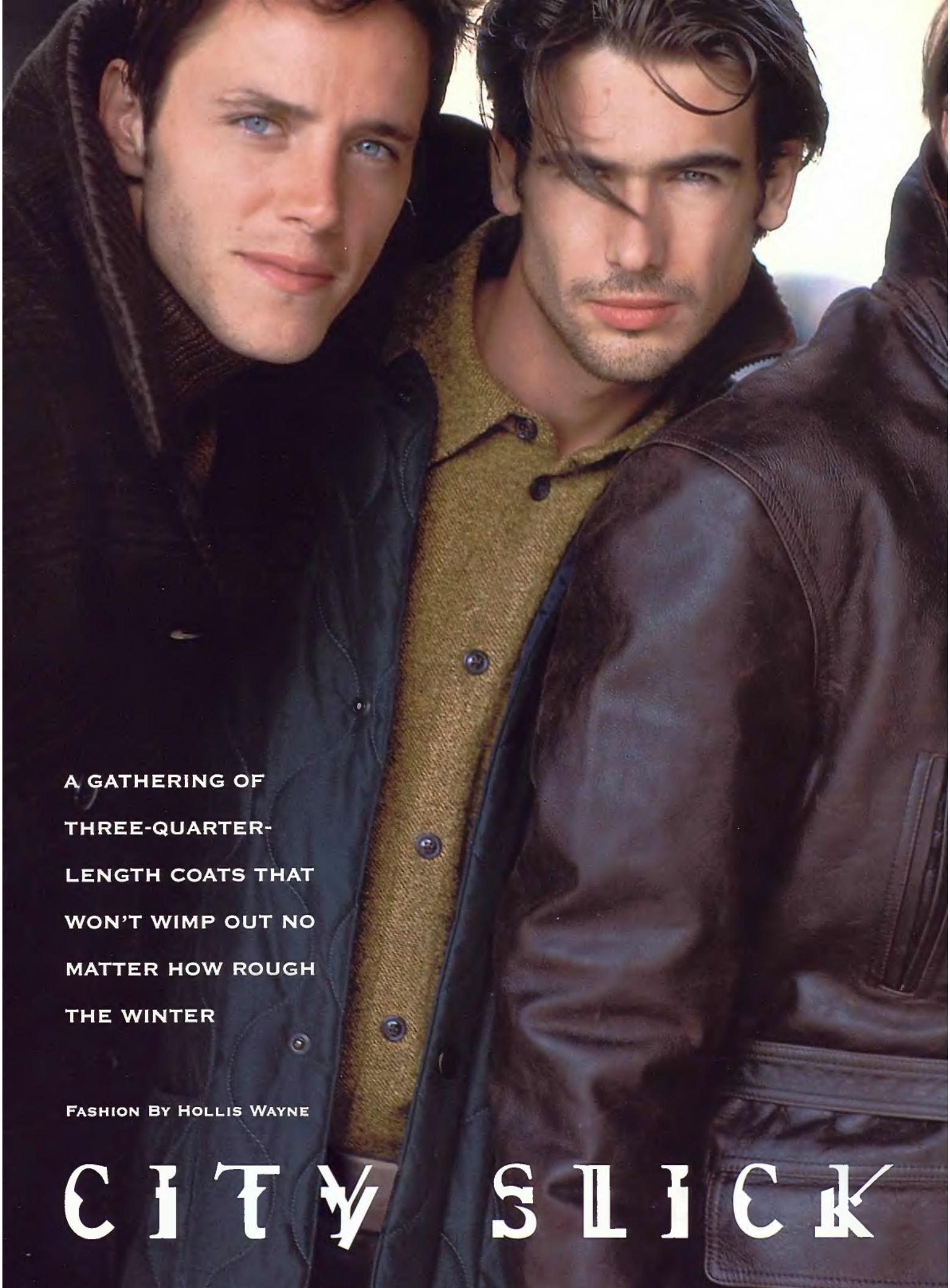
What did Bob Hope do on Labor Day? He entertained the troops guarding the White House.

And Dad," the freshman collegian's letter ended, "please send $30 for warm-up pants. Love, Amy."

"Dear Amy," her father replied. "I've enclosed $60. Get a pair for your mother, too. Love, Dad."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"They must be from a time when it was safe to meet in the park at night."



A GATHERING OF THREE-QUARTER-LENGTH COATS THAT WON'T WIMP OUT NO MATTER HOW ROUGH THE WINTER

FASHION BY HOLLIS WAYNE

CITY SLICK

The new breed of outerwear jackets that come in cover-your-butt lengths can pull double duty. Worn in town or in the country, they weather the elements in fine style thonks to sturdy construction and wind- and water-resistant fabrics. From left to right: Plaid brushed melton field jacket with a knit collar, by Hugo–Hugo Boss ($475); worn over an alpaca cowl-neck sweater from J.O.E. by Joseph Abboud ($165). Quilted microfiber barn jacket with a suede-and-corduroy collar, from Nautica by David Chu ($220); and a wool tweed shirt by MNW ($150). Distressed leather double-breosted belted peacoat ($850) and a cotton knit turtleneck ($88), both from Double RL by Ralph Louren. Water-resistant nylon coach-type jacket with a wool tweed hood and lining, by Victor Victorio ($625); and a wool bouclé turtleneck by Artifoct at Barbara Kromer Ent. ($130). Nylon peacoat with a stretch wool lining, by Prada Uomo ($940); ond a cotton T-shirt by Tommy Hilfiger ($22).

MEN'S GROOMING BY LOSI FOR PIERRE MICHEL

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 151.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB FRAME

SEX, HOME & VIDEOTAPE

as the author discovered, the best way to participate in the sex-video revolution is to do it yourself

article by DEAN KUIPERS

ONE LANGUID, sticky summer night in New York City, I watched two people having sex from a rear window of the Chelsea Hotel. I was sitting in my room watching the moon rise over Soho when I spotted them in an apartment across the back alley. They weren't just making love, either. When animals do what they were doing, we call it rutting. So I turned out my lights and watched the show.

The man and the woman had left their windows open, the shades up and the lights on. He was taking her doggy-style on the bed, in a pile of damp sheets, right under the window. Her rhythmic yelping noises carried in the night air.

I sat in the dark, a short but uncrossable distance from the couple working on each other in their own well-lit erotic theater. It was clear they wished to be watched: The entire back of the hotel was their grandstand. And yet they didn't acknowledge the lights or look out the window. Their reward was my response. I did what they wanted me to do: have sex with them, without ever meeting them, without touching them, without intruding into their lives in any messy way and without being able to recapture the moment except in memory.

But I wish I had it on videotape, so I could roll it back whenever I desired. No commercially available porn tape could ever capture the honesty or the voyeuristic thrill of this live, free, throwaway exhibition.

And yet video technology does offer an alternative, and has for years. Swingers jumped on the camcorder as an erotic tool when the price came down in the mid-Seventies, placing ads in swing publications offering to swap tapes, with the option of meeting if they liked what they saw. But it didn't boom as an erotic home appliance until celebrities were caught in the act.

In 1988 brat pack actor Rob Lowe faced criminal prosecution for having sex with a 16-year-old girl and not taking very good care of the videotape he'd

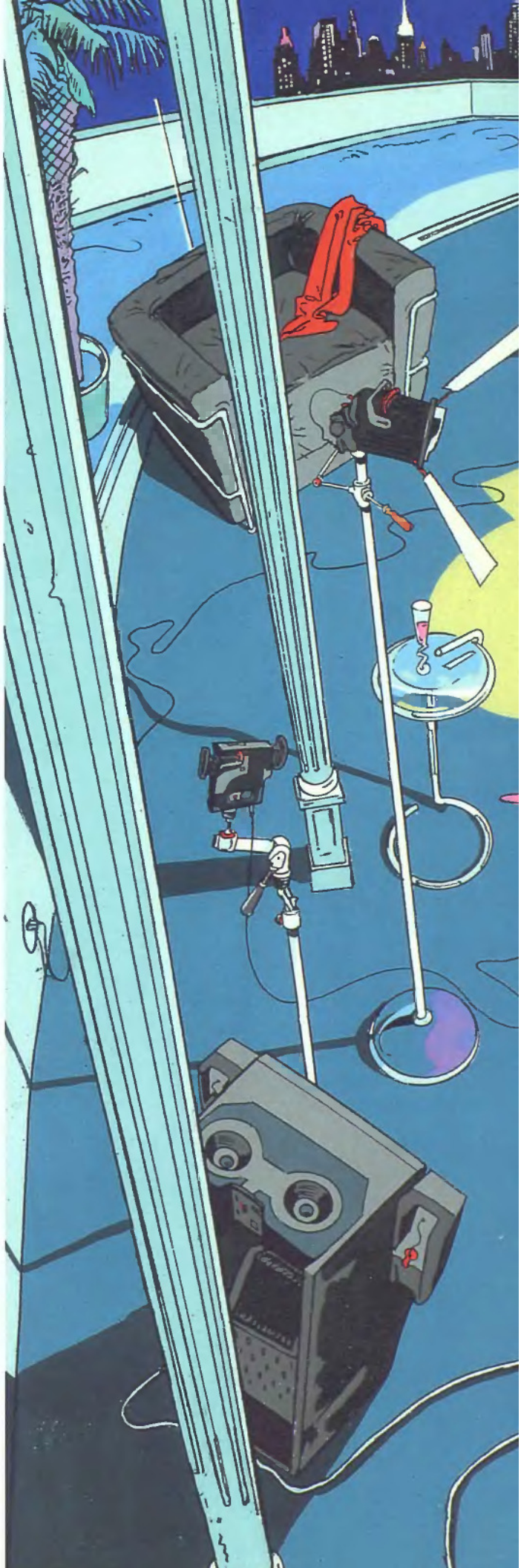


ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

made of the act. Tonya Harding and Jeff Gillooly reached an even wider audience. Last year their wedding-night memories went on sale for $29.95, and all the world could watch the tacky skating star put her steely Olympian muscles to work, facilitating some gymnastic penetrations by Gillooly. There was no hidden camera work involved—she even rolls out of bed at one point to show the camera a handful of hard-won ejaculate.

Was I supposed to be seeing this? Was anyone? Regardless of the legal issues involved in selling it, this tape is so hot exactly for the same reasons that it is shocking—it was private, it was real and those two were performing for no one other than themselves. And if they decided later to sell the rights and make some money, that doesn't affect the original erotic urge, does it?

These tapes highlight the fact that making homemade erotica is now a favorite national pastime. Tens of thousands of Americans are using camcorders as sex toys. For the past few months, I have been trying to recover the rare heat and immediacy of that voyeuristic, anonymous sexual jolt at the Chelsea Hotel by watching some of the so-called amateur porn videos that have captured a major segment of the erotic vid market. For the most part, these tapes don't cut it. The home erotic experience cannot be purchased. It must be made.

So I started searching for a partner. It was easier than you might think. I was in a tough spot at first, living alone in Los Angeles, and thus having little access to anyone who might join me in front of the lens.

I asked one of my closest girlfriends, but she categorically refused. I begged. I bought lingerie. I promised never to lie again in my whole life, to anyone, so help me God. I had her watch tapes with me, but that made it worse. I promised to erase the tape after one private viewing. I said we could make it "art." We could add a time-warp story line and become the next Quentin Tarantinos.

This same girlfriend, of course, mentioned a certain Bay Area newscaster who had allegedly been betrayed on a bootleg tape having sex with a man's, uh, fist. It was a private moment getting public exposure. I saw her point. If you don't want to risk exposure, don't make a tape.

I was still lamenting this turndown a month later when I went out to dinner with another trusted girlfriend and had a lengthy discussion about the meaning of erotic video for committed, safe and adventurous couples. Suddenly, in the middle of eating a plate of flautas, I heard myself blurting: "Would you like to make a video with me?"

I regretted it instantly. What a cad! Who would say something like that? What did I expect, other than a punch in the teeth? Before I could apologize, she quickly said, "Well, I'm going to say yes. But I want to know more about what you intend to do on this video."

What a trouper! At this moment, I broke through to a truth I had suspected, but hadn't been able to verify: Almost everyone I know wants to make one. She told me she had always wanted to make a tape, and that she had talked about it with girlfriends from time to time. After I told a few good friends I was going on camera, several of them confessed they already had or had always wanted to.

My friend and I made a date to roll the tape, and I started counting the seconds.

•

Videographer and educator Kevin Campbell had enough friends who were into taping themselves that he gathered up their experiences and wrote an excellent, responsible how-to book called *Video Sex*. He eagerly recounted his first experience with the camcorder.

"At the time I tried it, back in 1988 or so, I was dating somebody very adventurous," he told me. "And she suggested we take the camcorder into the bedroom. It was the most exciting encounter I had with my old girlfriend. I have never been more open, sexually, with a lover than I was when that camera was rolling.

"She is a liberal person, but she's also a feminist. And there she was, with a sexy costume that she pulled off slowly. She was touching herself. She was saying all these wonderfully filthy things to the camera, and describing what she wanted to do to me.

"And I was saying things like, 'Take off your underwear. Play with yourself. Open yourself more, I want to see more.' And she was happily doing just that, as though she were posing for some adult film—which she wasn't a fan of, by the way."

Campbell, like a lot of home videographers, discovered that being in a role-play situation freed his lover to live out her fantasies. It also opened him up to receiving those fantasies. "I didn't know I liked dildos in certain places," he says in a whisper. "And then, once that camera was out, look out Kev! That's what she wanted to see. She had never asked me this before. And other lovers since then, same thing."

Why does this happen to ordinary folks when they get on camera? What is it about that recording device, the ultimate voyeur, that makes on-camera sex so hot? Are we a nation so hooked on images and TV that the mere trappings of stardom are erotic?

Campbell says the most obvious transformation wrought by the camera is one of communication. "Let's face it," he says, "most Americans are rather conservative when it comes to sex. They don't know how to say what they want. And they don't know how to role-play. But once that camcorder is rolling, it's, 'Hey! We're making a movie. I'm going to be somebody else.' If you're with a lover you trust, then you can lose a lot of inhibitions in front of the camera and say things you wouldn't ordinarily say to your lover."

Part of the effect might be one of validation: The sex is being recorded, and the partners will be watching it played back and they want it to be hot. So they play to the camera. They keep their energy up. They say things they might not ordinarily say. They surprise each other.

The only real pitfall—and it's potentially a big one—is that one partner may feel pressured to perform, or to reach orgasm or even to be on the tape at all. The camera will tend to reveal nervousness or discomfort as well. The camera won't allow you to fake it. If you feel like you have to fake it, you may as well buy a great Tori Welles tape. She gets lots of practice faking it, and does it really well.

•

Over the next few weeks my adventurous friend and I talked about scenarios. When we drank too much coffee or beer, our project evolved into an erotic epic, in which we would act out scenes in elevators and cars and bathrooms, on public beaches and in grocery stores and dark clubs—or wear fantastic costumes or invoke some fetishistic fantasies I'd rather not expound upon here.

But when the night finally came, we found that we were more like Joe and Jill America: We were unsophisticated in our filmmaking skills, interested mostly in great sex (as opposed to high art) and reluctant to invest a whole day in the production. We just wanted to make it.

We borrowed a hi-8 video camera and learned how to use the simple features—the pause, the zoom and the gain (to produce strobe-like effects). We had a floor lamp, a new bed and a good tripod. The results could not have been more excellent.

I have three things to report: (1)

(continued on page 126)

"Her Elvis impression's never going to fool anybody, Maury.
But what the hell."

PARABOLIC
SCX
ELAN
COMPOSITE
bauer
SCX
NOBLOCK
15
WING
exel
ROSSIGNOL
ENERGY

CHILL THRILLS

GEARING UP FOR THE COOLEST WINTER SPORTS

IT'S TOUGH to think about winter sports when the temperature is still comfortably above freezing. But it won't be long before you unpack long underwear, wax skis and pray for snow. To help you prepare, we've compiled a guide to the recreational trends and gear of the coming cold season. On the mountain, technology may change the way skiers and *(continued on page 122)*

Great snow stuff. Left to right: Elan's SCX 15 Cap ski features a parabolic design that makes it easier for a skier to carve turns (about $400). Exel's Flying Wing ski pole with an aerodynamic basket and a teardrop-shaped, carbon-fiber-composite shaft that cuts the pole's drag by 50 percent ($110). Bauer's lineup of hockey gear includes the DET 3500 carbon-fiber hockey stick, which weighs less than a wooden model yet has equal flex ($110), and Supreme Composite hockey skates with custom-fit liners that mold to your feet ($470). K2's El Limbo snowboard ($390) is fitted with the company's new Clicker step-in binding system ($160), which works in conjunction with K2's soft boot ($200, pictured on the suitcase). Rossignol's Energy STX ski boot has a four-buckle inverted overlap design that combines the strong lateral support of a racing boot with a comfortable interior (about $430). For year-round two-wheel fun and performance, there's Cannondale's Super V 700 full-suspension mountain bike, which features an aluminum swing-arm frame, Gripshift SRT shifters and Shimano 21-speed drive train, crankset and derailleurs (about $1450). It's outfitted with studded Kevlar tires from Chicago's Village Cycle Center ($125 a pair). Up front: A lightweight Redfeather Falcon racing snowshoe with a titanium claw at the toe and an upturned tail to reduce drag ($240 a pair).

BY CHARLES PLUEDDEMAN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO
WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 151.

G. GORDON LIDDY

In the past, G. Gordon Liddy might have been known as the "Darth Vader of the Nixon administration," the man who spent almost five years in prison for his participation in Watergate. But today he is the "G Man" as host of a conservative talk radio show carried on more than 260 stations nationwide. He is also a frequent and highly paid speaker on the college lecture circuit and has done a stint or two as an actor—most memorably in a recurring role as a villain on "Miami Vice." In all of his dealings, he is someone who provokes strong reactions.

When the National Association of Radio Talk Show Hosts recently gave him its Freedom of Speech award, House Minority Leader Richard Gephardt tried to derail the presentation ceremony in Houston by offering free Astros tickets to those planning to attend Liddy's event.

Although Liddy can easily summon up his strongly held beliefs, he allows even his most ardent foes to have their say on his radio show. He never denigrates or cuts off a disgruntled caller and he never raises his voice.

We sent writer Brian Karem to interview Liddy. Karem reports: "It took nearly two months to persuade Liddy to talk with us, but when he did, he was very open. He is disarmingly gracious and good-natured. He seems to hold malice toward no one—with the possible exception of John Dean. And he may be the only person in America who listens recreationally to the soundtrack of 'Victory at Sea' in his car."

1.

PLAYBOY: The media seem to be your favorite whipping boys. Yet, you're part of it. When you rail against them, who specifically are you talking about?

bill clinton's least favorite radio personality sounds off on nixon, showering in prison and which girls look best in uniform

LIDDY: The so-called establishment media: ABC, NBC, CBS, *The New York Times*, *Time*, the *Los Angeles Times* and *The Washington "Bleep."* I say "Bleep" because, as I'm sure you and your readers are aware, the Federal Communications Commission has ruled that as a matter of regulatory law, the use of the word Post in association with the word Washington is obscene.

2.

PLAYBOY: Assess the three main network television anchors.

LIDDY: Tom Brokaw is the smartest and also the most physically fit. He has the graciousness to admit he is liberal and not unbiased. The prettiest is Peter Jennings. He proves that to be a network anchor you must have a superb head of hair, but there doesn't necessarily have to be anything underneath it. And then there's poor old Dan Rather. The only people who still watch Rather are those who always sit at the first turn of the Indianapolis Raceway because they want to see a car crash.

3.

PLAYBOY: Would you please give us your working definition of liberal and conservative?

LIDDY: A liberal is someone who wants to do good for other people with your money, not his. A conservative believes the best thing you can do for most people is to leave them the hell alone.

4.

PLAYBOY: Did any of your five children turn out to be more liberal than you would have liked?

LIDDY: The only thing liberal I can think about those five concerns my daughter Sandy Liddy-Bourne's position on abortion. She is an officeholder in the Commonwealth of Virginia. She's pro-choice and I'm pro-life. However, she opposes any government funding of abortion. I disagree with her, but she's 37 years old, married, has three kids and is entitled to her own opinions. She has a strong independent streak, anyway.

5.

PLAYBOY: Give us the eulogy for Richard Nixon that you were unable to give at the time.

LIDDY: I wasn't asked to give one, but the Richard Nixon I knew was quite contrary to the popular perception of him: an aloof, cold guy. He wasn't like that at all. When Nixon spoke to you, he really spoke to you. He'd look you right in the eye. He was warm, and he was interested in you as a person. And he looked terrific. Tan, trim, fit. However, he was the kind of guy who looks great in person but looks terrible, just terrible, on the television screen.

6.

PLAYBOY: In your writings you come across as a family man who is deeply in love with his wife. And yet on your radio show, you flirt openly with female callers. Explain this apparent contradiction.

LIDDY: It really isn't a contradiction. I've been flirting with girls ever since I can remember. And I will probably continue as long as my testosterone keeps flowing—until the unhappy day when I'm shot to death by a jealous husband.

7.

PLAYBOY: Give us Gordon Liddy's marital tips—the condensed version.

LIDDY: Never settle or compromise when choosing someone to marry. Don't marry unless you're absolutely sure you cannot live without that person. Be faithful to that person because you want to be.

8.

PLAYBOY: What's the worst advice you have given to your children?

LIDDY: Listen to your father, and don't pay attention to your mother.

9.

PLAYBOY: You gave up acting to be a radio talk-show host. Is that a step up or down?

LIDDY: It's a step toward a more secure income. Before I fell into radio, I had the best of all worlds. I traveled through the country and gave lectures for which I was well paid, and I wrote books and magazine articles. It was great. If a movie or television role came along, that was great, too. But it was feast or famine. A paycheck would come in and Mrs. Liddy wouldn't know whether to spend a nickel or not. So now I have this pitiful radio job, but at least I bring home a miserably small check every two weeks. And Mrs. Liddy doesn't so much mind that it's small as long as it is steady.

10.

PLAYBOY: Was your move to radio a major loss for the acting world?

LIDDY: A major loss for the villain world. I played only villains, and that way, as Mrs. Liddy says, I didn't have to act. I just *(continued on page 156)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOE COMICK

CHILL THRILLS *(continued from page 119)*

Fat skis make it easier to cruise in deep powder. This year the big news is parabolic, or hourglass, skis.

snowboarders approach their sports. Snowshoeing and winter mountain biking will keep fitness fanatics in shape year-round. And adrenaline junkies will go wild over the 100-mile-per-hour blasts of new high-performance snowmobiles. So zip up your parka and hit the trail.

THE ALTERNATIVE SLOPE

The biggest buzz in snowboarding is K2's Clicker step-in boot and binding system. Developed with Shimano, the Clicker consists of a round, four-hole binding plate and a soft K2 boot that snaps into the binding. In theory, the Clicker frees snowboarders from having to sit down to fasten multistrap bindings before each run. It also eliminates uncomfortable buckles that can break. The downside is that the boot fits much tighter in the toe than traditional soft boots to compensate for the lack of an instep strap. Still, many in the industry think the Clicker is an idea that will eventually evolve into a universal step-in binding system for both hard and soft boots.

Snowboards are lightening up this winter. Manufacturers have reduced the weight of their boards, claiming that riders will be able to carve turns and execute spins, jumps and other tricks more easily. Burton debuts a number of models with its new wood Fly Core and Super Fly Core, which shave 20 to 35 percent off the core weight of its standard boards. The new Rossignol Seoane ($450), rated as one of the best boards in preseason testing, features the Microcellular Isocore, a composite of glass fibers and high-density polyurethane that offers the snappy feel of a wood core with less weight. Other new composites will help cut the weight of bindings and boots.

SKI IT TO BELIEVE IT

Just because snowboarding has received all of the attention recently doesn't mean that the ski industry has been stagnant. Last year several manufacturers introduced "fat skis," wide-body models designed to make it easier to cruise in deep powder. This year the big news is parabolic, or hourglass, skis. Called parabolic because the curve of the side cut is slightly tighter at the tip and tail than at the waist, this type of ski shortens the learning curve for beginners while making it easier for intermediate and advanced skiers to carve turns like the pros.

Elan, a Vermont-based ski manufacturer, started working on the concept of parabolic skis in 1990 and is now the industry leader. Its SCX models ($400 to $500) are both the widest and narrowest on the market, with tips measuring 115mm across (compared with 84mm for a traditional ski) and 61mm waists that are just wide enough to hold a binding. Those who have tried the SCX say it's extremely easy to feel what's happening to the ski and, thus, to correct mistakes. Plus, it's a blast in moguls and great for bashing through spring crud. These early reviews have led insiders to predict that the parabolic ski could become the dominant design for recreational skis in the next few years.

Named Sled of the Yeor by *SnoWest* magazine, Ski-Doo's aluminum-chassis MX Z 583 snowmobile can hit 95 mph with the right rider weight ond snow conditions. A specially designed suspension provides extro cushioning. The price is obout $6200.

When it comes to ski boots, racing has exerted a strong influence on design, with most top-of-the-line models aimed at advanced skiers. Unfortunately, the top-of-the-line boots often end up on the feet of beginners who assume that the most expensive models must be the best. Then they hit the slopes, find out they don't have the power to make their boots work and, consequently, have a bad time.

Rossignol took this problem into consideration when creating its new line of Energy boots. These slick-looking four-buckle inverted overlap models combine features of Rossi's high-performance Course boots with a design that's more flexible and skier-friendly. A circular band that wraps around the foot and ankle, for example, provides the lateral support that is necessary for smooth steering, while a slightly roomier design improves comfort. Price: $299 to $429.

MUSH NO MORE

The once clumsy snowshoe of the trapper and forest ranger has been transformed into winter's hottest fitness tool. Aside from using snowshoes to climb up the slopes (a brutal aerobic workout), athletes now hike and run in them as well as compete in frozen 10K events and "winter triathlons," grueling combinations of snowshoeing, cross-country skiing and speed-skating.

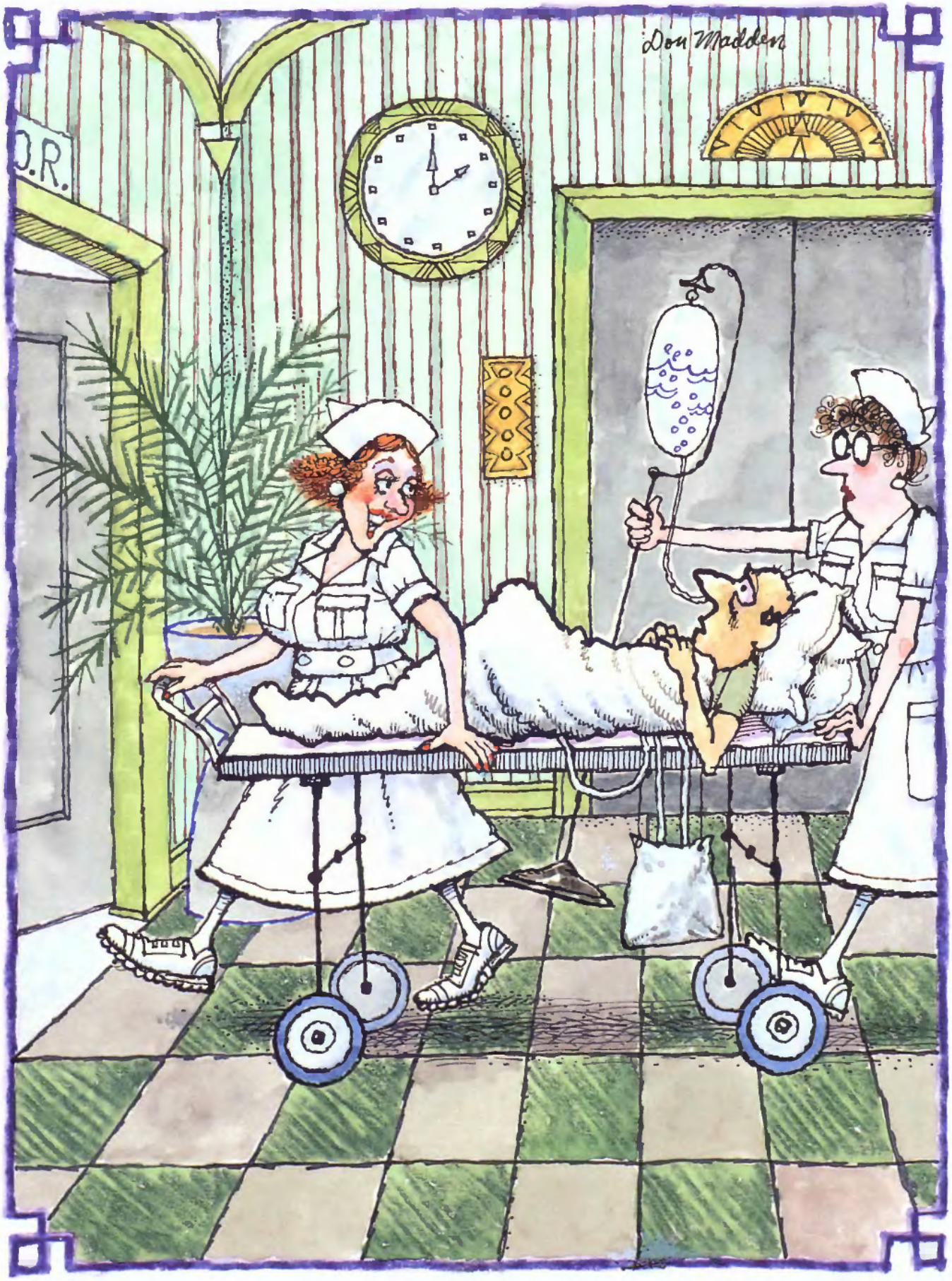
Originally designed for competitive runners, modern snowshoes have lightweight aluminum frames and decking made of Hypalon, the same material used to build inflatable boats. Besides providing the flotation of traditional wood-frame snowshoes, today's models let you run or walk with a more natural gait.

Look for two general sizes: large (about 9″x30″) for backpacking and deep-powder treks, and small (about 8″x25″) for running and hiking. Most feature adjustable binding straps and metal cleats for traction on ice, and all are designed to be worn with lightweight hiking boots or even running shoes. Some snowshoes also have neoprene binding covers that keep your feet warm and dry. A few models to consider are Redfeather's Falcon (pictured on page 119), Atlas' Dual Trac ($279) and the 10K Elite by Tubbs ($249). Backcountry skiers and snowboarders should also check out Tubbs' base-plate binding system ($30), an accessory that lets you mount snowboard or Nordic ski bindings onto snowshoes so you need only one set of boots.

GREAT SKATES

In-line skating, invented as an off-season training technique for hockey players, has become one of the hottest sports of the Nineties. Now, when their favorite asphalt is drifted over, snow-belt in-line skaters flock to the ice for a workout and a speed fix.

Guys who feel a little squeamish in figure skates (do you imagine you're Scott Hamilton or Mark Messier?) are lacing into hockey skates, which have a shorter blade *(concluded on page 148)*



"Rest assured, Mr. Schmidt, the operation was a complete success. We're just popping back to surgery because Doctor can't find his Rolex."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

A ballpoint is fine for jotting down phone numbers in a bar, making a shopping list or scribbling notes in a meeting. But when you're signing something significant, such as a lottery-winnings check or the lease on a new Porsche, don't pick a Bic. Aside from being a status symbol, an elegant fountain pen feels great. You can customize the nib to suit your mood (broad for aggressive, narrow for conservative), and the best pens often increase in value over time. Collectors call it "penvesting." We call it a stroke of good luck.

From left to right: Élysée's gold-and-Chinese lacquer Impression No. 1 fountoin pen ($450). The Voltaire, Montblonc's latest fountain pen in its Limited Edition Writers Series ($650). Cortier's Pasha, with a lacquered body ond a gold-plated cop tipped with o synthetic cabochon ruby

His Nibs

when putting pen to important paper, go with the flow

($940). The art deco–style Manhattan fountain pen by Visconti Firenze, handcarved from a block of celluloid layered in alternating colors of green and black ($475). Handmade briarwood fountain pen with a 14-kt.-gold calligraphy nib inlaid with platinum, by Omas ($780). S.T. Dupont's fountain pen has 13 layers of Chinese lacquer embedded with 24-kt.-gold flakes ($695). Parker Pens' Duofold, a pearl-and-black Twenties-style fountain pen with an 18-kt.-gold nib ($345). Waterman's Edson Blue fountain pen, with an 18-kt.-gold nib and an ink system that helps prevent leakage, even at high altitudes ($650).

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 151.

 (continued from page 116)

I stood over her and found good angles on her body, zooming and panning to get it all on tape.

The sex could not have been hotter if it were cooked by a blowtorch, (2) this kind of behavior will definitely open doors to other kinds of role-playing and (3) men look idiotic when they try to act sexy. More on that later.

•

What we have been talking about, of course, is sex between consensual and committed couples: Folks who have already cleared some communication hurdles and are looking for a way to enrich established sex lives. But there are lots of folks, men in particular, who tape themselves spontaneously with a variety of partners, for reasons having less to do with great sex than with bragging rights, bets, a good laugh or even "art."

Sunshine, for instance, is a quick-talking 28-year-old artist living on New York's Lower East Side. A painter, sculptor, musician and videographer (among other things), he first brought a video camera into the bedroom as an artistic tool. A natural exhibitionist, he never thought twice about being on camera.

"Video cameras have a real immediacy, so you can get this big wave of sexuality right there," he says. "When I first got the camera, I was taping everything from ants swarming on a tree to my orgasms. As I grew more involved with the camera, it became more cinematic, more of a project: Let's see if I can get the lighting right. How good will it be? What can I direct the girl to do?"

Sunshine's partners have been a mix of one-night stands and girlfriends, all of whom required some convincing. "I remember one of my girlfriends came over, and I got into sketching her. We got a little drunk. I said, 'Hey, let's make one.' She was intrigued by it, a little scared, a little fascinated. She's sort of a conservative girl, and she gets intellectually wet over the fact that something dangerous is going on. I was like Claude Pepper—diligently lobbying to get this thing through. But judging by her performance, you would never think she had been so worried about the act of filming itself. It was an excellent video."

Sunshine finds the whole thing sexy—the talk, the convincing, the making, the watching—always stopping just short of turning it into a control game or a power trip. He emphasizes that he has never damaged a woman's ego by challenging her to do things because she was on tape. The idea, he says, is to acknowledge the camera, to use it.

"It's like an interesting sort of robotic voyeur," adds Sunshine. "You are aware of its presence. It's just this gentle statue of excitement, right over there. This weird kind of eye. It's sort of like your own eye. It's wonderful."

Sunshine projects an innocent enthusiasm for his hobby, but he also personifies some of the potential dangers. For one thing, he shows his videos to his buddies. He says it takes the voyeurism to another level and makes it even sexier for him. You have to wonder, though, how his partners would feel if they knew.

"I'm proud of the way they look," he says, defending his tapes. "They look good."

Early on in his book, Campbell offers the following words of caution, which I'll paraphrase:

(1) Don't ever videotape anyone without his or her knowledge and permission. Not only is it unethical, it's also a crime.

(2) Don't force or threaten your partner to participate in making erotic videos.

(3) Don't videotape or in any way involve minors.

(4) Lock your tapes away as if they were guns. This keeps tapes out of the hands of children and avoids the chance of public embarrassment. It also keeps them out of the hands of overzealous authorities in states that have sodomy laws.

(5) Don't use the tapes as weapons. If there's some chance they could be used to hurt you or your partner, erase them.

•

It was time to hit the record button.

We set the floor lamp at the edge of the bed and turned off the overhead (which had made everything look flat and pasty). We took turns on the bed while we checked out the exposure and found a good angle to shoot from—a medium shot big enough to include our whole bodies at a right angle to the camera. There were some shadowy areas away from the light, but it looked kind of good that way.

When the tripod was set, I took the camera and rolled tape, panning over her body and recording her initial smiling shyness. I began to give and receive specific instructions. She suddenly lost her inhibitions, taking charge as she stripped for the camera. She kicked off her shoes, then pulled off a sweater and beamed into the camera. "Now I'm going to take off my pants," she said, slipping a finger along each side of the waistband. I suggested, "On the bed. Lie back on the bed and do it."

She lay back, spread her hair around like a halo, and proceeded with 15 minutes of slow peeling and writhing. I hit the gain for the strobe effect while she was struggling with her jeans, then stood over her and found good angles on her body, zooming and panning to get it all on tape. She was really responding to the attention. Her sexuality came flooding forward, urgent, exposed, vulnerable. At last she cast off her bra and panties, twisting around nude, radiant.

She said to the camera, "I'm ready for your cock."

•

Back in 1988 Suzie Wahl and her husband, T.J., decided to start their own mail-order business out of their suburban home. They had a hunch that people would buy America's funniest home videos and amateur how-to tapes, back before television capitalized on that same good idea.

"We ran ads that said, 'Free Catalog. Need Videos,'" remembers Suzie. "We got in 'How to fix your bicycle,' 'How to play golf'—all different kinds of things." They also received a quick education about where America really lives. "People started asking for X-rated," she says, laughing. "And people started sending us X-rated. We were like, 'Holy shit!' We didn't have the slightest idea that people were using them for that purpose. But we said, 'What the heck? If this is what customers want, that's what we ought to be doing.' People from across the country started sending us videos they had done at home." Today their company, Video Alternatives, is one of the largest distributors of homemade and "amateur" porn.

Video Alternatives and the many other "amateur" video distributors I spoke with capitalized on two simultaneous phenomena: At the same time camcorders were becoming common, popular tastes in pornography turned against formulaic movies.

"I think people are tired of acrylic nails, silicone breasts, hair extensions and fake orgasms," says Veronica Monet, an independent filmmaker whose film *Real Women, Real Fantasies* was a

(continued on page 154)

"I can't be the world's worst lover. That would be too much of a coincidence."

SEX IN CINEMA 1995

ROMANCE CONQUERS THE WIDE SCREEN WHILE EROTIC THRILLERS SCORE WITH STAY-AT-HOME VIEWERS

text by **BRUCE WILLIAMSON**

Screen sex in 1995 has often shaped up as more romantic than raunchy. The phenomenal *Batman Forever* made money partly through its subliminal sexuality. But real adult lust simmered in *The Bridges of Madison County*, with Meryl Streep and Clint Eastwood making illicit middle-aged passion look inviting, and *Rob Roy*, a steamy Scottish history that had Jessica Lange putting a tilt in Liam Neeson's kilt. Both Sean Connery, in *First Knight*, and Paul Newman, an Oscar nominee for *Nobody's Fool*, shored up their reputations as cinema's sexiest senior citizens. In *Don Juan DeMarco*, 50ish Faye Dunaway and an astonishingly portly Marlon Brando relish fun and games in the marriage bed—after rediscovering romance with a lot of help from Johnny Depp. *(text concluded on page 136)*

CAPED CODPIECES Sex is largely subliminal in *Batman Forever*, a summer blockbuster that showcases a new cast in anatomically suggestive rubber outfits (opposite)—with Chris O'Donnell's Robin outpacking Val Kilmer's Batman. Jim Carrey's Riddler (top) steals the show from Tommy Lee Jones' Two-Face (bottom), while va-voomery is supplied by shrink Nicole Kidman (center) and Two-Face's two handmaidens, blonde Sugar (Drew Barrymore) and brunette Spice (Debi Mazar).

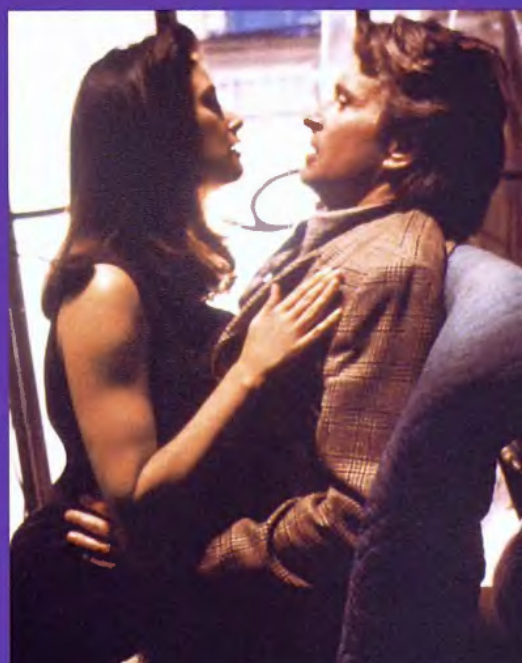
BLASTS FROM THE PAST The players in period pieces got to divest themselves of much fancier costumes than their fellow actors in shoot-'em-ups. The year's most surprisingly erotic release was *Farinelli*, the true story of a celebrated 18th century castrato. In the scene at left above, the singer (Stéfano Dionisi, right) enlists his virile brother (Enrico Lo Verso) to impregnate his lady (Elsa Zylberstein) after he's warmed her up. Valeria Golino (above right) plays one of Beethoven's amours in *Immortal Beloved*, while Antonio Banderas (below) gets his teeth into his juicy *Interview With the Vampire* role.

STRIP MOLLS Voyeurism may be the way to go, cinematically speaking, in this age of sexual anxiety (and right-wing suppression). Director Paul Verhoeven and screenwriter Joe Eszterhas courted an NC-17 rating for their controversial *Showgirls* (above), which was seen at closer range in an October PLAYBOY pictorial. Maria Ford stars in the more modestly budgeted *Stripteaser* (left), while the offbeat and stylish *Exotica* (below), filmed in a Toronto club, examines the world of table dancing.

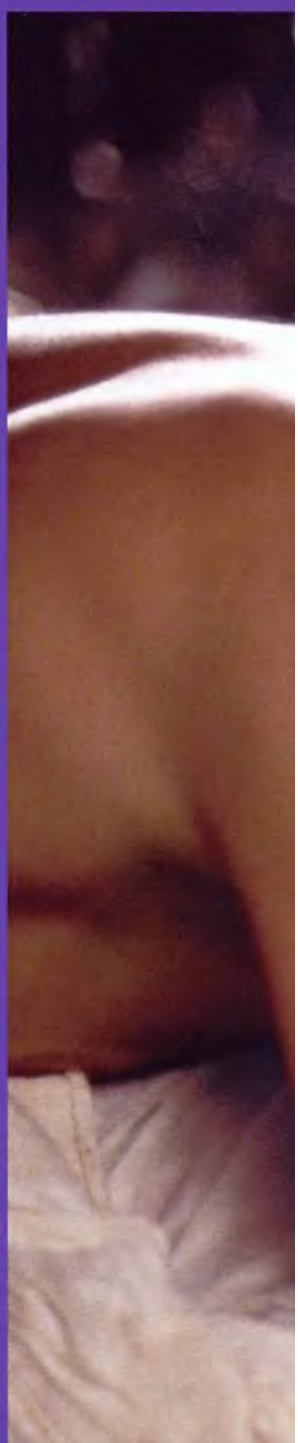
HUDSON

BUSTIN' OUT Long life on tape is enjoyed by such erotic thrillers as *Virtual Desire* (above left), an adventure about stalking on the Internet, with Elizabeth Berger and Mike Meyer; *The Dallas Connection* (above right, with Bruce Penhall and Julie K. Smith); *Private Obsession* (below, with Michael Christian and Shannon Whirry as a kidnapper and his sexy victim); and *Attack of the 60-Foot Centerfold* (left), starring a truly expansive J.J. North.

BITCH, BITCH, BITCH Good girls go to heaven, but bad girls go everywhere. Meaty roles went to Nicole Kidman, bent on eliminating stay-at-home hubby Matt Dillon in *To Die For* (top); Linda Fiorentino, making a lust-struck Peter Berg her partner in crime in *The Last Seduction* (center); and a voracious Demi Moore, cornering her underling Michael Douglas in *Disclosure* (bottom), which put a reverse spin on the topic of sexual harassment.



VINTAGE LOVE Hollywood got a novel idea—the novel—and both young and old took a chance on romance. Robert James Waller's *Bridges of Madison County* was improved on-screen by Clint Eastwood and Meryl Streep (near right). Demi Moore and Gary Oldman heat up Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* (far right). Liam Neeson and Jessica Lange ignite Sir Walter Scott's *Rob Roy* (below right). The spicy fantasies of Anaïs Nin's *Delta of Venus* (below) finally made it to the screen, and Ian Fleming's Agent 007 lives once again in *Goldeneye* (starring Pierce Brosnan and Izabella Scorupco, left).



For the most part, however, filmmakers seemed to be asking their audiences to be satisfied with a look and a leer. In an age where carefree sex is problematic, voyeurism is clearly the way to go. The controversial *Showgirls*, which reunites the *Basic Instinct* team of director Paul Verhoeven and writer Joe Eszterhas, is a kind of updated *All About Eve* that spotlights two nude dancers in Las Vegas. The filmmakers clearly expected their NC-17 rating, which they vowed they wouldn't fight. The lower-budget *Exotica* features Mia Kirshner, whose schoolgirl strip act gets the movie going. Dancing in the buff will also be an issue in the forthcoming *Striptease*, starring Demi Moore as a single mom strapped for cash (though actress Moore is collecting a $12.5 million fee for strutting her stuff). And strippers serve as a kind of animated set decoration in *Kiss of Death* and *The Crossing Guard*.

Phone sex is yet another method of creating big-screen heat. Spike Lee's *Girl Six* presents Theresa Randle as an operator who gets really hooked on her work. The three-part *Erotique* includes director Lizzie Borden's take on a phone sexpot who raises hell when she gets a male client's home number. And the Dutch-made *1-900* details call-ins between a couple who tease, titillate and mutually masturbate over the phone.

Don't think for a moment that moviemakers mean to ignore eroticism. It's just more implicit than explicit, especially in such young-at-heart films as *Before Sunrise* (Ethan Hawke and Julie Delpy play a mating game in Vienna), *The Brothers McMullen* (three Irish Catholic siblings struggle with carnal images on Long Island) and *Clerks* and *Kids* (both are group portraits of amoral teens whose blunt behavior—more dirty talk than on-screen couplings—makes grown-ups wonder what the world is coming to).

Irresponsible sex can still add up to dire consequences, however. Nicole Kidman, fresh from her chaste stint as the official love interest in *Batman Forever*—in which some critics detected subtly homoerotic vibes between Val Kilmer's Batman and Chris O'Donnell's Robin—comes back as an ambitious small-town bitch in *To Die For*, where she sleeps with a teenage hood so he'll murder her husband (Matt Dillon). Linda Fiorentino, the sultry bad girl of last fall's *Last Seduction*, has another sexy thriller on tap in *Jade*, opposite David Caruso. In *Mad Love*, Drew Barrymore decamps from high school for a sexual spree with Chris O'Donnell, but most of the runaway couple's raciest scenes are said to have been trimmed in transit. The bizarre *Bulletproof Heart* lands hit man Anthony LaPaglia in bed with Mimi Rogers, who plays the woman he is initially hired to kill.

Elaborate costume dramas, both foreign and domestic, clothe their basic instincts in period finery (though Patsy Kensit manages to appear nude regularly in the provocative *Angels and Insects*, in which she plays a proper Victorian Englishwoman with a dark secret life). *Farinelli* is a colorful saga about an 18th century Italian castrato who heats up his female admirers and then lets his virile brother complete the act. The French-made *Queen Margot*, with Isabelle Adjani, imbues sex with 16th century political angles (climaxing in the St. Bartholomew's Day Massacre), while England's *The Madness of King George* depicts a disease-crazed monarch on the make. Demi Moore sports the big A for adultery in *The Scarlet Letter*, which has been touted as a strongly sexualized new version of Hawthorne's classic. But there's little vintage hanky-panky between Richard Gere's Lancelot and Julia Ormond's Queen Guinevere in *First Knight*. At this writing, it remained to be seen what will be unbuttoned in *Restoration*, set in the court of Charles II. Robert Downey Jr., Meg Ryan and Sam Neill are said to get into plenty of ribaldry.

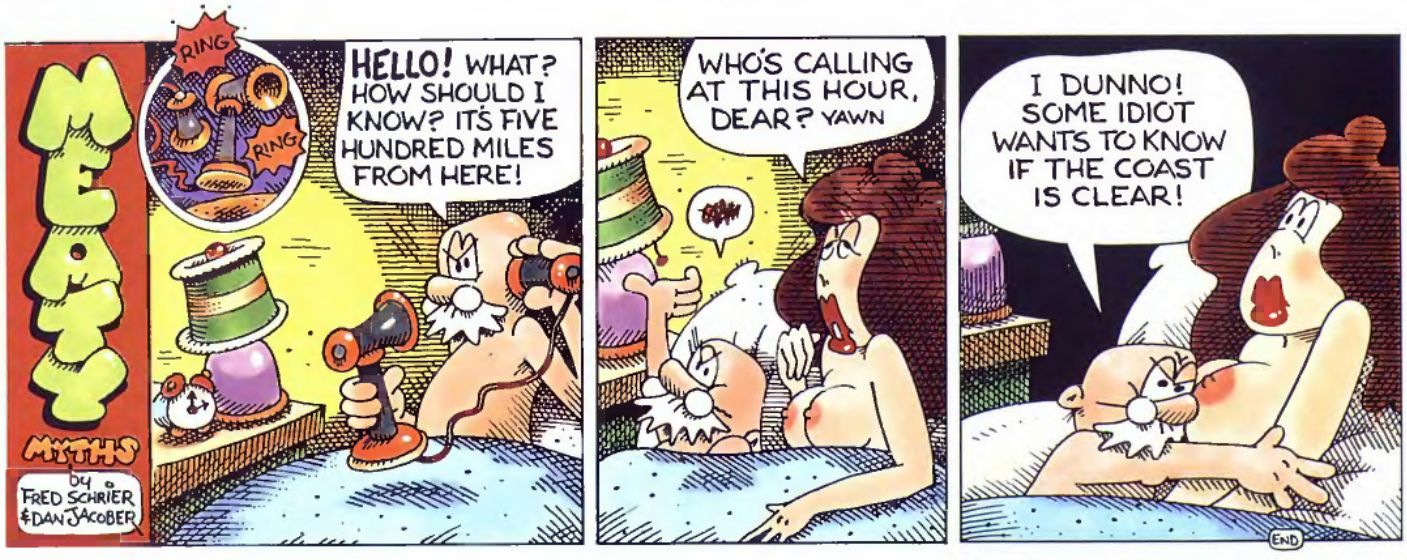
Perhaps the past was simply sexier. The future offered few positive images for viewers to contemplate this year. In *Species*, a seductive female alien (Natasha Henstridge) is sent to earth to breed destruction and destroy her mates post-coitus. As for *Tank Girl* and *Johnny Mnemonic*—they deserve each other.

Incestuous lesbianism is the subject of *Sister My Sister*, which co-stars Joely Richardson and Jodhi May as murderous siblings with a creepy attachment to each other. The gay-lesbian world is presented with a mite more sophistication and compassion in France's *Wild Reeds*, Canada's *Love and Human Remains* and, from the U.S., *The Incredible True Adventure of Two Girls in Love* as well as Paul Rudnick's *Jeffrey*.

Most controversial of all was British director Antonia Bird's *Priest*, which offended Catholic authorities with its striking, realistic picture of a homosexual cleric (Linus Roache).

While major moviemakers play footsie with sex, the real McCoy—or at least a reasonable facsimile—thrives in erotic thrillers that find their longest lives at video stores. Mainstream superstar Sharon Stone may downplay nudity while dallying with Robert De Niro and Joe Pesci in the big-screen *Casino*, but such actresses as Shannon Whirry, Julie Strain, Joan Severance and Shannon Tweed let it all hang out in such video thrillers as *Illicit Dreams*, *Victim of Desire*, *Dangerous Indiscretion*, *Private Obsession* and *Play Time*. Their male partners appear to be equally uninhibited. In fact, Tweed and her frequent director and co-star Andrew Stevens—PLAYBOY family members of a sort, she having been 1982's Playmate of the Year, he being the son of Miss January 1960, Stella Stevens—are turning into the Hepburn and Tracy of erotic video.

At this rate, fun-seeking filmgoers who prefer sex to violence may decide to just curl up at home with a few hot numbers and a cold beer.


MEANS
MISTHS
BY FRED SCHRIER & DAN JACOBER
RING
RING
HELLO! WHAT? HOW SHOULD I KNOW? IT'S FIVE HUNDRED MILES FROM HERE!
WHO'S CALLING AT THIS HOUR, DEAR? YAWN
I DUNNO! SOME IDIOT WANTS TO KNOW IF THE COAST IS CLEAR!
END

KELLER

(continued from page 90)

Pizza Hut. He spent a quarter and dialed the number, and after two rings the machine answered and a computer-generated voice repeated the last four digits of the number and invited him to leave his message at the tone.

"Toxic shock," he said.

Nothing happened. He stayed on the line for 15 seconds and hung up.

But was that long enough? Suppose she was washing her hands, or in the kitchen making coffee. He dug out another quarter, tried again. Same story. "Toxic shock," he said again and waited for 30 seconds before hanging up.

"Great system," he said aloud and went back to the motel.

•

He turned on the television set and watched the last half of a movie about a woman who gets her lover to kill her husband. You didn't have to have watched the first half to know what was going on, nor did you need to be a genius to know that everything was going to go wrong for them. Amateurs, he thought.

He went out and tried the number again. "Toxic shock." Nothing.

Hell.

On the desk in his room, along with carryout menus from half a dozen nearby fast-food outlets and a local Board of Realtors handout on the joys of settling in Muscatine, there was a flier inviting him to try his luck gambling on a Mississippi riverboat. It looked appealing at first. You pictured an old paddle wheeler chugging along, heading down the river to New Orleans, with women in hoopskirts and men in frock coats and string ties. But he knew it wouldn't be anything like that. The boat wouldn't move, for one thing. It would stand at anchor, and boarding it would be like crossing the threshold of a hotel in Atlantic City.

No thanks.

Unpacking, he found the morning paper he'd read on the flight to Chicago. He hadn't finished it, and did so now, saving the crossword puzzle for last. There was a step-quote, a saying of some sort running like a flight of stairs from the upper-left to lower-right corner. He liked these, because you had the sense that solving the crossword led to a greater solution.

Often, though, the puzzles with step-quotes proved difficult, and this particular puzzle was of that sort. There were a couple of areas he had trouble with, and they formed important parts of the step-quote, and in the end he couldn't work it out.

There was a 900 number you could call. They printed it with the puzzle

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every morning, and for 75 cents they'd give you any three answers.

But did people really call? Obviously they did, or the service wouldn't exist. Keller found this baffling. He could see doing a crossword puzzle—it gave your mind a light workout and passed the time—but when he'd gone as far as he could, he tossed the paper aside and got on with his life.

Anyway, if you were dying of curiosity, all you had to do was wait a day. They printed a filled-in version of the previous day's crossword in every paper. Why spend 75 cents for three answers when you could wait a few hours and get the whole thing for 60?

They were immature, he decided. He'd read that the true measure of human maturity was the ability to postpone gratification.

Keller, ready to go out and try the number again, decided to postpone gratification. He took a hot shower and went to bed.

•

In the morning he drove into downtown Muscatine and had breakfast at a diner. The crowd was almost exclusively male and most of the men wore suits. Keller, in a suit himself, read the local paper while he ate his breakfast. There was a crossword puzzle, but he took one look at it and gave it a pass. The longest word was six letters: *Our Northern Neighbor*. The way Keller figured it, when it came to crossword puzzles, it was the *Times* or nothing.

There was a pay phone at the diner, but he didn't want his conversation overheard by the movers and shakers of Greater Muscatine. Even if no one answered, he didn't want anyone to hear him say "toxic shock." He left the diner and found an outdoor pay phone at a gas station. He placed the call, said his two words, and in no time at all a woman cut in to say, "Hello? Hello?"

Tinny phone, he thought. Rinky-dink local phone company, what could you expect? But it was better than a computer-generated phone message. At least you knew you were talking to a person.

"It's all right," he said. "I'm here."

"I'm sorry I missed your call last night. I was out, I had to——"

"Let's not get into that," he said. "Let's not spend any more time on the phone than we have to."

"I'm sorry. Of course you're right."

"I need to know some things. The name of the person I'm supposed to meet with, first of all."

There was a pause. Then, tentatively, she said, "My understanding was that there wasn't to be a meeting."

"The other person," he said, "that I'm supposed to *meet* with, so to speak."

"Oh. I didn't. . . . I'm sorry. I'm not used to this."

No kidding, he thought.

"His name is Stephen Lauderheim," she said.

"How do I find him? I don't suppose you know his address."

"No, I'm afraid not. I know the license number of his car."

He copied it down, along with the information that the car was a two-year-old white Honda Civic squareback. That was useful, he told her, but he couldn't cruise around town looking for a white Honda. Where does he park this car?

"Across the street from my house," she said, "more often than I'd like."

"I don't suppose he's there now."

"No, I don't think so. Let me look. . . . No, he's not. There was a message from him last night. In between your messages. Nasty, vile."

"I wish I had a photo of him," he said. "That would help. I don't suppose——"

No photo, but she could certainly describe him. Tall, slender, light brown hair, late 30s, long face, square jaw, big white horse teeth. Oh, and he had a Kirk Douglas dimple in his chin. Oh, and she knew where he worked. At least he was working there the last time the police were involved. Would that help?

Keller rolled his eyes. "It might," he said.

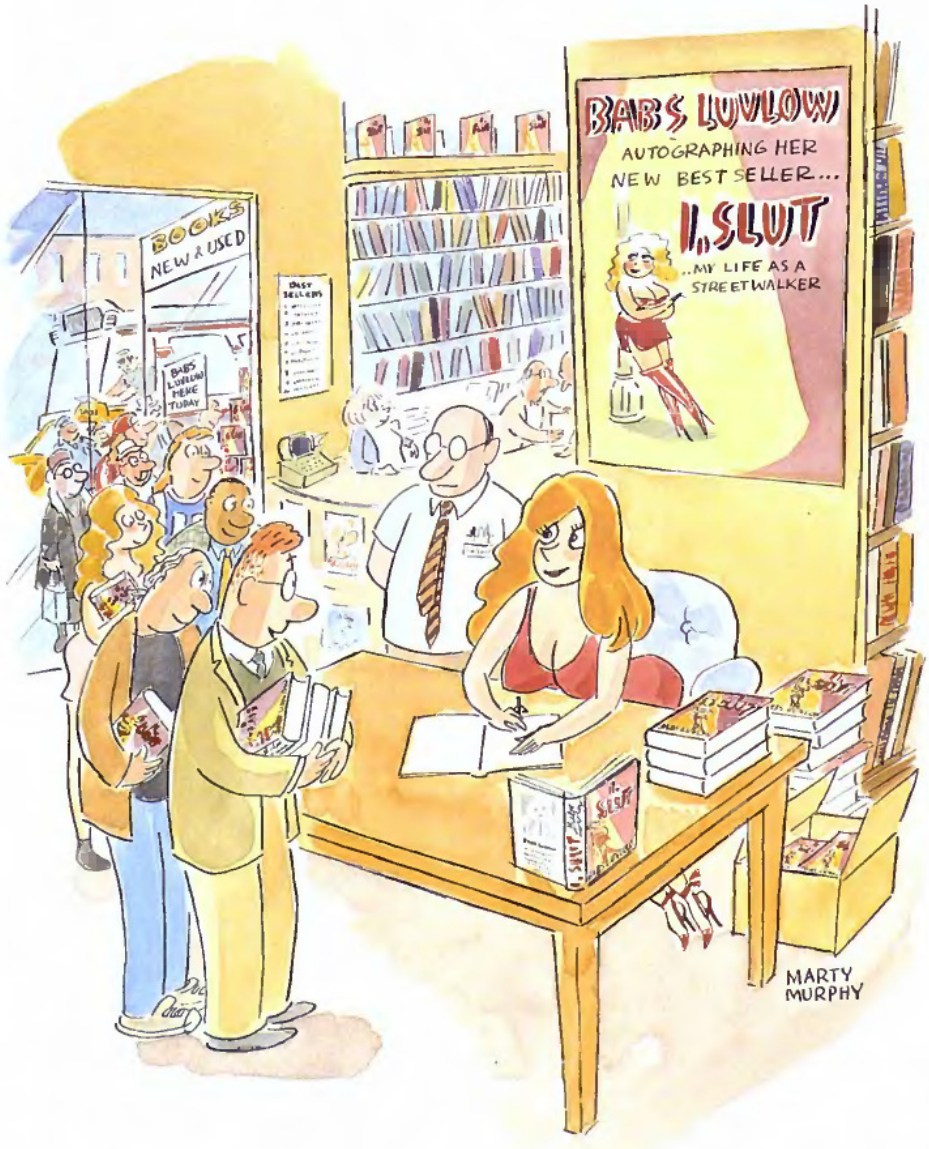
"The name of the firm is Loud & Clear Software," she said. "On Tyler Boulevard just beyond Five Mile Road. He's a computer programmer or technician, something like that."

"That's how he keeps getting your phone number," Keller said.

"I beg your pardon?"

"He doesn't need a confederate at the phone company. If he knows his way around computers, he can hack into the phone company system and get unlisted numbers that way."

"It's possible to do that?"



"I've read every one of your books, Miss Luvlow. I wonder if you'd allow me to cop a cheap feel?"

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"So they tell me."

"Well, I'm hopelessly old-fashioned," she said. "I still do all my writing on a typewriter. But it's an electric typewriter, at least."

He had the name, the address, the car and a precise description. Was there anything else he needed? He couldn't think of anything.

"This probably won't take very long," he said.

•

He found Five Mile Road, found Tyler Boulevard, found Loud & Clear Software. The company occupied a squat concrete-block building with its own little parking lot. There were ten or a dozen cars in the lot, many of them Japanese, two of them white. No white Honda squareback, no plate number to match the one he'd been given.

If Stephen Lauderheim wasn't working today, maybe he was stalking. Keller drove back into town and got directions to Fairview Avenue. He found it in a pleasant neighborhood of prewar houses and big shade trees. Driving slowly past number 411, he looked around unsuccessfully for a white Honda, then circled the block and parked just down the street from Cressida Wallace's house. It was a sprawling structure, three stories tall, with overgrown shrubbery obscuring the lower half of the first-floor windows. A light burned in a window on the third floor, and Keller decided that that was where Cressida was, typing up happy and instructive tales of woodland creatures on her electric typewriter.

He had lunch and drove back to Loud & Clear. No white Honda. He hung around for a while, found his way to Fairview Avenue again. No white Honda, and no light on the third floor. He returned to his motel.

•

That night there was a movie he wanted to see on HBO, but the channel wasn't available on his TV. He was irritated and thought about moving to another motel a few hundred yards down the road, where the signboard promised HBO, as well as water beds in selected units. He decided that was ridiculous, that he was mature enough to postpone gratification in this area, even as he had to postpone the gratification of dispatching Stephen Lauderheim and getting the hell out of Muscatine.

He leafed through the phone book, looking for Lauderheim. There was no listing, which didn't surprise him. He tried Cressida Wallace, knowing she wouldn't be listed. There were several Wallaces, but none on Fairview and none named Cressida.

There were Kellers, one of them with the initial J, another with the initials JD. Either one could be John.

He did that sometimes. Looked up his name in the phone books of strange cities, as if he might actually find himself there. Not another person with the same name—that happened often enough since his was not an uncommon name. But find himself, his actual self, living an altogether different life in some other city.

•

The next morning Keller had breakfast at the diner, swung past the house on Fairview, then drove out to the software company. This time the white Honda was parked in the lot, and the license plate had the right letters and numbers on it. Keller parked where he could keep an eye on it and waited.

At noon, several men and women left the building, walked to their cars and drove off. None fit Stephen Lauderheim's description, and none got into the white Honda.

At 12:30, two men emerged from the building and walked along together, deep in conversation. Both wore khaki trousers and faded denim shirts and running shoes, but in other respects they looked completely different. One was short and pudgy, with dark hair combed flat across his skull. The other, well, the other just had to be Lauderheim. He fit Cressida Wallace's description to a T.

They walked together to Lauderheim's Honda. Keller followed them to an Italian restaurant, one of a national chain. Then he drove back to Loud & Clear and parked in his old spot.

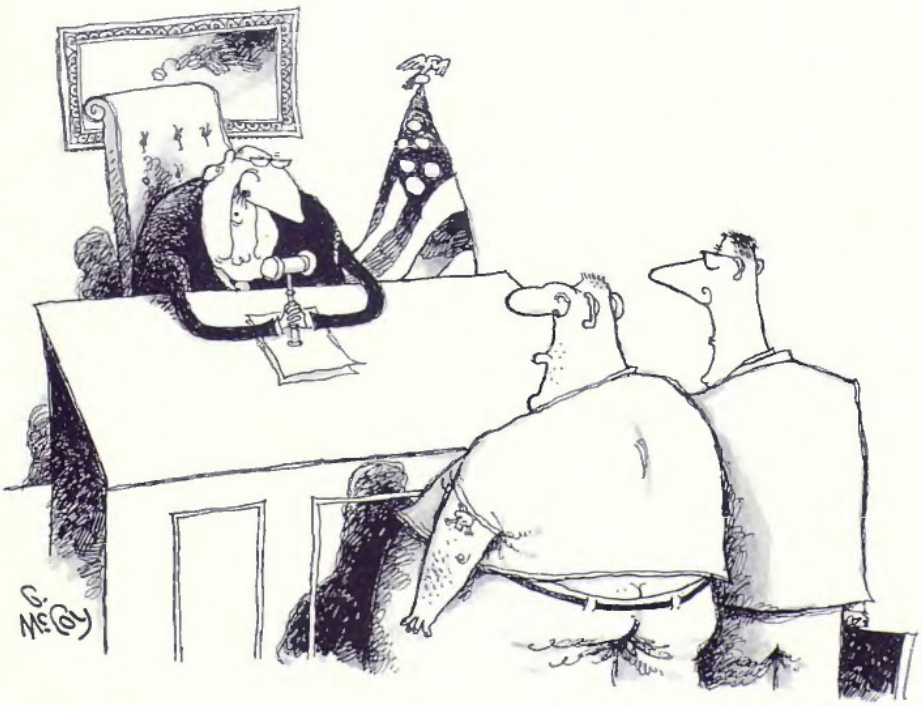
At a quarter to two, the Honda returned and both men went back into the building. Keller drove off and found a supermarket, where he purchased a box of granulated sugar and a funnel. At a hardware store in the same small shopping plaza he bought a large screwdriver, a hammer and a six-foot extension cord. He drove back to Loud & Clear and went to work.

The Honda had a hatch over the gas cap. You needed a key to unlock it. He braced the screwdriver against the lock and gave it one sharp blow with the hammer, and the hatch popped. He removed the gas cap, inserted the funnel, poured in the sugar, replaced the cap, closed the hatch and wedged it shut. Then he went back to his own car and got behind the wheel.

Employees began trickling out of Loud & Clear shortly after five. By six o'clock only three cars remained in the lot. At 6:20, Lauderheim's lunch companion came out, got into a brown Buick Century and drove off. That left two cars, one of them the white Honda, and they were both still there at seven.

Keller sat behind the wheel, deferring gratification. His breakfast had been light, two doughnuts and a cup of coffee, and he'd missed lunch. He had planned to grab something to eat while he was in the supermarket, but it had slipped his mind. Now he was missing dinner.

Hunger made him irritable. Two cars



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in the lot, probably two people inside, three at the most. They'd already stayed two hours past quitting time and for all he knew might stay until morning. Maybe Lauderheim was waiting until the office was empty so he could make an undisturbed phone call to Cressida.

Suppose he just went in there and did them both? Element of surprise, they'd never know what hit them. Two for the price of one, do it and let's get the hell out of here. Cops would just figure a disgruntled employee went berserk. That sort of thing happened everywhere these days, not just at post offices.

Maturity, he told himself. Maturity and deferred gratification. Above all, professionalism.

•

By 7:30 he was ready to rethink his commitment to professionalism. He no longer felt hungry but was seething with anger, all of it focused on Stephen Lauderheim.

The son of a bitch.

Why in the hell would he stalk some poor woman who spent her life in an attic writing about kitty cats and bunny rabbits? Kidnapping her dog, for God's sake, and then torturing it and killing it, and playing her a tape of the animal's death throes. Murder, Keller thought, was almost too good for the son of a bitch. Ought to stick that funnel in his mouth and pour oven cleaner down his throat.

Speak of the devil.

There he was, Stephen Fucking Lauderheim, holding the door open for a nerdy fellow wearing a lab coat and a wispy mustache. Not heading for the same car, please God. No, separate cars, with Lauderheim pausing after unlocking the Honda to exchange a final pleasantry with the nerd in the lab coat.

Good thing he hadn't counted on waylaying him in the parking lot.

The nerd drove off first. Keller sat, glaring at the Honda, until Lauderheim started it up, pulled out of the parking lot and headed back toward town.

Keller gave him a two-block lead, then took off after him.

•

Just the other side of Four Mile Road, Keller pulled up right behind the disabled Honda. Lauderheim already had the hood up and was frowning at the engine.

Keller got out of the car and trotted over to him.

"Heard the sound it was making," he said. "I think I know what's wrong."

"It's got to be the engine," Lauderheim said. "But I don't understand it. It never did anything like this before."

"I can fix it."

"Seriously? You mean it?"

"You got a tire iron?"

"Yeah, I suppose so," Lauderheim said and went around to open the rear of the squareback. He found the tire iron, extended it to Keller, then drew it back. "There's nothing wrong with the tires," he said.

"No kidding," Keller said. "Give me the tire iron, will you?"

"Sure, but——"

"Say, don't I know you? You're Steve Lauderheim, aren't you?"

"That's right. Have we met?"

Keller looked at him, at the cute little chin dimple, at the big white teeth. Of course he was Lauderheim. Who else could he be? But a professional made sure. Besides, it wasn't too long ago that he'd failed to make sure, and he wasn't eager to let that happen again.

"Cressida says hello," Keller said.

"Huh?"

Keller buried the tire iron in his solar plexus.

The results were encouraging. Lauderheim let out an awful sound, clapped his hands to his middle and fell to his knees. Keller grabbed him by the front of his shirt, dragged him along the gravel until the Honda screened the two of them from view. Then he raised the tire iron high and brought it down on Lauderheim's head.

The man sprawled on the ground, still conscious, moaning softly. A few more blows to finish it?

No. Stick to the script. Keller drew the extension cord from his pocket, unwound a two-foot length of it and looped it around Lauderheim's throat. He straddled the man, pinning him to the ground with a knee in the middle of his back, and choked the life out of him.

•

The Mississippi, legendary Father of Waters, swallowed the tire iron, the hammer, the screwdriver, the funnel, the cord. The empty box of sugar floated off on the current.

From a pay phone, Keller called his client. "Toxic shock," he said, feeling like an idiot. No answer. He hung up.

He went back to his motel room, packed, carried his bag to the car. He didn't have to check out. He'd paid a week in advance, and when his week was up they'd take the room back.

He had to force himself to drive over to the Pizza Hut and get something to eat. All he wanted to do was drive straight to O'Hare and grab the first plane back to New York, but he knew he had to get some food into his system. Otherwise he'd start seeing things on the road north, swing the wheel to dodge something that wasn't there and wind up putting the car in a ditch. Professionalism, he told himself, and he ate an individual pan pizza and drank a medium Pepsi.

And placed the call again. "Toxic shock"—and this time she was there and picked up.

"It's all taken care of," he said.

"You mean——"

"I mean it's all taken care of."

"I can't believe it. My God, I can't believe it."

You're safe now, he wanted to say. You've got your life back.

Instead, cool and professional, he told her how to make the final payment. Cash, same as before, sent by Federal Express to Mary Jones, at another Mail

"If a tree falls in the forest and there's no one there to hear it, does the Sierra Club still get pissed?"

IN THE WORLD OF CASINOS

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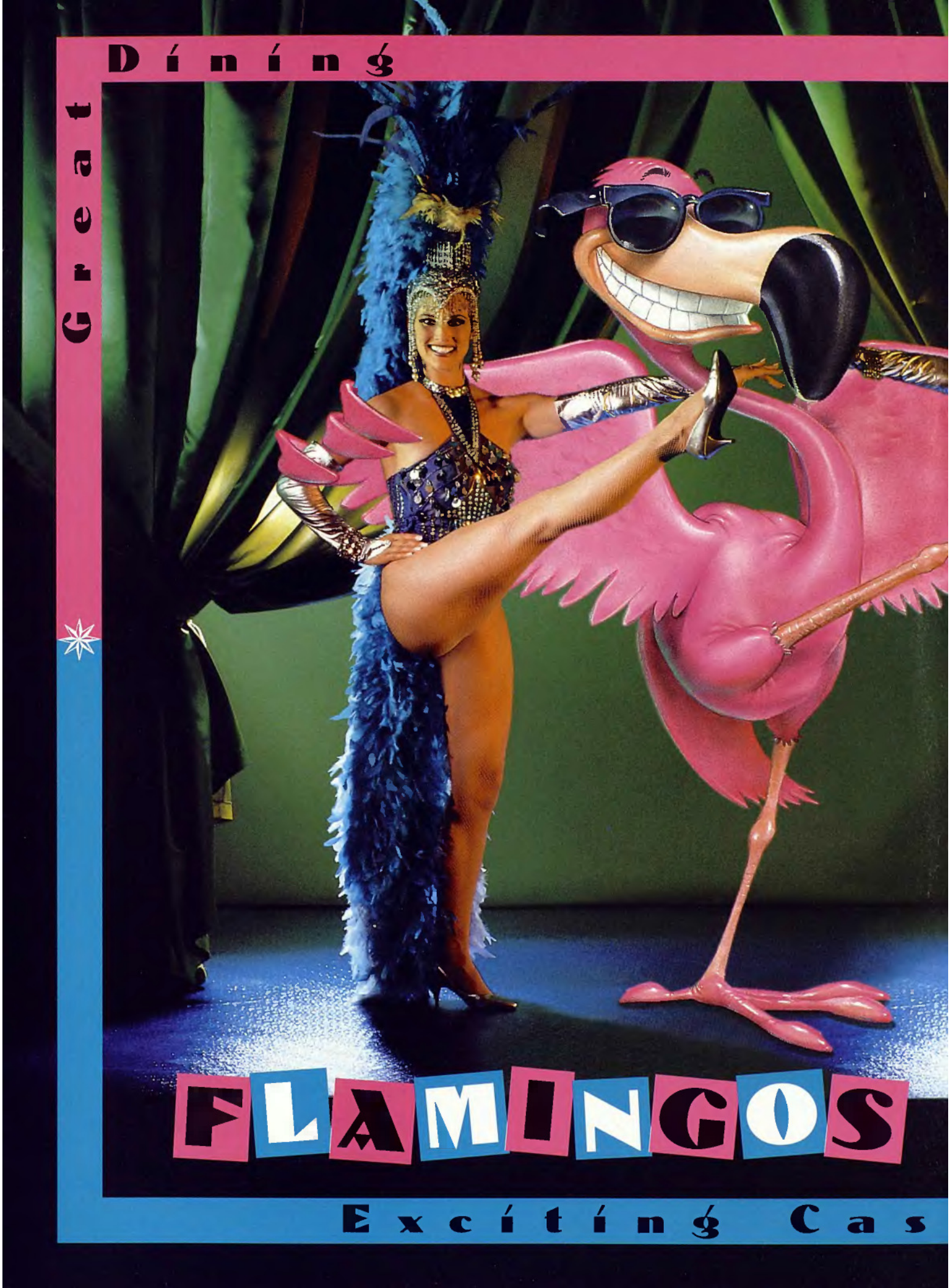
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"I can't thank you enough," the woman said. Keller said nothing, just smiled and rang off.

•

Driving north and east through Illinois, Keller went over it in his mind. He thought, *Cressida says hello.* Jesus, he couldn't believe he'd said that. What did he think he was, an avenging angel? A knight in shining armor? Jesus.

Well, nothing all day but two doughnuts and a cup of coffee. That was as far as you had to look for an explanation. Got him irritable and angry, made him take it personally.

Still, he thought after he'd turned in the car and bought his ticket, Lauderheim was unquestionably one thoroughgoing son of a bitch. No loss to anyone.

And he could still hear her saying she couldn't thank him enough, and what was so wrong with enjoying that?

•

Eight, nine days later, Dot called. Coincidentally, he was doing the crossword puzzle at the time.

"Keller," she said, "guess what Mary Jones didn't find in her mailbox?"

"That's strange," he said. "It's still not here? Maybe you ought to call her. Maybe Fed Ex lost it and it's in a back office somewhere."

"I'm way ahead of you. I called her."

"And?"

"Line's been disconnected. . . .You still there, Keller?"

"I'm trying to think. You're sure that——"

"I called back, got the same recording. 'The number you have reached, blah-blah-blah, has been disconnected.' Leaves no room for doubt."

"No."

"The money doesn't show up, and now the line's been disconnected. Does it begin to make you wonder?"

"Maybe they arrested her," he said, "before she could send the money."

"And stuck her in a cell and left her there? A quiet lady who writes about deaf rabbits?"

"Well——"

"Let me pull out and pass a few slow-moving vehicles," she said. "What I did was, I called Information in St. Louis."

"St. Louis?"

"Webster Groves is a suburb of St. Louis."

"Webster Groves."

"Where Cressida Wallace lives, according to that reference book in the library."

"But she moved," Keller said.

"You'd think so, wouldn't you? But the Information operator had a listing for her. So I called the number. Guess what?"

"Come on, Dot."

"A woman answered. No answering machine, no computer-generated horseshit. 'Hello?' 'Cressida Wallace, please.' 'This is she.' Well, it wasn't the voice I remembered. 'Is this Cressida Wallace, the author?' 'Yes.' 'The author of *How the Bunny Lost His Ears*?'"

"And she said it was?"

"Well, how many Cressida Wallaces do you figure there are? I didn't know what the hell to say next. I told her I was from the Muscatine paper and that I wanted to know her impression of the town. Keller, she didn't know what I was talking about. I had to tell her what state Muscatine is in."

"You'd think she'd at least have heard of it," he said. "It's not that far from St. Louis."

"I don't think she gets out much. I think she sits in her house and writes her stories. I found out this much. She's lived in the same house in Webster Groves for 30 years."

He took a deep breath, then said, "Where are you, Dot?"

"Where am I? I'm at an outdoor pay phone half a mile from the house. I'm getting rained on."

"Go on home," he said. "Give me an hour or so and I'll call you back."

•

"All right," he said, closer to two hours later. "Here's how it shapes up. Stephen Lauderheim wasn't some creep, stalking some innocent woman."

"We figured that."

"He was a partner in Loud & Clear Software. He and a fellow named Randall Cleary started the firm. Lauderheim and Cleary, Loud & Clear."

"Cute."

"Lauderheim was married, father of two, bowled in a league, belonged to the Rotary and the Jaycees."

"Hardly the type to kidnap a dog and torture it to death."

"You wouldn't think so."

"Who set him up? The wife?"

"I figure the partner. Company was doing great and one of the big Silicon Valley firms was looking to buy them out. My guess is one of them wanted to sell and the other didn't. Or there was some kind of partnership insurance in place. One partner dies, the other buys him out at a prearranged price, pays off the widow with the proceeds of the insurance policy. Of course, the company's now worth about 20 times what they agreed to."

"How'd you get all this, Keller?"

"Called the city room at the Muscatine paper, said I was covering the death for a computer magazine and could they fax me the obit and anything they had run on the killing."

"You've got a fax?"

"The candy store around the corner's got one. All the guy in Muscatine could

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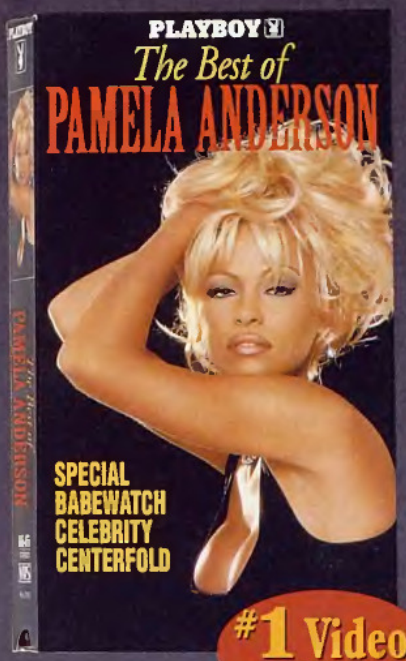

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tell from the number I gave him was it was in New York."

"Nice."

"After the fax came in, the stuff he sent gave me some ideas for other calls to make. I could sit on the phone for another hour and find out more, but I figure that's enough."

"More than enough," she said. "Keller, the little shit foxed us. Then he stiffed us in the bargain."

"That's what I don't get," he said. "Why stiff us? All he had to do was send the money and I'd never have thought of Iowa again unless I was flying over it. He was home free. All he had to do was pay what he owed."

"Cheap son of a bitch," Dot said.

"But where's the sense? He paid out half the money without even knowing who he was sending it to. If he could afford to do that on the come, you can imagine what kind of money was at stake here."

"It paid off."

"It paid off, but he didn't. Stupid."

"Very stupid."

"I'll tell you what I think," he said. "I think the money was the least of it. I think he wanted to feel superior to us. I mean, why go through all this Cressida Wallace crap in the first place? Does he figure I'm a Boy Scout, doing my good deed for the day?"

"He figured we were amateurs, Keller. And needed to be motivated."

"Yeah, well, he figured wrong," he said. "I have to pack. I've got a flight in an hour and a half and I have to call the dog-sitter. We're getting paid, Dot. Don't worry."

"I wasn't worried," she said.

•

Which one, he wondered, was Cleary? The plump one who'd gone to lunch with Lauderheim? Or the nerd in the lab coat who'd walked out to the parking lot with him?

Or someone else, someone he hadn't even seen? Cleary might well have been out of town that day, providing himself with an alibi.

Didn't matter. You didn't need to know what a man looked like to get him on the phone.

Cleary, like his late partner, had an unlisted home phone number. But the firm, Loud & Clear, had a listing. Keller called from his motel room—he was staying this time at the one with HBO. He used the electronic novelty item he'd picked up at Abercrombie & Fitch, and when a woman answered he said he wanted to speak to Randall Cleary.

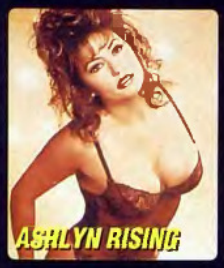
"Whom shall I say is calling?"

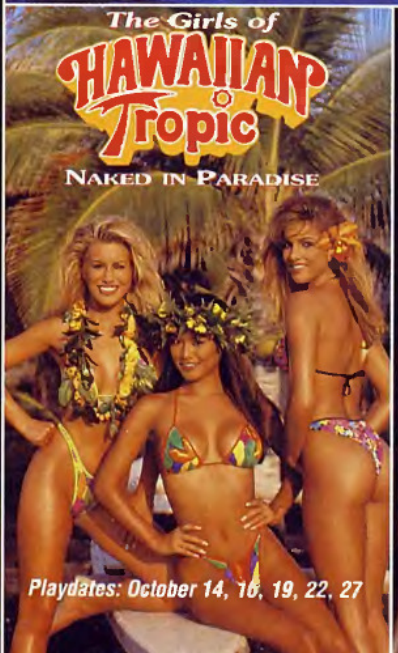
Whom, he noted. Not bad for Muscatine, Iowa.

"Cressida Wallace," he said.

She put him on hold, but he did not languish there for long. Moments later

PLAYBOY TV: MORE THAN YOU EVER IMAGINED





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Alicia Rickter
Miss October

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he heard a male voice, one he could not recognize. "Cleary," the man said. "Who is this?"

"Ah, Mr. Cleary," he said. "This is Miss Cressida Wallace."

"No it's not."

"It is," Keller said. "I understand you've been using my name, and I'm frightfully upset."

Silence from Cleary. Keller unhooked the device that had altered the pitch of his voice. "Toxic shock," he said in his own voice. "You stupid son of a bitch."

"There was a problem," Cleary said. "I'm going to send you the money."

"Why didn't you get in touch?"

"I was going to. You can't believe how busy we've been around here."

"So why did you disconnect your phone?"

"I thought, you know, for security reasons."

"Right," Keller said.

"I'm going to pay."

"No question about it," Keller said. "Today. You're going to Fed Ex the money today. Overnight delivery, Mary Jones gets it tomorrow. Are we clear on that?"

"Absolutely."

"And the price went up. Remember what you were supposed to send?"

"Yes."

"Well, double it."

There was a silence. "That's impossible. It's extortion, for God's sake."

"Look," Keller said, "do yourself a favor. Think it through."

Another silence, but shorter. "All right," Cleary said.

"In cash, and it gets there tomorrow. Agreed?"

"Agreed."

•

He called Dot from a pay phone, had dinner and went back to his room. This motel had HBO, so of course there was nothing on that he wanted to watch. It figured.

In the morning he skipped the diner and had a big breakfast at a Denny's on the highway. He drove up to Davenport and made two stops, at a sporting goods store and a hardware store. He went back to his motel, and around two in the afternoon he called White Plains.

"This is Cressida Wallace," he said. "Have there been any calls for me?"

"Damned if it doesn't work," Dot said. "You sound just like a woman."

"But I break just like a little girl," Keller said.

"Very funny. Quit using that thing, will you? It sounds like a woman, but it's your way of talking, your inflections underneath it all. Let me hear the Keller I know so well."

He unhooked the gadget. "Better?"

"Yes, much better. Your pal came through."

"He got the numbers right and everything?"

"Indeed he did."

"I think the voice-change gizmo helped," he said. "It made him see we know everything."

"Oh, he'd have paid anyway," she said. "All you had to do was yank his chain a little. You just liked using your new toy, that's all. When are you coming home, Keller?"

"Not right away."

"Well, I know that."

"No, I think I'll wait a few days," he said. "Right now he's edgy, looking over his shoulder. Beginning of next week he'll have his guard down."

"Makes sense."

"Besides," he said, "it's not really a bad town."

"God, Keller."

"What's the matter?"

"'It's not a bad town.' I bet you're the first person to say that, including the head of the chamber of commerce."

"It's not," he insisted. "The motel set gets HBO. There's a Pizza Hut down the street."

"Keep it to yourself, Keller, or everybody's going to want to move there."

"And I've got things to do."

"Like what?"

"A little metalwork project, for starters."

He hung up and used the carbide-bladed hacksaw from the hardware store to remove most of both barrels of the shotgun from the sporting goods store, then switched blades and cut away most of the stock as well. He loaded both chambers and left the gun tucked under the mattress. Then he drove along the river road until he found a good spot, and he tossed the sawed-off gun barrels, the hacksaw and the shotgun-shell box into the Mississippi. Toxic waste, he thought, and shook his head, imagining all the junk that wound up in the river.

He drove around for a while, just enjoying the day, and returned to the motel. Right now Randall Cleary was telling himself he was safe, he was in the clear, he had nothing to worry about. But he wasn't sure yet.

In a few days he'd be sure. He'd even think to himself that maybe he should have called Keller's bluff, or at least not agreed to pay double. But, what the hell, it was only money, and money was something he had a ton of.

Stupid amateur.

Which one was he, anyway? The nerd with the wispy mustache? The plump one, the dumpling? Or someone yet unseen?

Well, he'd find out.

Keller, feeling professional, feeling mature, sat back and put his feet up. It was fun, postponing gratification like this.

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CHILL THRILLS

(continued from page 122)

with a rocker shape that permits tight-radius turns.

Entry-level hockey skates (less than $100) are fine for an occasional spin around the pond, but for serious training, consider a professional model such as the Bauer Supreme Composite ($470). The current choice of Eric Lindros, this skate has a liner that molds itself to the shape of your foot and ankle. That custom fit is remarkably comfortable and eliminates pressure points that can cut circulation and lead to frostbitten feet.

FAST CAT

Like high-performance motorcycles, snowmobiles are shaped by competition. This season's hottest models belong to the high-performance "600-triple" class. These production sleds are designed to meet the rules of the highly modified Formula III professional racing series. Class leader is the Arctic Cat ZRT 600 ($7000), a snow-going crotch-rocket powered by a new 594cc, three-cylinder Suzuki engine that cranks out more than 120 horsepower. Top speed depends on snow conditions but is well in excess of 100 mph. The ZRT 600 will go head-to-head with the Ski-Doo Formula III ($7000) and the Polaris 600 XCR SP ($7000), which feature three-cylinder, high-performance 600cc engines.

DIE-HARD BIKERS

Mountain bikers who don't want to give up their rides for the winter have come up with all kinds of tricks to maintain traction in the snow. One is to use mountain-bike snow tires such as the IRC Blizzard (about $30). With a soft rubber compound on the sides and a harder compound in the center, the Blizzard stiffens in cold weather, turning the tread knobs into tiny teeth that bite into hard snow. A more aggressive alternative is a set of bike tire chains. Pit Bull Chains, priced at $70 a set or $50 for a heavy-duty rear chain, slip over standard mountain-bike tires much like the cable chains used on cars. But for the best off-road traction, you should have a bike shop stud your tires. This generally costs about $30 per tire, according to John Riordan, head technician at Village Cycle Center in Chicago. "They'll put about 60 to 100 screws on each one," he says. The better shops also will install a plastic tire liner, such as the Mr. Tuffy ($16 a pair), to prevent blowouts.

Another important tip for winter mountain biking: Steel bike frames are extremely susceptible to rust from road salt, so be sure you're riding a model with an aluminum frame such as Cannondale's latest Super V 700, pictured on page 119. Happy trails.

"I'll never forget our first night either, Darlene. I have it on videotape."

WINTER SPORTS: WHERE THE ACTION IS

New challenges abound at North America's top ski resorts. Here's a look.

Big Sky, Montana: With its $2.5 million expansion now complete, Big Sky boasts the highest vertical drop in the U.S. (4180 feet), as well as 1200 additional acres of some of the most advanced terrain in the U.S. Take the 15-passenger tram to the summit of Lone Peak to cruise bowls and chutes that have pitches from 28 degrees to 50 degrees. Or ride the Shedhorn double chairlift to the lower South Face for great intermediate and advanced runs.

Deer Valley, Utah: You'll have to wait until next year to ski the 640 additional acres of terrain that are a part of Deer Valley's $7 million expansion. But you can preview the intermediate and advanced runs on special Snowcat tours.

Squaw Valley, California: Squaw has replaced the KT-22 double chair with a high-speed quad for faster access to supersteep terrain. It has also completed a gentle-to-intermediate three-mile run called Olympic High that commemorates the 1960 winter games.

Telluride, Colorado: The long-awaited Chondola, a lift with chairs and gondolas intermingled, will carry skiers from Lift One to Mountain Village, eliminating the need to drive.

Copper Mountain, Colorado: Skiers on Hallelujah Ridge off Copper Peak often stop to admire the expanse of Copper Bowl, just beyond the current ski area. This year, they'll get to ski it. Hallelujah!

Attitash, New Hampshire: The most popular resort in the Mount Washington Valley area will continue the Bear Peak expansion this year, adding a new high-speed quad, three to five new advanced trails and a base lodge.

Sunday River, Maine: This rapidly growing resort is opening a lift to another peak, named Oz. The main trail off the new lift will be a 400-foot swath combining open spaces, tree islands and glades for advanced skiers. There will also be intermediate runs that will connect to Aurora Peak and Jordan Bowl on either side.

Stowe, Vermont: Check out the Waterfall, a new double-black diamond run that's part of a recently completed multimillion-dollar expansion.

Mont Tremblant, Quebec: Long the crown jewel of Laurentian skiing, this venerable resort continues a multiyear, $330 million overhaul that has added lifts, trails, snowmaking, a golf course and hotels and shops around a village designed to replicate old Quebec city.

—DAVE IRONS

HARVEY KEITEL

(continued from page 68)

had read. People have been steered down a narrow, bigoted road. It was important to make the film to help people bridge the gap between Christianity and Judaism, and perhaps to overcome their prejudices that exist because they've been fed the line that Judas betrayed Jesus. Well, [Author Nikos] Kazantzakis had a different point of view about what might have happened. He believed Judas was a patriot, that he believed in Jesus' work and that he was serving a cause they were both supporting and that they both would give their lives for. The film was also important for showing Jesus as the great rabbi he was and for the great awareness he had of being one of the sons of God. We and women being the other sons and daughters of God.

PLAYBOY: In the Eighties you worked abroad a lot, including appearing on an Italian TV show. What got you to do that?

KEITEL: I needed money, I was broke. I wasn't able to get work in the States. It was the second time in my life that I had been broke.

PLAYBOY: When was the first time?

KEITEL: When I did *Saturn 3*. But I'm not going to sit here and cry about a movie I didn't really want to do. I did it and made $90,000. I'm not ashamed of it.

PLAYBOY: What would you have done if those parts hadn't come along?

KEITEL: Oh God, I'm glad I didn't have that problem.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever think you might have to give up acting and get a day job?

KEITEL: For years and years.

PLAYBOY: What would you have done?

KEITEL: I don't know. Bite your tongue.

PLAYBOY: How difficult has it been to be alone?

KEITEL: You're asking me a loaded question because you know damn well that out of despair comes relationships and adventures that are chaos and hellish, which I'm not going to talk about here. It's important how you choose to reveal yourself. I do it in my work and in my close relationships. I don't know that I'm going to do it here completely. I'm conscious of this being in print.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever thought about writing your memoirs?

KEITEL: I've started writing lately. In the past I had this psychological thing of not having the patience to sit with myself. Now I'm gaining the ability to do that. I began to write a journal while I was making *The Gaze of Odysseus*. First I copied long passages from books that I was reading. From there I began to record dreams. Now what I want to do is write down ideas for scenes and other things that strike me.

PLAYBOY: Have you considered directing?

KEITEL: I'd like to one day, before I cross the great divide. I still have to work as an

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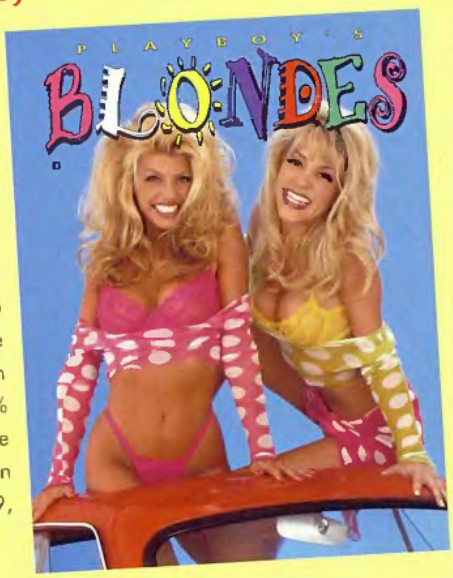

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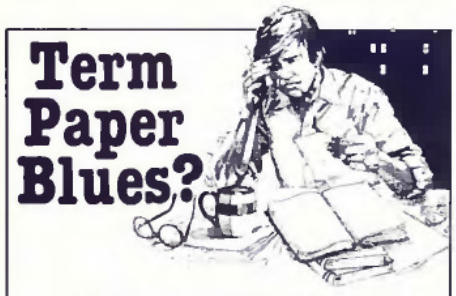

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actor to make a living. Later on I hope to develop an idea and direct. I have the opening to my movie and the ending.

PLAYBOY: Do you prefer small, independent films to big-budget movies on which you can make millions?

KEITEL: No. [*Laughs*] Harvey would like to make millions.

PLAYBOY: Whose work do you keep in mind as you develop your idea?

KEITEL: John Cassavetes influenced us all. He was one of the greatest, one of those mystagogues along my path. Young filmmakers should see his work, it's important. After *Mean Streets* Marty Scorsese once brought me to his house. I remember sitting in a chair while he was describing scenes from *Minnie and Moskowitz* and he was laughing hysterically. My cheeks were hurting me because I was so nervous, I was trying to smile because he was laughing so much. I could not laugh for the life of me.

PLAYBOY: You must have seen a lot of destruction in Bosnia, where *The Gaze of Odysseus* was filmed.

KEITEL: I did. I walked the streets of Vukovar and Mostar and then went to Sarajevo with Vanessa Redgrave on behalf of Unicef. A Muslim officer in Mostar warned us that there were mines in the buildings and to keep out of them. We saw tanks on the way to Vukovar, where the once beautiful city has been destroyed. Our Serbian crew came with us, and by the looks on their faces I understood the horror of what had happened there. What can you say about a town that's been destroyed by bombs and hand grenades and house-to-house fighting? That stays with you for the rest of your life. It certainly is a great device for cleaning the bullshit out of your mind. It instills a sense of despair about humanity. People in power have a greater responsibility to educate themselves in a spiritual way. Now, years after Vietnam, Robert McNamara writes a book that says we were stupid, that we made a mistake and didn't understand the Vietnamese culture. Don't you want to hit him in the head with that book? Smash him in the face with it? People are dying in the Balkans because people in power do not educate themselves in a philosophical, spiritual, religious, loving way.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in destiny and fate?

KEITEL: Every time I hear that I get an image of that little napalmed girl running down the road in Vietnam, or the children who died in the Oklahoma City bombing. Or I see the face of that lady who drowned her two children in South Carolina. I have a difficult time believing in destiny and fate.

PLAYBOY: How many films are you working on?

KEITEL: There are a number of projects I'm trying to get developed, and I'm in two films. One, *From Dusk Till Dawn*, is written by Quentin Tarantino. The other, *Head Above Water*, is a black comedy directed by Jim Wilson.

PLAYBOY: Because you're closely associated with independent films, do you find yourself doling out advice to various young filmmakers?

KEITEL: It might sound corny, but if there's anything I'd like to get through to people who ask my advice, it's this: Don't die. Keep struggling. If you don't die but descend into it, you will live with more excitement than you can imagine. How do you tell someone, "Go to what you don't know"? You can't. I stumbled upon it. There's a beautiful image in the *Book of Runes* of some god tumbling through space from one word to another, tumbling through the unknown. If you're willing to tumble, you'll come upon a word that will lead you to the next word.

PLAYBOY: But with the high cost of making a film, how do you keep young hopefuls from getting discouraged?

KEITEL: I tell them to just do it. There's no need to wait. You have the technology at your fingertips now. Beg, borrow and steal the money. If you have the will, you'll find a way to create the piece. It takes a need to do it. Scorsese borrowed money from his parents, friends and relatives to finish *Who's That Knocking?* *El Mariachi* was done for $10,000 or $15,000. It's possible. Don't wait for Hollywood or make excuses that you need a big budget. You don't. Just remember: Accomplishment begins in your own room in the nighttime.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever spent nights contemplating offers to do commercials?

KEITEL: I've been asked to do commercials. I've never felt right about them. I would do something if I felt it was beneficial to people's well-being.

PLAYBOY: Like appearing nude on a billboard, as Kim Basinger did to protest the killing of animals for their fur?

KEITEL: That's certainly a worthwhile cause. Kim and her husband have done a lot in terms of environmental causes. I have nothing but admiration for them.

PLAYBOY: If you did such an ad, would that be Harvey Keitel naked, or some character in your mind?

KEITEL: Listen, I don't want you to have the impression I'm attempting to be abstract, but when I think about an animal being slaughtered for its fur, the animal and I are one. I don't think about Harvey Keitel being nude. I think about an animal being skinned and some person wearing its fur.

PLAYBOY: We're just kidding. Your point is clear. Would you say that you're content with where you are now?

KEITEL: I get scared of the word content. Stella Adler, responding to an actor who said, "I'm content with what I did," once said, "Darling, only cows are content."

(continued from page 96)

through the precinct's open homicide files. Palladino set ground rules. The files they picked up would have to be stone-dead. The original investigators, he told Browne, must be either retired, transferred to another precinct or deceased. Says Palladino, "There are enough unsolved killings out there. I don't need to be stepping on someone's shoes."

After Jordan was transferred in January, Browne left Palladino working alone. "But that's not good for him," the squad commander admits. "A good cop needs somebody to bounce ideas off." There's a new kid in the squad, Browne adds, transferred in from Narcotics. "I'm thinking of handing him to Mike."

Dusk gathers as the lieutenant, the father of two, looks at some of the children, then at me as we stroll through the Botanical Gardens. "If somebody in my family were murdered," he says solemnly, "I'd want Mike working the case." Then he adds what for a New York City homicide detective must be the ultimate accolade: "Yeah, I think I'd want Mike working the case even more than me."

•

The second-floor squad room of the Five Two station house is a maze of 14 government-issue black metal desks crammed into a room built to hold half as many. On each is a coffee-stained IBM Selectric III typewriter. The squad's lone computer is barely visible in a narrow alcove created by seven-foot file cabinets. The walls are papered with wanted posters, Legal Bureau updates, Red Light enforcement programs and insipid NYPD memos sent from downtown police headquarters (ASK A QUESTION, SOLVE A CRIME!).

The squad's sign-in sheet is lifted straight from a World War Two platoon movie: Slattery, Landesberg, Ciuffi, Deis, Leuck. Snippets of phone conversations are somewhat surreal, if only for their low-key approach to sudden and violent death.

"So you're saying he commuted to Yonkers to do the homicide?"

"Hold on, you're telling me it was the Spanish guy, and not the black guy, who actually fired the shots?"

"Mrs. Alvarez, how do you know it was Freddie who robbed your apartment?"

In the hallway between the squad room and the Anticrime Unit, a 12'x12' closet is stuffed with cardboard boxes. Each box contains homicide case folders, some dating from 1906. (One box is labeled OPEN HOMICIDES: 1928–1966.) This is Mike Palladino's reading room.

"I'd love to arrest some mutts who did somebody in, say, 1943," he says. "Sometimes I come in here and read through

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Pages 18 and 21: "VCR Tech Update": **VCRs:** By *RCA*, 800-336-1900. By *Goldstar*, 800-243-0000. By *Magnavox*, 800-531-0039. By *Samsung*, 800-767-4675. By *Zenith*, 708-391-8752. By *Sony*, 800-222-7669. By *Sharp*, 800-237-4277. By *Hitachi*, 800-448-2244. By *Panasonic*, 201-348-9090. "Talk Is Cheap": **Internet products:** By *Vocaltec*, 800-843-2289. By *Motorola*, 800-451-2369. "Wild Things": **Stereo** by *Sony*, 800-222-7669. **Printer accessory** by *Hewlett-Packard*, 800-752-0900. **Dialer** by *Technology Arts*, 800-600-1778. "Multimedia Reviews and News": **Software:** By *LucasArts Entertainment*, 800-782-7927. By *P22 type foundry*, 800-722-5050. **Online service:** *Sonic Net*, 212-696-2000. *Dwango*, 713-467-9272.

STYLE

Page 26: "Double Take": **Reversible jackets:** By *Nautica*, at Nautica Store, 212-496-0933. By *Richard Tyler*, at Neiman Marcus nationwide. By *Searle*, 800-9-SEARLE. "Booting Up": **Hiking boots:** By *Salomon*, 800-225-6850. By *Tecnica*, 603-298-8032. By *Nordica*, 802-879-4644. By *Alpina*, 800-4-ALPINA. By *UGGs*, 800-847-8447. "Hot Shopping: Jackson Hole": *Skinny Skis*, 307-733-6094. *Wyoming Woolens Factory Store*, 307-733-2991. The *Wooden Nickel*, 307-733-4677. *Pepi Stiegler Sports*, 307-733-4505. "Clothes Line": **Suits** by *Giorgio Armani*, at Giorgio Armani stores nationwide. **Shirts** by *Arrow*, at department stores nationwide. "Smooth Talk": **Moisturizers:** By H_2O *Plus*, 800-242-2284. By *Hermès*, *Issey Miyake*, *Molton Brown* and *Tommy Hilfiger*, at department stores.

TRAVEL

Page 30: "Three to Go": From *Magellan*, 800-962-4943. From *Tilley Endurables Inc.*, 800-884-3089. "Great Escape": *Covecastles:* 800-223-1108. "Road Stuff": **Bag** from *Travel Smith*, 800-950-1600. **Survival kit** from *Relax the Back*, 800-290-2225.

COLD SNAP

Pages 86–87: **Sports jacket, tie and shirt** by *Hugo Boss*, 305-864-7753. **Pants** by *Austyn Zung*, at Wilkes Bashford, 415-986-4380. **Pullover** by *Killy*, 800-767-9007. **Boots** by *Alpina Sports*, 800-4-ALPINA. **Suit** by *Donna Karan* at Louis, Boston, 617-262-6100. **Turtleneck** by *Duofold*, 800-448-8240. **Vest** by *Giorgio Armani Neve*, at Giorgio Armani boutiques nationwide. **Anorak** from *Nautica by David Chu*, 212-496-0933. Pages 88–89: **Suit, belt, buckle and turtleneck sweater** by *Hugo Boss*, 305-864-7753. **Turtleneck** by *Killy*, 800-767-9007. **Pullover** by *Bogner*, 800-451-4417. **Leather boots** by *Dolce & Gabbana*, at select Neiman Marcus stores. **Parka** and **tie** by *Donna Karan*, at Bergdorf Goodman, 212-339-3309. **Suit** by *Donna Karan*, at Scott Hill, 310-777-1190. **Shirt** by *Joseph Abboud*, 617-266-4200.

CITY SLICK

Pages 112–113: **Field jacket** by *Hugo Boss*, at Collezioni, 212-206-1400. **Sweaters:** From *J.O.E. by Joseph Abboud*, at select Bloomingdale's and Saks Fifth Avenue stores. By *Artifact*, at Ultimo, 312-787-0906 and Sami Dinar, 310-275-2044. **Barn jacket** from *Nautica by David Chu*, 212-496-0933. **Shirt** by *MNW*, at select Barneys New York stores. **Peacoat** and **turtleneck** from *Double RL by Ralph Lauren*, at Bloomingdale's. **Coach's jacket** by *Victor Victoria*, at Holt Renfrew, nationwide in Canada. **Turtleneck** by *Artifact*. **Peacoat** by *Prada Uomo*, at select Barneys New York stores. **T-shirt** by *Tommy Hilfiger*, at fine department stores.

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ON THE SCENE

Page 161: **Pool cues** from Tom's Q-Stix, 4111 Dudley St., Lincoln, NE, 800-369-9416, ask for Don Daly. **Billiard balls** by *Elephant Balls Ltd.*, 800-840-8833.

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cases just to see how the old guys did it." He'll select a file at random, "and things just start to blossom in front of you. You pick things up, see things the investigating detective didn't see five years ago." And finally, he adds darkly, "sometimes you read about how a crime happened and you get pissed off and say, 'Yeah, let's go after this one.'"

Each file, two to three inches thick, is stuffed with blue detective's reports, pink follow-up reports, the original investigator's personal notes (some printed neatly in bound notebooks, others scrawled on matchbook covers or cocktail napkins), crime-scene photos, witness lists and suspect lists.

Palladino pulls a folder that might as well be stamped ANATOMY OF A COLD CASE INVESTIGATION. In it is the saga of a Nigerian exchange student murdered ten years ago in a dispute over a soccer game—in the same Bronx park Palladino played in as a child.

Employing every trick of police work he knows, including pulling witnesses from obscure computer files and impersonating a Jamaican immigrant, Palladino recently made the arrest.

"The victim's name was Patrick O'Koro," he says, thumbing through the file with the nostalgic delicacy you or I might reserve for a high school yearbook. "And nobody had a clue who did him."

The original detectives on the case did come up with a street name for the perp. A black man called Stage was the killer, they learned. Trouble was, investigators could never locate Stage. Then, last year, Palladino received a call from a detective in the Manhattan North Squad who had collared an armed robber. "Says he knows something about a homicide in your precinct, something to do with a soccer game," the detective informed Palladino. "You can find the mutt on Rikers."

Before visiting Rikers Island, a rock in the East River that is home to 15,000 inmates, Palladino headed for his closet. He scoured the Five Two's open homicide files. "I go looking back one year, two years, three years," he says, "but there's no soccer game homicide. Finally, I find it. It's a ten-year-old file. Friggin' 1985."

The next day, during a two-hour interview on Rikers, the inmate uttered the magic word.

"Stage your man," he told Palladino.

"What's his real name?"

"I don't know."

"Fuck."

Palladino worked his street sources, plumbed the borough's nickname file. No Stage.

"What Stage did was sharp," he says with not a little admiration. "After the O'Koro killing he changed his street name."

Over the next six months, Palladino and his then partner, Jordan, downloaded every address within a three-block radius of the park where O'Koro was killed into the NYPD's central computer system, asking it to identify anyone arrested at those locations, or any arrestee who gave his address as one of those locations—within the past ten years.

Left with a phone book–size sheaf of computer printouts, Palladino then discarded all but those of black men currently between the ages of 25 and 35, as the original case file describes O'Koro's murderer as approximately 20 years old. Back on Rikers, Palladino's potential witness said he thought Stage might be a marijuana dealer, adding that he was certain he could identify him from a photograph. So Palladino further winnowed his suspect list to black men between the ages of 25 and 35 arrested for drug-related crimes. After digging through reams of computer printouts and hundreds of mug shots, Palladino returned to Rikers for a third time.

"This guy's going through the deck of photos thick as a dictionary, and suddenly he flips one and slams his fist down," says Palladino. "'That's him,' he says. 'That's Stage.' I see on the card that the killer's real name is Everton Blythe. I also recognize this Blythe character immediately. He's Ganja the Jamaican. Everybody knows Ganja. Hell, he's still dealing reefer in the same park where the African kid was killed."

Unfortunately for Palladino, Risa Sugarman in the Bronx D.A.'s office greeted his findings with a bit less enthusiasm. She did not deem his incarcerated armed robber a credible witness to a ten-year-old homicide. If you want to nail Everton Blythe, she told Palladino, find us a second witness.

Considering it the height of fortune to find one witness to a decade-old killing, a frustrated Palladino nonetheless began working into the O'Koro case folder, revisiting every address, attempting to locate any of the 50 bystanders police spoke with in 1985. The task was disheartening. The African students who made up most of the soccer teams had returned home. Even Patrick O'Koro's family had moved back to Nigeria.

Finally, using both the Department of Motor Vehicles' parking-summons computer and a phony Jamaican accent over the phone, Palladino found a second witness who reluctantly agreed to testify. The detective recalls, "The guy was still scared to death that Stage would do him, too."

Meanwhile, the detective had built up something of a personal relationship with the drug dealer by pretending he was investigating a recent homicide that occurred in front of the building in which Blythe lived.

"All the time," Palladino says, "I was calling him Everton. Finally, we got the

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warrant. We rolled up to him in the park. 'Hello, Detective,' he said. 'What's up, Stage,' I answered. If a Jamaican could go pale, Stage would have at that moment. He thought that name was buried along with Patrick O'Koro.

"'Stage,' I told him, 'you're under arrest for murder.' Talk about satisfaction. Man, that was satisfaction guaranteed."

•

The iron door to the Rikers Island prison block slams shut. Lockout. Nobody leaves the rock for one hour. Nobody.

"You mean we can't get out either?" Dominick Calvanico asks incredulously. Palladino just smiles at his new partner. "Dom, my friend, you got a lot to learn."

True to his instincts, Lieutenant Browne has paired Detective Calvanico—31 years old and new to the Five Two from Narcotics—with Palladino. But before Palladino escorts Calvanico into the realm of cold cases, the two are spending the night cleaning up one of Calvanico's loose ends—specifically, the remnants of a turf war that left a small-time Bronx drug dealer, as they say, air-conditioned. The man was shot with both a .45 and a .32 before being finished off with two shotgun blasts. Now, one of Calvanico's snitches on Rikers wants to deal a name for time shaved. The name is Omar, a teenager who allegedly ditched the murder weapons. Midnight finds us trolling a four-block Bronx grid out of Hogarth's Gin Lane searching for traces of Omar.

Two days earlier, I had asked First Deputy Commissioner John Timoney if, given Palladino's success in the Five Two, the department would institute more Cold Case Squads.

"As I'm sure you've discovered," Timoney told me, "Palladino is a special guy with special attributes. A real self-starter. I'd love to be able to find a bunch of Palladinos, especially in the heavy homicide precincts, and get them digging into old cold cases." In fact, Timoney conceded, he was discussing the notion with his chief of detectives.

I do not mention this to Palladino or Calvanico as we trudge from hoop court to bodega to dimly lit bar in futile search of Omar. In one second-floor pool hall and video arcade that fronts for a whorehouse upstairs, I remain in the shadows as Palladino pauses to introduce his new partner to hard-looking "old friends." I begin to think about what Timoney told me only when the two detectives give up on finding Omar for the night and start to debate their next course of action. It is close to two A.M., their tour of duty is nearly finished and I offer to buy them a beer.

"I wouldn't mind a beer . . . a little later," says Palladino. But the murder five years ago of a promising young high school graduate is never far from his mind. "If you got nothing else to do, there's just one more thing I'd like to check out." He turns to his new partner. "Dom, you get a chance to read through that Melendez kid's file?"

"A little," Calvanico responds. "But—yeah, that's right." All that's missing is the cartoon lightbulb going off over his head. "That shooter, the Dominican from down 180th Street. He doesn't come out to deal till after midnight, right?"

"Right," says Palladino, his widow's peak trembling like a tuning fork. "Up for a cruise through Harlem?"

"These figures are very upsetting. Don't you have something a little less accurate?"

(continued from page 126)

groundbreaker in the feminization of porn. "There are just so many times you can hear"—she assumes a perfect high-pitched porn star voice—"'Ah! Ah! Oh yeah! Oh yeah!' You know? You get it memorized. There goes another blonde bimbo jiggling her silicone at us, going, 'Ah! Ah!'"

Monet's film features five women who separately describe their fantasies and masturbate on camera. There is no script, but the fantasies are real—even that of Disney, a dominatrix who admits to fantasizing about having sex with a donkey. The intimacy comes through on tape as the women work themselves to orgasm.

"People are saying, 'Hey, what about what I do in my bedroom?'" says Monet. "I like to think my sex life is good, but I never see it on any film I buy. The whole reason to buy an erotic film is to get turned on. But if everything's fake, or if it makes you feel inadequate, then there's no turn-on. I think the amateur stuff appeals because it's a lot easier to say, 'Yeah, that could be me.'"

This has changed porn for women. Suzie Wahl says the promotion of "real" sex has become her company's mission.

"One reason most women hate X-rated videos and don't want their husbands watching them is because they can't measure up to the women on those videos. That's why I want to put out a product that has women just like them in it, because that's who I want the men of the U.S. to be turned on by."

•

Now it was her turn to be the cinematographer. Standing nude, and fully aroused, she took the camera and pointed it at me. It was a moment of truth, and I responded with—men, take heed—bad acting. I pouted. I moued. I flounced. There was a basic confusion. After all, how does a man act sexy? After a few seconds, I finally got it: He doesn't act at all. He does whatever it is that he always does, but more slowly and with close concentration on the physical sensations.

I undid one button at a time on my 501s, then finally flipped out like a sort of snack food. "I want that," she said, and bent to it, and I took the camera and held it on my chest. What followed was some of the best and most intimate footage of all, with her face slightly distorted from the closeness.

She stopped before it went too far, and there was some cool pull-away distortion as she leaned away and pulled off my pants. She took back the camera and ran close-ups all over me as I stroked myself, dropping every few minutes to

get another taste for herself.

I felt a strange mix of sensations as she stood over me: I felt like a man being loved for himself, like an animal used purely for sexual pleasure, like the camera's next meal. I was surprised to find out what a turn-on it was to be deemed worth filming, to have someone care enough about the sex to want to preserve it and to want to put herself in it with me.

It was also incredibly sexy to see her as a camera girl, trying not to get carried away by the sex and forget her job. This created a terrific kind of sexual tension. She was quite obviously turned on by the images she was making: I could see her making mental photos for herself to pull out during a private moment and fantasize over. That felt really good.

We put the camera back on the tripod, set the lights again, pushed up the gain to get the fun strobe, and went at it. By some happy accident, we had put Laika's *Silver Apples of the Moon* on the CD player, and the camera's built-in microphone picked it up. The music built as we caressed and groaned. Every time we changed positions, the music changed. It was as if the gods of sex and wet slippery things were smiling on our video. Finally, during a frenzied piece of music, we crushed together and made furious love.

The music changed and I went down on her. What a soundtrack. As the song built up, her hips writhed and her moans and cries slid right into the music. It made us both so hot, knowing this bit of synchronicity was being recorded. She came fiercely, and she rocked up into me in a big ball. We rolled around the bed for a few minutes, always a little conscious not to put our backs to the camera or obscure a face with an arm or a leg.

We kissed, and she said with a big grin, "I can't wait to watch this."

•

Porn is a billion-dollar-a-year industry, and it couldn't afford to take the erotic home-video movement lying down. So, of course, the big producers came out with their own lines of "homemade" and "amateur" films, most of which really aren't. The actors are paid, however minimally, and the scenes are contrived.

John Bowen, for instance, who has directed more than 150 porn films with the credited name of John T. Bone, created his own "amateur" line called Harry Horndog. In these videos he himself often ends up having sex with the actresses.

"Here is the strangest thing in the world," he chuckles good-naturedly, sitting with me at his kitchen table in Echo Park, a hilly residential section of Los Angeles. "Are we going to convince the

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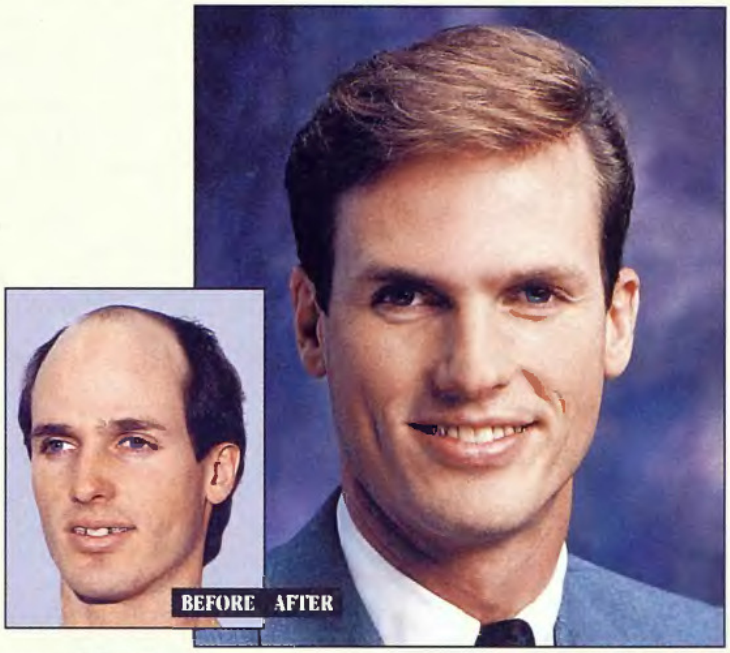

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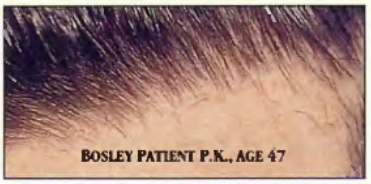

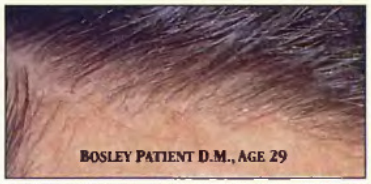

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public to spend good money watching a 44-year-old man, who is overweight and has gray hair, have sex with pretty girls? Three years later, we still sell thousands of the first two videos. We can't stop them from selling."

The issue, again, is one of identification. Men who don't quite measure up to, say, Brad Pitt, can put themselves in Bowen's place quite easily. And, hey, he's getting laid.

The new amateur market has also made room for some great and hilarious innovations. Joe Elliot's *College Girls*, for example, is a funny and charming series. You can't take the tapes seriously, and that's what makes them work. Each features three or four different college girls (mostly Berkeley women), a lot of them recruited through newspaper ads in the Bay Area. They are encouraged to model, strip and masturbate on tape at Elliot's place. The comic tension comes from the fact that the women don't know how far the "performance" is going to go, until Elliot ends up naked in the scene with them and then, weirdly, they're having sex with him. You can feel them both making up their minds to act. Elliot says that he himself doesn't know what will happen until the camera is rolling.

•

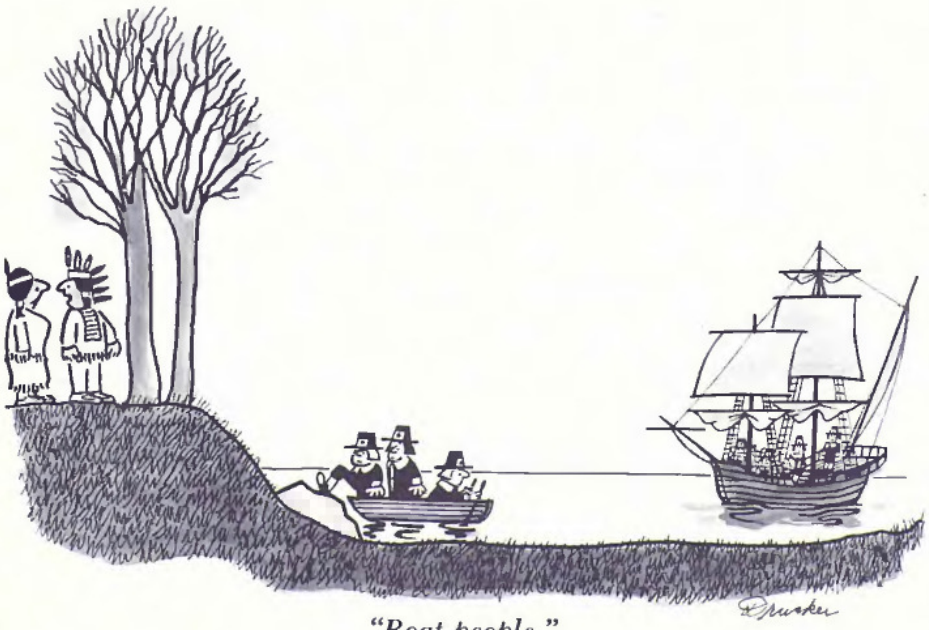
The beautiful and unexpected part of our home erotic video experience was in the playback. We walked to her house, passing under the blooming jacaranda trees, which were dropping their strange neon-blue flowers into our arms and hair. There's no video of that moment, but I'm quite sure we were both smiling. We discovered, silently, that we had forged a powerful bond because of the hot and dangerous (in the best sense) experience of making our video.

When we got to her place, we curled up in bed, popped in the tape and hit the play button. She was incredible on video. A star. She commented right away that she liked how her body looked on-screen, which is a surprise for anyone. I felt the same sense of surprise, having never seen my back and shoulders in action before. I looked at her on TV and realized another reason these home movies are so seductive: Because it was real and it was us, our sense of pride made us look pretty good. Not like Seka or anything, but really good.

By the time we got to the middle of our 36-minute video, we were at it again on the bed. There was no camera this time, but both of us sneaked looks at the action on-screen as we made it. An hour later we were finally exhausted and fell asleep in the blue light of the monitor. Our video ended with almost an hour and a half of virgin tape left, ready for more recording.

In the video afterglow, I kept thinking that we had discovered our secret language, one whose vocabulary I wanted to expand, refine and use again. To talk about what? Well, that was another surprise. Right in the middle of being filmed, when she held the camera in her hand, I thought, for the first time ever, What if, right now, I were eight pounds thinner and were decked out in enough leather harnesses, collars and cock rings to rival Judge Dredd? What if I had some rope? What would she do for me then?

Ah, sweet video dreams.



"Boat people."

G. GORDON LIDDY

(continued from page 121)

go there and play myself. It worked very well for me. I had a lot of fun playing villains. The secret is, there's a lot of work for villains, because on every episodic show they kill a villain a week. For the ugly bastard like me, there's a lot of work. I've been killed. I've committed suicide by shooting myself in the head. I've dived out of buildings. I've gone overboard on boats. I had a recurring role on *Miami Vice*, and because the show was canceled, I was the only villain Don Johnson never caught.

11.

PLAYBOY: What's the strangest question you've been asked?

LIDDY: I lectured at a college right after Jimmy Carter's Iranian hostage rescue attempt, and I got question after question on that subject. All of a sudden, a freshman girl stood up and said, "Mr. Liddy, I'd like your opinion on group sex." My mind was not in that gear and I was kind of taken aback. I didn't know what to say, so I said, "How big a group do you have in mind?" She stamped her foot and said, "You're not taking me seriously," and I said, "You're right, I'm not. Send me your mama and I'll take her seriously." She was furious, and she stormed out of the auditorium and slammed the door.

12.

PLAYBOY: So, what do you think of group sex?

LIDDY: I like it.

13.

PLAYBOY: When you left prison you quoted Nietzsche's saying "Was mich nicht umbringt, macht mich stärker" ("What does not kill me makes me stronger"). What other fun German phrases might you enjoy a fan sending you on a needlepoint pillow?

LIDDY: Well, if she were attractive enough, "Ich liebe dich" ("I love you") would do.

14.

PLAYBOY: Share with us the special event that is showering in prison.

LIDDY: A lot of it depends on which prison you're in. I was an ugly old guy in my 40s when I went to prison. No one was much interested in me. Different prisons have different conventions. In the old District of Columbia Asylum and Jail, I was practically the only white prisoner, and I didn't realize what the conventions were. As a guy who had been in a lot of locker rooms, I just threw my towel over my shoulder and headed off to the showers. It got everybody agitated because the convention was you always wrapped the towel around your waist. It was a great sign of disrespect for me to

show my lily-white ass to those guys. They were all saying I didn't have no respect for the brothers. I really didn't mean anything by it. I just had no idea of jail etiquette.

15.

PLAYBOY: What is a fighting ring and how did you use it in jail?

LIDDY: That same jail was the only place where I served time that allowed prisoners to wear jewelry. Within days after I arrived, I got into a fight with a guy who was about my size and weight, a little younger. But it was a fair fight. We both ended up in the hospital, and to my surprise I had a deep cut across the bridge of my nose and my ear was sliced. I didn't understand that because I didn't think the guy had a blade. Someone later told me, "Man, he didn't have a blade, he had a fighting ring." And I said, "What's that?" He told me about a guy in the plumbing shop who would cut steel pipes into sections and design different kinds of rings. They all had sharp edges and points, and you could do a lot of damage with them. I asked how much they cost, and he said two boxes, meaning two cartons of cigarettes. So, as soon as I could I bought the one I thought was the most attractive and the most lethal. I fought with it for 13 months in that place. When I shipped out I couldn't take it with me, so I gave it to my wife. At the time she was teaching in an inner-city D.C. high school and she had a particularly unruly class. She thought she needed an edge, so she walked into the classroom wearing it one day. Everyone in that room had a father or a brother or an uncle or knew somebody in the D.C. joint, and they all recognized a D.C. fighting ring. It calmed the classroom down.

16.

PLAYBOY: For someone who has a reputation as a potentially violent man, you never seem to lose your calm on your radio show, even when faced with hostile callers. What will immediately fry your eggs?

LIDDY: What gets me angry very rapidly is to see someone in a superior social position degrade someone of a lesser social standing who cannot defend himself. For example, someone who abuses a waiter.

17.

PLAYBOY: What's wrong with today's high school curriculum?

LIDDY: It's not designed to educate. It is designed to boost self-esteem. In contrast, my father's, which was superior even to mine, included—in the course of one year—Latin, German, Greek, ancient history, modern European history and trigonometry.

18.

PLAYBOY: Of the current candidates for high political office, for whom would you happily take a bullet?

LIDDY: I would rather kill the son of a bitch who's trying to kill the president and let him take the bullet.

19.

PLAYBOY: The exigencies of talk radio require that you dwell on those policies and values about which you and the president disagree. But, just between us and our readers, what do you like most about Bill Clinton?

LIDDY: Well, Mama always told me that if you can't say something nice about someone, then don't say anything at all. [*Smiles*] The best we can determine is that he's heterosexual.

20.

PLAYBOY: Tell us what is it about a girl in uniform?

LIDDY: It's not every girl in uniform. It's only Israeli girls in uniform. They all carry automatic weapons, and they have this way of slinging them over their shoulders so the magazines rub against their butts, right against the cheeks, and it rubs holes in their uniforms down there and, damn, they're cute.

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X-FACTORactor *(continued from page 94)*

True fans gush over Duchovny's Wounded Puppy Dog Face or his tendency to be Vulnerable and Cute.

"This belief sustained me, fueling a quest for truths that were as elusive as the memory itself—to believe as passionately as I do was not without sacrifice. But I always accepted the risks to my career, my reputation, my relationships, to life itself." If you're thinking "To boldly go where no man has gone before," you're not alone. Even the grammatical construction—known as the otherworldly infinitive—prompts déjà vu.

In Hollywood, they're talking *X* movie. *X* novels are published by HarperPrism, and Topps brings out a monthly *X* comic book. An *X* CD is under way, said by producer David Was to be a search for the "midpoint between moody ambient music and death metal."

Last June X-Philers, as they are called, gathered at a convention in San Diego to exchange enthusiasms, listen to speeches by supernumerary characters and wear FBI-style name tags. Since then, similar conventions have been held or are planned for more than a dozen cities.

America Online, Delphi and other computer services sponsor discussions of the episodes and allow viewers to download FAQs (frequently asked questions). There are online simulations in which fans can assume roles from the show. Here, one can speak the secret language of true fans who gush over Duchovny's WPDF (Wounded Puppy Dog Face) or his tendency to be V&C (Vulnerable and Cute). Only aficionados can talk about the CITDBTB (Conversation in the Dark by the Bed), the time when Mulder tells Scully about his sister's abduction.

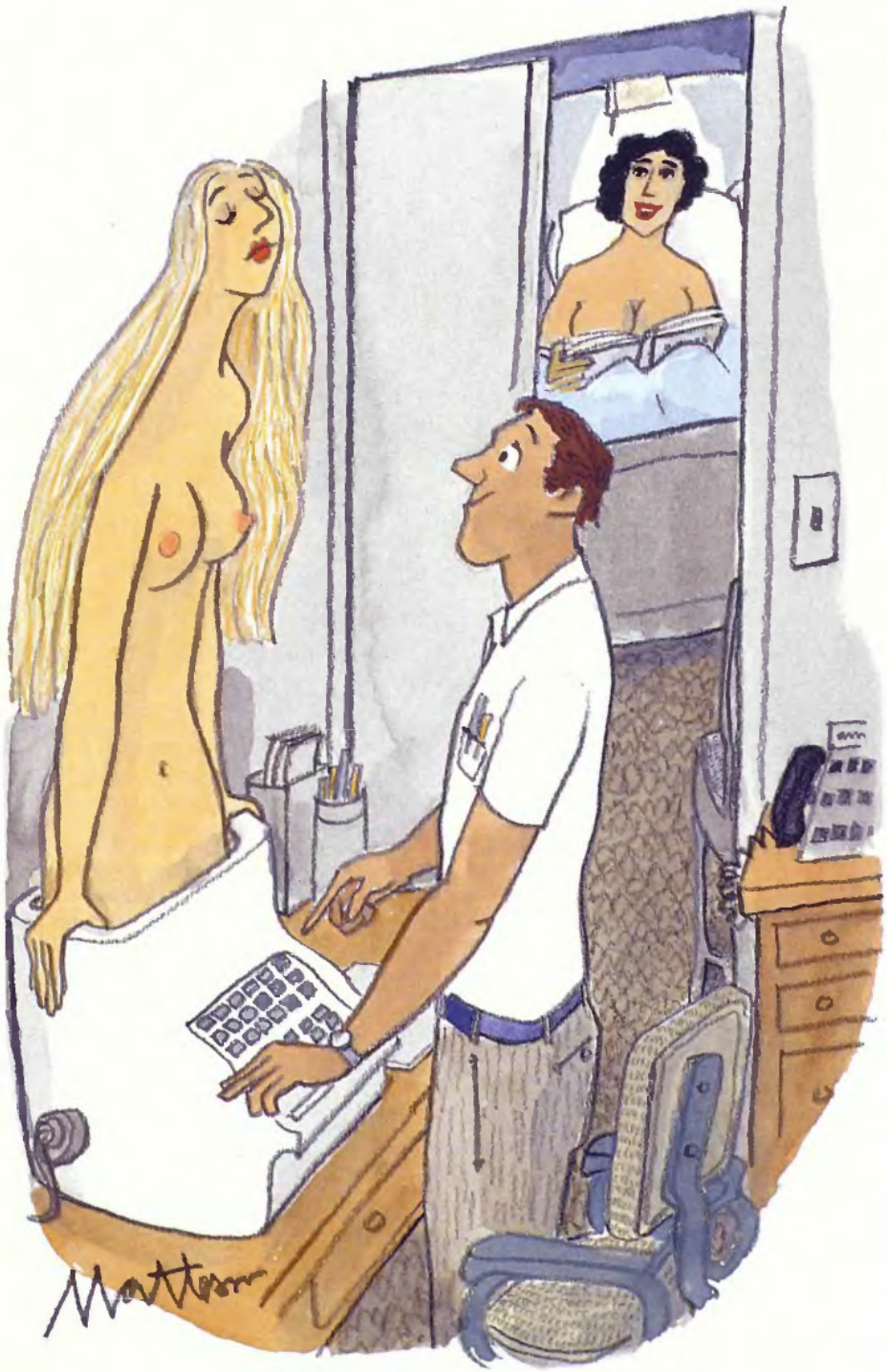
Online, one can learn the arcana of the show: Mulder is the maiden name of creator Chris Carter's mother. The agent's computer password is TRUSTNO1. The clock next to Mulder's bed always shows 11:21 because November 21 is Carter's wife's birthday. Both Carter and director R.W. Goodwin had cameos in last season's finale as, respectively, an FBI agent and a gardener. Scully's name is an homage to Los Angeles Dodgers announcer Vin Scully. Online gossip even suggests that the evil Krycek may somehow be related to Carl Kolchak from *Kolchak: The Night Stalker*—Darren McGavin's atavistic series from the Seventies.

The differences between *The X-Files* and its ancestors are illuminating. *The Twilight Zone* and *The Night Stalker* always maintained a dimension of ambiguity in their spookiness. *The Twilight Zone*'s famously syncopated theme song reinforced the show's either-or premise: Is it true or just a dream? You decide. Doo-doo-doo-doo. . . .

The X-Files asks no such question. Strange shit most certainly does happen in this world: That really was an alien clone dissolving into an aquamarine puddle of ectoplasm. The ambiguity is left to be found in how we explain the mysteries of the universe. Scully wears a cross, but her sister consults crystals.

"The belief in other worlds is a time-honored human endeavor," Duchovny says. "Not to show any disrespect to organized religion, but it is a similar enterprise. People want to believe in another place, a better place, where good people are rewarded. This world is definitely not that place.

"I would like to see Fox Mulder take



"What's happening on the Internet that can't wait until tomorrow?"

on a life of his own," he continues, "and actually have a Joseph Campbell journey, rather than have him merely play through a series of unrelated experiences. I see it more as an interior journey: Why is this man so in pain? Why is he obsessed? Why would anyone want to live their life this way? How do we heal him? How do we show him the truth?"

Going through the Duchovny oeuvre on video, I find a strange similarity in the characters he has played.

"I probably got it from Yale—this horrible, all-leveling relativism," he explains. I ask him if he intentionally chose those roles. He reminds me of his Kierkegaardian view of decision, not to mention the usual desperation of any young actor. He took what he could get. In *The Rapture*, he plays a group-sex slut who falls into bed with Mimi Rogers before both of them join an apocalyptic Christian cult. In *Kalifornia*, with Juliette Lewis, he was part of yet another homicidal Gen-X road movie. He also hosts and occasionally stars in *The Red Shoe Diaries*, a piece of cable-TV erotica. Duchovny plays his characters low. With a good script, this method makes him look subtle; with a bad script, he is blessedly unnoticeable.

"The best actors," he says, "convey the idea that they never truly get there. The viewer senses failure and disappointment from them. I love when you can smell failure in an actor's performance, because acting is really about displaying yourself for money and for people you don't know. There is a great cost to your personal life. With Brando, for example, I always feel he's showing me that it's painful, certainly humiliating, maybe even wrong and bad to act. The best actors have an air of failure even at the height of their success."

Apropos of that, I ask him if his sudden cult fame on *The X-Files* doesn't make him afraid that he'll become the William Shatner of the next millennium—a victim of typecasting who, 20 years from now, will occupy the center seat on *Hollywood Squares 3000*.

"No," he mumbles, "my fear is different. I fear that people will get to know me. You see that guy sitting over there?" He points at a businessman across the room. "When you become a celebrity, it's harder to walk into a room and observe that man—maybe rip off a move or gesture and use it later. All of a sudden that man looks at me and thinks, Oh, it's that famous guy, and then he's not himself anymore. He's suddenly the performer. He's acting. That's death for me."

•

It's peculiar that an actor this contemplative would be asked into that lion's den of glibness, *Saturday Night Live*. But when you're the star of a hip series, you're fair game. He's hard at work on his *SNL* hosting duties the week we get together.

"I played basketball with the writers last night," he says. "You know, I have to win their confidence. It was a good game. Thankfully, Lorne [Michaels, the producer] wasn't there. He would just post up."

Attending a performance of *SNL* is like going to a wake that has been under way for years. The audience is forced to wait behind ropes in different lines, depending on whose guest you are. I'm there on a press pass. Others are friends of friends of the actors or producers.

When I take my seat, my neighbors turn out to be Duchovny's brother Daniel and sister Laurie, who looks like a young Audrey Hepburn.

All I pick up in the way of gossip is that a skit in which Duchovny played a younger version of Rod Stewart—tonight's musical guest—was cut because it hurt the aging rocker's feelings to be reminded of the mortality thing. The family is, like any family would be, giddy that their very own David is hosting *Saturday Night Live*.

Duchovny's monolog is OK, partly because it includes a prepared videotape. Between skits he wanders around backstage. Once, just before he goes on, Duchovny catches his sister's eye in the balcony and makes a scissoring motion beside his head. Apparently, she has recently cut her hair. He seems to like it and flashes her that big, goofy smile.

For a brief moment, the friendly guy I talked with over muesli radiates from the stage. Then it's back to work. The writers are smart enough to have given Duchovny roles that suit his acting. In one skit, his part is so low-key—it's a Richard Gere imitation—that he has almost no lines at all. He must only mug expressively and it brings down the house.

Later that night, at the Rockefeller Plaza skating rink, thousands of Lorne Michaels' closest TV and film friends convene for an end-of-the-season bash. A decade's worth of *People* magazine covers mob the bar for drinks.

Throughout the night, Duchovny's face pops up in the dense crowd, bobbing like a loon on a pond before disappearing. At one point he surfaces near me. He's locked in a full nelson administered by Kevin Nealon, *SNL*'s longest-serving comedian. Duchovny glances my way and dimly recognizes my face. Am I part of the crew? Did I help him with his coat tonight? Did he meet me in Seattle? Duchovny interprets my smile not as a greeting but as a performance. He thinks I am acting, because I'm aware the *X-Files* guy is here.

He breaks eye contact; he looks miserable. Nealon guffaws and applies a bear hug, then drags him back down into the thick crowd of celebrities.

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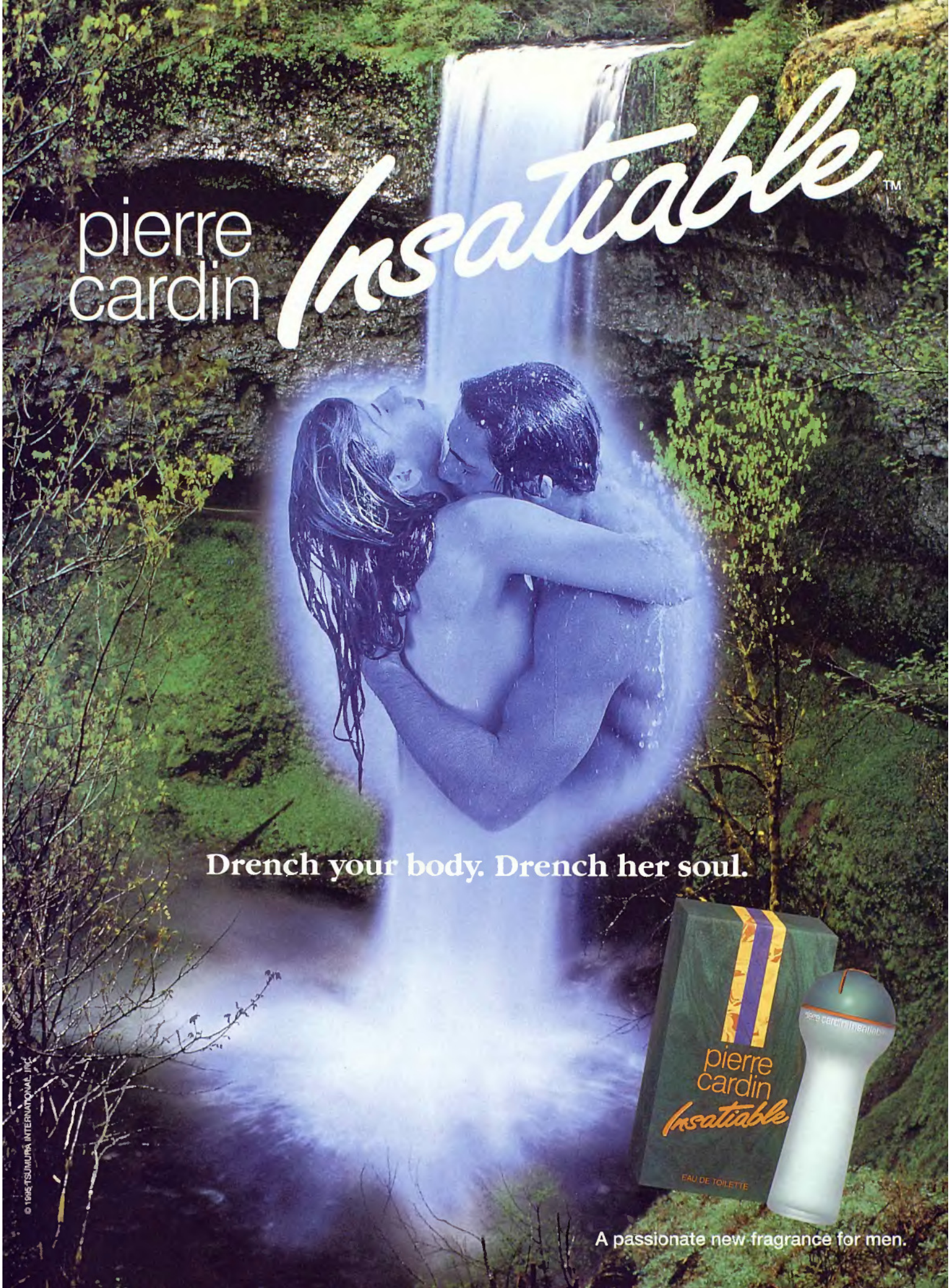
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STATUS SHOOTERS

Now that pool has come out from behind the social eight ball, there's increased interest in the art of cue making. Status sticks painstakingly crafted by individual cue makers using rare woods, precious metals, jewels and other exotic materials can cost as much as $50,000. Creating just one cue takes months—some cue makers such as Bill Stroud of Joss/West have waiting lists upwards of two years for creations that are works of art. If you can't wait that long for a new cue, bird's-eye maple ones from Viking, Schön and other manufacturers range in price from $200 to $2500. The standard cue length is 58 inches and the most popular weights are 18 to 21 ounces. But other lengths and weights can be easily special-ordered. Rack 'em up.

RICHARD IZUI

Left to right: Ebony, ivory, mother-of-pearl and pink ivory (a rare African wood) cue by Bill Stroud ($8000). Bird's-eye maple Leopard Lady cue by Viking ($245). Bird's-eye maple, ebony and nickel silver cue by Schön ($2400). GH Private Line bird's-eye maple cue by Viking ($2500). Ebony, ivory, bird's-eye maple, bloodwood, purpleheart and satinwood cue by Dave Kikel ($2400). Feathers and Leather bird's-eye maple cue by Viking ($245). Bird's-eye maple, ebony, ivory, nickel silver and pink ivory cue by Schön ($2090). The same cue is shown at lower right. On the table is a 16-ball set of Beautiful Balls by Elephant Balls, Ltd. with light and dark marbleizing instead of solids and stripes (about $190).

Where & How to Buy on page 151.

Shae, Netted

SHAE ACUFF probably caught your eye in *Dumb and Dumber* as a Hawaiian Tropic model. Look for her in swimwear catalogs, in calendars and even on a CD-ROM. If Shae is cruising on the information highway, we'll take a ride.

A Pat on the Hat

LELA ROCHON wanted a part in *Waiting to Exhale* and she got it. Lela was in *Boomerang* and *Harlem Nights* with Eddie Murphy, and was a regular on TV's *The Wayans Brothers*.

Boy to Man

Since his Culture Club years, BOY GEORGE has overcome a series of personal problems. For the details, check out his autobiography, *Take It Like a Man*, and his CD *Cheapness & Beauty*. Hats off, George.

Have You Met Yvette?

Actress YVETTE MCCLENDON is halfway up the ladder of success. She appeared in the movies *Alien Escape* and *Haunted* and in two episodes of Showtime's *First Love*. We're smitten.

ROBERT MATHEU

Bop Till You Drop

It was boys' night out at the Viper Room in Los Angeles, where (from left to right) FLEA, GIBBY HAYNES and JOHNNY DEPP rocked with their band P. When not jamming, Flea can be found with the Chili Peppers, Haynes with the Butthole Surfers and Depp in remodeled hotel rooms across the U.S., of course.

© ANDY PEARLMAN

Water Sprite

ALEXANDRA OTTERSTROM is just starting out in showbiz. You can see her in Eddie Murphy's movie, *The Nutty Professor*. A native of Argentina, a model and a tap dancer, Alexandra is ready to take on the world—after a swim.

Sonny and Hot

Bluesman SONNY LANDRETH will be on tour through the end of the year. Catch him live or listen to his album *South of I-10* for slide guitar with a rock-and-roll beat.

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

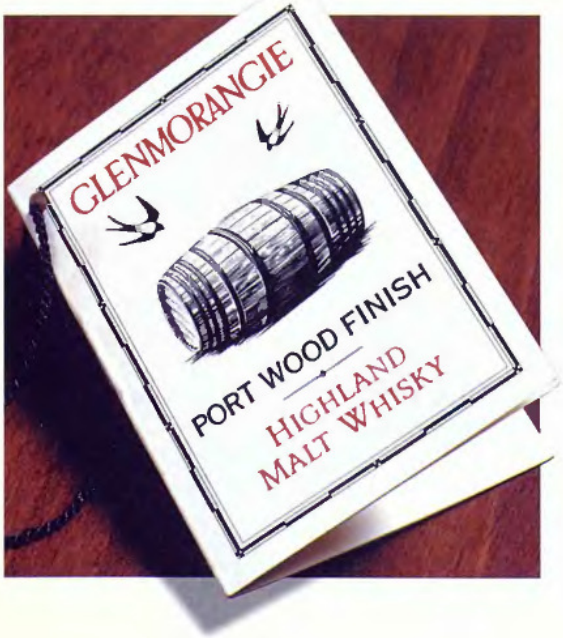
CIGARS TAKE A STAND

The Twenties were a puffer's paradise, a time when an expensive stogie was as much a status symbol as it is today. The Cigar of the Month Club has recaptured that era in its Uncle Sam's Smoker's Stand, a handsome reproduction of a Twenties cigar humidor that holds up to 90 smokes. The unit, which has a bookshelf and a carrying handle, is available in a variety of woods, including mahogany. Price: $560. Call 800-700-7661 to order, and ask about joining the club for $19.95 a month.

ROBERT MYERS

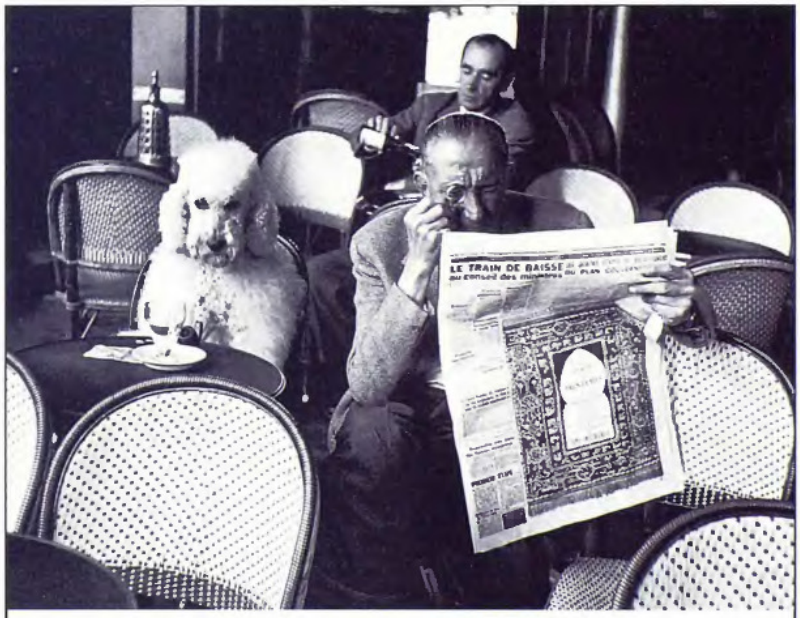
SCOTCH ARRIVES AT PORT

Glenmorangie, the exceptional single malt Scotch distillery, has introduced a new bottling that's now going national. Glenmorangie Port Wood Finish is matured in American oak casks for at least 12 years and then aged in port casks for an additional two years. The result is a voluptuously smooth, copper-colored whisky with an aroma that's reminiscent of butterscotch and dark chocolate. Price: about $40. Save it for a cold winter night by the fire, and hold the seltzer.



BUNS FOR THE MONEY

Buns and Puns by Rebecca is a softcover book "about buns and the people who wear them." With chapter titles such as "How to Read Buns at a Fast Glance," the book humorously categorizes male and female derrieres into types that include New Age nymph, gold digger, biker babe and cheerleader. (The latter is "every man's dream and every woman's nightmare.") In the male section there's even a playboy bun, which is "like a bunny's—high, prominent and quite taut. Ready to jump on the next pretty girl who hops by—and he does." Order a copy for $12.95 from Amber Publishing in Los Angeles at 213-939-1188 and then check out your rear end in a full-length mirror—if you have the guts.



PARIS GOES TO THE DOGS

The old acerbic saying "The more I see of men, the more I admire dogs" wasn't wasted on the citizens of Paris. In fact, according to Barnaby Conrad III, author of *Les Chiens des Paris*, there's one dog for every five citizens of France, "with Paris accounting for 200,000 dogs." The book contains 56 black-and-white photographs of canines snapped between 1865 and 1993 in the City of Light. (*A la Terrasse des Deux Magots* by Edouard Boubat, pictured here, dates to 1955.) *Les Chiens des Paris* is published by Chronicle Books in San Francisco and can be ordered for $12.95, plus postage, from 800-722-6657.

GREAT SHAKES

There's a whole lot of shaking going on at the Milwaukee Art Museum (750 North Lincoln Memorial Drive). One of its current exhibits, Shaken Not Stirred, showcases more than 70 cocktail shakers from the collection of Stephen Visakay, who owns about 2200. In January, the exhibit moves on to other cities, including New York, Palm Beach, Reno and New Orleans. For more info send an SASE to Cocktail Shakers, P.O. Box 1517, West Caldwell, New Jersey 07007.

FOR SWINGERS ONLY

It may be cold on the streets of Chicago, but it's tee time at 19 North Sangamon in the West Loop. That's the address of the Ken Venturi Indoor Golf Academy, a 9000-square-foot golf training facility. Besides teaching the Venturi Fundamentals Swing System, instructors use video equipment, computers and a golf simulator to analyze and improve your game in a clubhouse environment. Price: about $1330 annually. Call the academy at 312-243-1200 for the details.

JOHN SCHMELZER

SEAL TESTED

If the 71-page softcover book *Cutting Edge Total Body Workout* by Mark De Lisle, a former Navy Seal, doesn't motivate you to get in shape, nothing will. Beginning with stretches and moving on to commando pull-ups, wide-angle push-ups and other upper- and lower-body punishments, De Lisle shows you how to quickly chisel your body into a rock-hard replica of a Seal. And he offers sage advice about beginner, intermediate and advanced running and swimming programs too, along with notes on diet and nutrition and other subjects. Price: $22 from De Lisle at 619-224-1515.

SOMETHING TO TOY WITH

Tin toys are adult playthings that belong in the den, not in the nursery. The Lilliput Motor Company in Yerington, Nevada imports some of the world's finest, including this 19½" windup reproduction of a 1930 Bugatti and the vintage-looking motorcycle, which makes a "tuf-tuf-tuf" sound. But if $550 and $350 for the car and cycle are too steep, Lilliput also offers Schuco Micro Racer cars for about $45 each. Call 800-TIN-TOYS for a $3 catalog.

THE BLUES GOES DEEP BLUE

Premier Cruise Line's S.S. Atlantic is home of the Ultimate Rhythm & Blues Cruise, which departs Port Canaveral, Florida on January 7 with stops at St. Croix, San Juan and Port Lucaya. Taj Mahal, War, Jimmy Thackery & the Drivers, James Harmann, Debbie Davies and Chubby Carrier & the Bayou Swamp Band are just some of the R&B and zydeco acts that are scheduled to provide more than 35 performances during the seven days afloat. Prices begin at $1049 per person, double occupancy. Call 800-886-6132 to book and to get more information about other cruises.

DAVE CALVER

NEXT MONTH: SPECIAL HOLIDAY ISSUE

CHRISTMAS PLAYMATE

SECOND SHIELD

DEAR SANTA

SEX STARS

GEORGE FOREMAN—WHO SAYS YOU HAVE TO DOWNSHIFT AFTER 40? BOXING'S BIGGEST COMEBACK KID WEIGHS IN ON HIS AGE-DEFYING CHAMPIONSHIP CAREER. PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **LAWRENCE LINDERMAN**

THE SECOND SHIELD—BECKERMAN IS AN ARTIST WHO CAN PRODUCE MASTERPIECES JUST BY DREAMING. BUT, EVEN WITH THE THREAT OF DEATH, CAN HE DREAM THE SAME DREAM TWICE? FICTION BY **ROBERT SILVERBERG**

LETTERS TO SANTA—EVER WONDERED WHAT CELEBRITIES WANTED DURING THEIR WONDER YEARS? A LOOK AT WHAT NEWT, CONNIE, KATO, BUTTAFUOCO AND OTHERS ASKED FOR AS KIDS—HUMOR BY **ROBERT S. WIEDER**

THE WITCH DOOR—IN A FUTURE CONTROLLED BY RIGHT-WING ZEALOTS, A YUPPIE COUPLE HIDES A FRIEND ON THE RUN. A CHILLING ALLEGORY BY THE MASTER OF SCIENCE FICTION, **RAY BRADBURY**

IN THE BEGINNING—THE RELIGIOUS RIGHT SAYS TOO MANY PEOPLE BELIEVE MAN DESCENDED FROM APES. SEVENTY YEARS AFTER THE SCOPES MONKEY TRIAL, CREATIONISTS ARE DEMANDING EQUAL TIME—AND GETTING IT. **COLIN CAMPBELL** AND **DEBORAH SCROGGINS** TAKE A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE

THE TERRORISM MYTH—WAS WHAT HAPPENED IN OKLAHOMA CITY TERRORISM? NOT ACCORDING TO THE FORMER CHIEF OF THE LAPD—AN ARTICLE BY **DARYL GATES**

FATALITY—HE HAS BEATEN YOUR DAUGHTER, INSULTED YOUR WIFE AND IGNORED YOUR WARNINGS. NOW IT'S TIME FOR REVENGE—FICTION BY **RICHARD BAUSCH**

FACE-OFF: THE PLAYBOY DEBATE—WHO GETS CHEATED IN CUSTODY DISPUTES, MOTHERS OR FATHERS? TWO FERVENT VIEWS BY **MICHELLE ETLIN** AND **JEFFERY LEVING**

DOMINICK DUNNE—THE INFAMOUS O.J. REPORTER TELLS WHY THE RICH ARE DIFFERENT, WHAT MICHAEL JACKSON GIVES LIZ AND WHY HE THINKS THE JUICE IS GUILTY AS SIN IN 20 QUESTIONS BY **LAWRENCE GROBEL**

SCOTCH—IN SCOTLAND, EVEN THE WISDOM IS DISTILLED. A DEFINITIVE SALUTE TO THE PEOPLE AND POTABLE FROM **DAVID MAMET**

FABULOUS CHRISTMAS GOODIES—OUR MOST ENTICING PACKAGES EVER, WITH GREAT STUFF FOR GUYS AND EXCITING, SENSUAL GIFTS FOR WOMEN, **PLUS** SEX STARS TO MAKE SANTA BLUSH AND A SPECIAL HOLIDAY PICTORIAL WE CAN'T EVEN REVEAL. ONE HINT: SHE'S AN ANGEL

Prenuptial Agreement

From the Law Offices of
Giles, Finkelstein and Hart

To all to whom this may come to affect or may concern, know ye that it is understood that on the fourth day of February, Nineteen Hundred and Ninety-Five, that **Jim Morrissey** (hereafter known as the **First Party**) and **Jeanne Fulton** (hereafter known as the **Second Party**) are entering the contract of wedlock.

The following constitutes a full, legal and binding arrangement of said properties set before this date. This agreement shall be executed in multiple copies.

It is also to be understood that both the **First Party** and the **Second Party** are in complete agreement regarding the contents of this document and have stated so by signature and by witness on the fourth day of February, Nineteen Hundred and Ninety-Five. This agreement cannot be changed orally.

The following below is a full, detailed breakdown of said agreement regarding all properties of consequence shared by the **First Party** and the **Second Party**.

HIS

Season Tickets
Crown Royal

HERS

Everything else

If any provision of this Agreement shall later be found void or invalid in whole or in part, the remainder of this Agreement, and the remainder of that part of this Agreement not found void or invalid, shall remain in full force and effect.

In Witness Whereof, we the undersigned, on this date, the fourth day of February, Nineteen Hundred and Ninety-Five, are in complete agreement with the above arrangement and will abide by the contents of the document from the day of inception to the day the contract has been nullified by a court of law.

First Party

Signature Jim Morrissey Date 2/4/95

Second Party

Signature Jeanne Fulton Date 2/4/95

Notary Public Barbara McDaid Date 2/4/95

Notary Public
No.00-000000
Certificate Filed in York County
Commission Expires April 8, 1999

NOTARY PUBLIC

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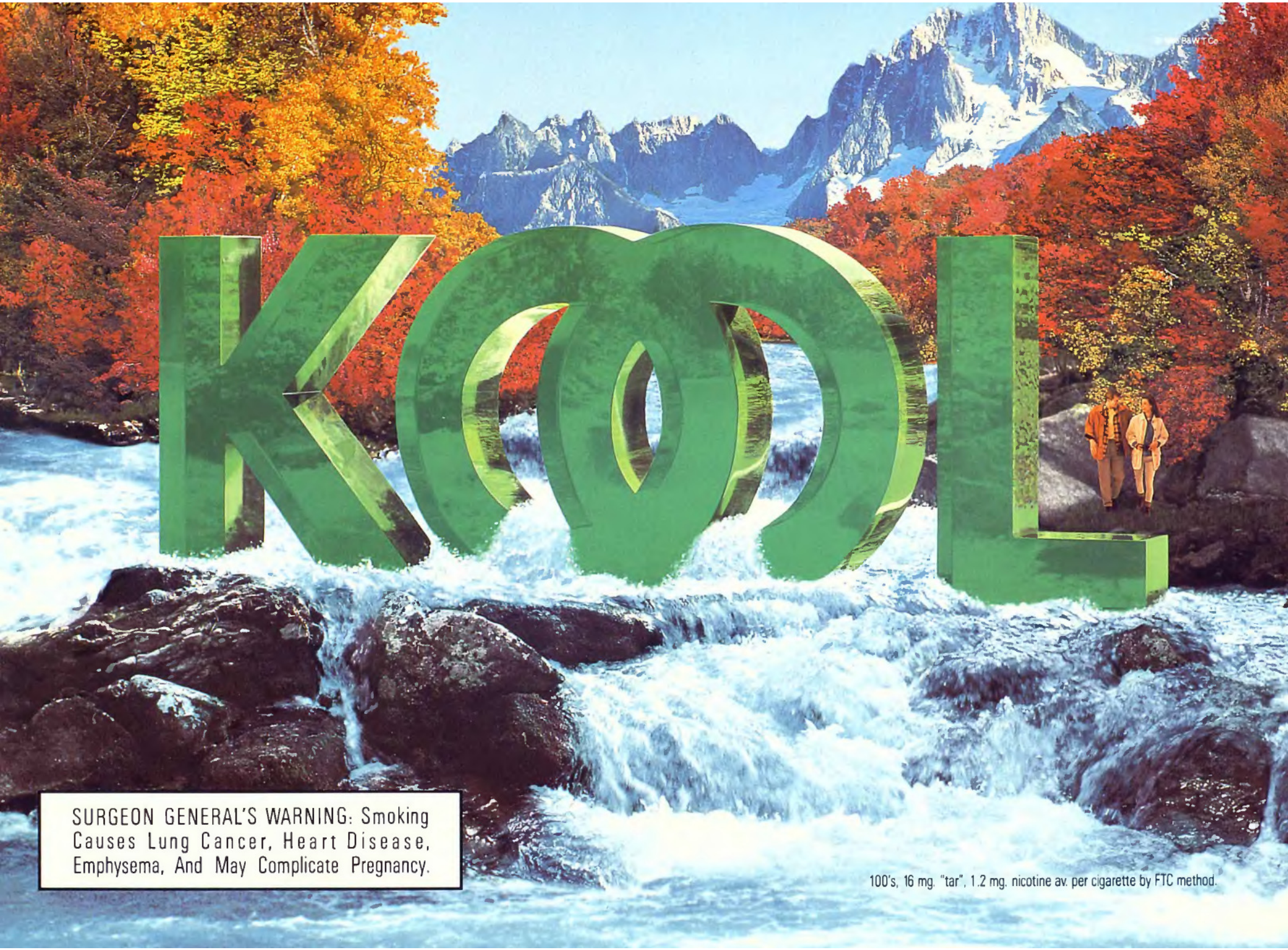
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